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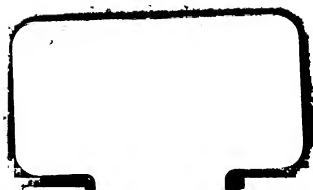
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THE
CINCINNATI MISCELLANY,

OR

ANTIQUITIES OF THE WEST:

AND

PIONEER HISTORY AND GENERAL AND LOCAL STATISTICS.

COMPILED FROM THE

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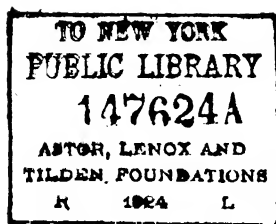
FROM APRIL 1st, 1845, TO APRIL 1st, 1846.

June 1845 - March 1846

BY CHARLES CIST.

VOLUME II.

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P R E F A C E.

THE editor and publisher of "Cist's Advertiser," at the instance of his friends and subscribers, nearly a year since issued a volume compiled of various historical and statistical sketches, which made their appearance originally in his columns. Of these but a small edition was sold, the editor's other engagements not permitting him the opportunity of offering it personally to his subscribers and others.

A new volume is now presented, which, like the former, comprehends many valuable records, both of the past and the present, which will derive still higher interest in the lapse of time, and as subjects of reference in future years.

There is no individual in Cincinnati, expecting to make it his permanent residence, whose gratification and interest it will not be to preserve the information thus afforded, as a means of retracing the past, and thus affording him a source of rich enjoyment in the decline of life, when such gratifications have become few and faint.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, JUNE, 1845.

No postponement on account of the Weather.

I observe the following, which forms a regular advertisement in a Hickman (Ky.) newspaper, and put it on record as a trait of the region and the times:

"NOTICE.—The funeral of *Mr. Nicholas J. Poindexter*, having been postponed on account of the inclement weather, will take place near Totten's Mill, on the 26th April next. The public are invited.

Ear for Music.

The band of an English Ambassador at Constantinople, once performed a concert for the entertainment of the sultan and his court. At its conclusion his Highness was asked which of the pieces he preferred. He replied, the first, which was recommenced, but stopped, as not being the right one. Others were tried with as little success, until at length the band, almost in despair of discovering the favourite air, began tuning their instruments, when his Highness exclaimed, "Inshallah, Heaven be praised, that is it!"

Sentimentality.

The French carry sentiment farther than any other people in the world—in fact they carry it into every thing. The remains of *Bichat*, one of the most distinguished physiologists and medical writers of France, after having reposed forty-three years in the old Catherine Cemetery at *Paris*, have been lately removed with great pomp and ceremony to *Pere Lachaise*. But on exhuming the remains, lo and behold! the skeleton was found *without a head*! The grave digger supposed he had mistaken the grave of the celebrated professor for that of some decapitated malefactor, but the circumstance served to identify the skeleton as that of the professor; for when *Bichat* died, his loss caused his friend, *Prof. Roux*, so much grief, that he procured its amputation to preserve it as a souvenir. The latter was now called upon for the head, and it was finally restored and interred with the body, *in situ*.

The son of the celebrated *Broussais*, also, for the purpose of preserving a vivid remembrance of his father, had his head cut off, and it now forms a mantel decoration in his study. *Buffon*, almost inconsolable for the loss of his wife, allayed his grief in the occupation of dissecting her

body as a labour of love! This is an indisputable fact.

Of what individuals but Frenchmen could such traits of sentimentality be, with truth, recorded?

"Doctor," said a wag to his medical adviser one day "isn't there such a disease as the *skin-gles*?" "Yes, to be sure," replied Galen.—"Then I've got it, for certain," said the patient, "for the roof of my mouth has broken out in a dozen places!"

First born male Child of Ohio.

The question has been repeatedly asked—who is the oldest white male born in Ohio, and still living?

The *Marietta Intelligencer* gives *Judge Joseph Barker*, son of *Col. Joseph Barker*, who was born at *Belpre*, as having long borne the reputation of the oldest native, if not the "oldest inhabitant" of the State; and adds, that *Lester G. Converse*, of *Marietta*, has a better title to the distinction in being born at *Waterford*, in Washington county, on the 14th February, 1790.

I cannot find any individual living who was a native of Cincinnati at an earlier date than *May, 1793*, which was the birth day of *David R. Kemper*, who was born on Sycamore street, Cincinnati, opposite Christopher Smith's present residence.

I am able, however, to furnish the names of the first born who survive to this day, both of males and females. They are probably also the first born male and female in Ohio, among the living or the dead. These are *Christian F. Senseman* and *Mary Heckewelder*, the children of Moravian Missionaries, who were born in 1781, at *Gnadenhuetten*, on the Tuscarawas, now residing both in the same county in Pennsylvania; one at *Nazareth*, the other at *Bethlehem*. They were born within a day of each other.

While on this subject, let me state a singular fact. Although our city is but fifty-seven years of age, we have as residents a lady who with her son and granddaughter are all born within four miles of Cincinnati, the last two being born in the city itself.

The granddaughter is thirteen years of age. Of course then as far back as 1833, we had indi-

viduals of the third generation born here. The great grandmother, one of the early pioneers, is also yet alive. This is a state of case probably unparalleled in Ohio, or indeed in any settlement no older than our state.

Chancery Delays.

Soon after Mr. Jekyll was called to the bar, a strange solicitor coming up to him in Westminster Hall, begged him to step into the court of chancery to make a motion, of course, and gave him a fee. The young barister looking pleased, but a little surprised, the solicitor said to him, "I thought you had a sort of right, sir, to this motion; for the bill was drawn by Sir Joseph Jekyll, your great-grand-uncle, in the reign of Queen Anne."—*Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors."*

Early Maps of Cincinnati.

Streets.—West of the Section line separating Section 24 from the rest of the city, there was not a street laid out at the date of 1815. That line followed a due north course from a point at the river Ohio, about half way between Mill and Smith streets, crossing Fifth street just east of the mound which lately stood there, and Western Row about two hundred yards south of the Corporation line. Plum, Race and Walnut streets extended no farther north than Seventh street, and Sycamore was not opened beyond the present line of the Miami Canal. From Walnut street west as far as Western Row not a street was opened north of Seventh st., nor from Main street east, beyond the bank of the canal already referred to. It was the same case with respect to Broadway from Fifth street to the Corporation line in the same direction. Court street, west of Main, was called *St. Clair* street, and Ninth street to its whole length, at that time, was laid out as *Wayne* street. Eighth street, east of Main, was called *New Market* street.

Public Buildings.—Of churches there were only—the Presbyterian Church which preceded the present building, on Main street; the Methodist Church on Fifth, where the Wesley Chapel has since been built; a Baptist Church on Sixth street, west of Walnut, on the site of what is now a German Church, corner of Lodge street; and the Friends' frame meeting house, on Fifth, below Western Row. Of all these the last only remains on its original site; the Presbyterian Church having been removed to Vine, below Fifth, where it still stands under the name of Burke's Church, and the others having been since removed to make way for their successors. The site of the present Cincinnati College, on Walnut street, at that date was occupied by the Lan-

caster Seminary. Young as was the place it furnished business for three banks—the *Bank of Cincinnati* was on Main, west side, and north of Fifth st.; the *Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank*, on Main, west side, between Front and Second streets; and the *Miami Exporting Company* on the spot now occupied by W. G. Breese's store, facing the public landing. These, with the Court House and Jail, which stand now where they then stood, made up the public buildings for 1815. The brewery, corner of Symmes and Pike streets; another, corner of Race and Water streets; a potash factory on Front street, immediately east of Deer Creek; Gulick's sugar refinery on Arch street; a glass house at the foot of Smith street; a steam saw mill at the mouth of Mill street; and the great steam mill on the river bank, half way between Ludlow street and Broadway, constituted in 1815, the entire manufactories of the place.

Markets.—Besides Lower Market, which occupied the block from Main to Sycamore, as well as that from Sycamore to Broadway, in the street of that name, and Upper Market, which stood on Fifth between Main and Walnut streets, there was ground vacated for markets, which having been found unsuitable for the purpose, was never occupied for that use. One of these embraces the front of Sycamore street on both sides from a short distance north of Seventh, to the corner of Ninth street. Another is on McFarland street, west of Elm, forming a square of two hundred feet in the centre of the block. A slight examination of these places where the dwellings have been built back from their line of the respective streets, will point out at once the space dedicated for this purpose.

They who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of human character, and prove that their hearts are as cold as their judgments are weak.

Patronymics.

No man thinks his own name a strange or odd one, however much so it may be to others. We are so familiar with the names of John Taylor, or John Miller, or John Carpenter, or John Baker, that we have lost all sense of the oddity of a surname which signifies simply, in the original who bore it, his occupation or employment.

The Cherokees, in Arkansas, having adopted most of the customs of the whites, their aboriginal names are now translated into the English language, furnishing a series of names which seem very singular to our eyes and ears. Of four individuals arrested under a charge of murder near *Tahlequah* lately, the names are *Squirrel*, *John Potato*, *Wm. Wicked* and *Thomas*

Church

Muskrat. The chief justice in the *Going Snake* district, is *Jesse Bushyhead*.

Church Organs.

The lovers of music should witness the performance of an organ made by Mr. *John Koehnke*, of our city, for *Zion Church*, on Columbia near Vine street, in which building it is now put up. It is wonderful that organs made by *Erben* and others are brought from the East, when at less expense a far superior article can be obtained of Cincinnati manufacture. I fearlessly challenge comparison here between those made by *Erben* and the organ here referred to. There are few finer instruments of the kind and size any where.

The Cincinnati Historical Society.

It is desirable that files of periodicals now in existence, or that were once published here, should be placed for preservation in the library of this society. Even single numbers, where files cannot be presented, will be acceptable.

The following prints have been deposited with Mr. *Randall*, Librarian of the Society, as a commendement:

- 1. The Western Washingtonian.
- 2. The Daily Commercial.
- 3. Orthodox Preacher.
- 4. Reformist.
- 5. Licht Freund.
- 6. Christliche Apologete.
- 7. Western Medical Reformer.
- 8. Youth's Visitor.
- 9. Christmas Guest.
- 10. Artist and Artisan.
- 11. Western General Advertiser.
- 12. Cincinnati Miscellany.

I trust that our city press will make up files for this commendable purpose.

An Apt Scholar.

An old chap in Connecticut who was one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively; and, as is generally the case in that State, boarded all of his own hands. And to show he envied the men what they eat, he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool, while that for the hands was served up in a large pan just from the boiling pot. This old fellow had an apprentice who was rather unlucky among the hot irons, frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him severely one day for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if they are hot unless they are red?"

"Never touch any thing again till you spit on it; if it don't hiss it won't burn."

In a day or two the old man sent the boy in to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl; of course the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss all was right.

"Dinner!" cried he.

All hands run; down sat the old man at the

head of the table; and in went a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup to his mouth.

"Good Heavens!" cried the old man, in the greatest rage, "what did you tell me that lie for? you young rascal!"

"I did not lie," said the boy, very innocently. "You told me I should spit on any thing to try if it was hot; so I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

Judge of the effect on the jouts. That boy never was in want of friends among the journeymen.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

A Desperate Adventure.

[The following adventure of two men, one of them a *St. Louis Boy*, has been sent us, with a request to publish. The incident is one of those which gave such wild interest to the homeward journey of Lieut. *Fremont*.—Eds.]

While encamped on the 24th of April, at a spring near the Spanish Trail, we were surprised by the sudden appearance among us of two Mexicans; a man and a boy—the name of the man was *Andreas Fuentes*, and that of the boy (a handsome lad eleven years old) *Pablo Hernandez*. With a cavalcade of about thirty horses, they had come out from *Puebla de los Angeles*, near the Pacific; had lost half their animals, stolen by Indians, and now sought my camp for aid. *Carson* and *Godey*, two of my men, volunteered to pursue them, with the Mexican; and, well mounted, the three set off on the trail. In the evening *Fuentes* returned, his horse having failed; but *Carson* and *Godey* had continued the pursuit.

In the afternoon of the next day, a war whoop was heard, such as Indians make when returning from a victorious enterprise; and soon *Carson* and *Godey* appeared driving before them a band of horses, recognised by *Fuentes* to be a part of those they had lost. Two bloody scalps, dangling from the end of *Godey's* gun, announced that they had overtaken the Indians as well as the horses. They had continued the pursuit alone after *Fuentes* left them, and towards nightfall entered the mountains into which the trail led. After sunset the moon gave light, and they followed the trail by moonlight until late in the night, when it entered a narrow defile, and was difficult to follow. Here they lay from midnight till morning. At daylight they resumed the pursuit, and at sunrise discovered the horses; and immediately dismounting and tying up their own, they crept cautiously to a rising ground which intervened, from the crest of which they perceived the encampment of four lodges close by. They proceeded quietly, and had got within thirty or forty yards of their object, when a movement among the horses discovered them to the Indians. Giving the war shout they instantly charged in the camp, regardless of the number, which the four lodges might contain. The Indians received them with a flight of arrows, shot from their long bows, one of which passed through *Godey's* shirt collar, barely missing the neck. Our men fired their rifles upon a steady aim, and rushed in. Two Indians were stretched upon the ground, fatally pierced with bullets; the rest fled, except a lad, who was captured. The scalps of the fallen were instantly stripped off, but in the process, one of them, who had two balls through his body, sprung to his feet, the blood streaming from his skinned head, and ut-

tered a hideous howl. The frightful spectacle appalled the stout hearts of our men; but they did what humanity required, and quickly terminated the agonies of the gory savage. They were now masters of the camp, which was a pretty little recess in the mountain, with a fine spring, and apparently safe from all invasion. Great preparations had been made for feasting a large party, for it was a very proper place for a rendezvous, and for the celebration of such orgies as robbers of the desert would delight in. Several of the horses had been killed, skinned, and cut up—for the Indians living in the mountains, and only coming into the plains to rob and murder, make no other use of horses than to eat them. Large earthen vessels were on the fire, boiling and stewing the horse beef; and several baskets containing fifty or sixty pairs of moccasins, indicated the presence or expectation of a large party. They released the boy who had given strong evidence of the stoicism, or something else of the savage character, by commencing his breakfast upon a horse's head as soon as he found he was not to be killed, but only tied as a prisoner.

Their object accomplished, our men gathered up all the surviving horses, fifteen in number, returned upon their trail, and rejoined us at our camp in the afternoon of the same day. They had rode about one hundred miles in the pursuit and return, and all in thirty hours. The time, place, object and numbers considered, this expedition of Carson and Godey may be considered among the boldest and most disinterested which the annals of western adventure, so full of daring deeds, can present. Two men, in a savage wilderness, pursue day and night an unknown body of Indians into the defiles of an unknown mountain—attack them on sight without counting numbers—and defeat them in an instant—and for what?—to punish the robbers of the desert, and revenge the wrongs of Mexicans whom they did not know. I repeat it was Carson and Godey who did this—the former an *American*, born in Boone'slick county, Missouri; the latter a Frenchman, born in St. Louis—and both trained to western enterprise from early life.

Fine Feelings.

We knew a blunt old fellow in the State of Maine, who sometimes hit the nail on the head more pat than the philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for his "*good feelings*." Every body joined, and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked our old genius.

"Oh! in every thing he is a man of fine benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow, again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of their favourite's *doings*. They began to cast about in their minds, but the old man still shouted, "what has he *done*?" They owned that they could not name any thing in particular.

"Yet," answered the cynic, "you say that the man has good feelings—fine feelings—benevolent feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action that they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you would all call a surly, tough and un-

amiable man, and yet he has done more *acts* of kindness in this country than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

Superstitions of the Sea.

The author of the "*Naval Sketch Book*" gives the following as the origin of the prevalent notion among sailors that the appearance of the birds known as "*Mother Carey's Chickens*," is the precursor of a storm:

"The '*Tiger*,' an outward bound East-Indiaman, had one continued gale, without intermission, till she got to the Cape of Good Hope, by which time she was almost a wreck: that off this Cape in particular, she was nearly foundered: that in the height of the gale were seen a number of ominous birds screaming about in the lightning's blaze, and some of them of monstrous shape and size: that among the passengers was a woman called '*Mother Carey*,' who always seemed to smile when she looked upon these foul-weather birds, upon which it was concluded that she was a witch: that she had conjured them up from the Red Sea, and that they never would have a prosperous voyage whilst she remained on board; and, finally, that just as they were debating about it, she sprung overboard and went down in a flame, when the birds, (ever after called '*Mother Carey's Chickens*,') vanished in a moment, and left the *Tiger* to pursue her voyage in peace."

"The Stars and Stripes."

A correspondent of the New Bedford Mercury has picked up the following interesting scrap of history:

1783. "On the 3d of February, the ship Bedford, Capt. Moores, belonging to the Massachusetts, arrived in the Downs, passed Gravesend and the 4th, and was reported at the Custom House the 6th. She was not allowed regular entry until some consultation had taken place between the Commissioners of the Customs and the Lords of the Council, on account of the many acts of Parliament yet in force against the *rebels of America*. She was loaded with *five hundred and eighty-seven butts of whale oil*, manned wholly with American seamen, and belonged to the island of Nantucket, in Massachusetts. The vessel lay at Horsley Down, a little below the Tower, and was the first which displayed the *Thirteen Stripes of America in any British port*."—*Barnard's History of England*, page 705.

Brevity.

It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch ever issued, was that sent by Cæsar to the Horse Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words, "*Veni, vidi, vici*," and perhaps until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word—"Peccavi." "I have Scinde," (*sinned*.)

Jesse and Elias Hughes--No. 1.

Day by day the gallant band who settled the west at the peril of their lives, are disappearing from the theatre of human life, and a few brief years must sweep the survivors to that bourne from which no traveller returns.

Among these heroic spirits two brothers, Jesse and Elias Hughes figured in the frontier wars of Western Virginia. They were both remarkable men. As early as 1774, Elias bore arms at the age of 18, and was doubtless at the period of his death, which occurred as lately as the 22d of last March, the last survivor of the memorable battle of Point Pleasant, on the 10th October, 1774. This was the hardest fight ever sustained with the Indians, it having lasted from early in the morning till near night, several persons perishing from exhaustion in the course of the day.

Thomas Hughes, the head of the family had emigrated from the south branch of the Potomac, and established himself with his wife and children at Clarkeburg, Harrison county, on the head waters of the Monongahela, at that period on the frontiers of the white settlements. In this region, periodically invaded by Indians, the brothers, Jesse and Elias served their apprenticeship to border warfare.

In 1777, Jesse, who was twenty-two, and Elias twenty years of age, attached themselves to a company of spies or rangers, raised by Capt. James Booth for the protection of the settlements. At one time the brothers being out on a scout, they examined the localities of the enemy near the steep bank of a run, made a smoke of rotten wood to keep off the gnats, and lay down upon their arms for the night, their meccasins up to the breech of their guns. Sometime after, hearing something like the snapping of a stick, and looking in the direction, they saw at a distance three Indians approaching. Instantly the young men sprang to their feet, leaped down the bank and over the run. The Indians in pursuit, not knowing the place so well, fell down the bank. The whites hearing the splash, stopped an instant, put on their moccasins, raised a yell and put off at full speed, leaving the Indians to take care of themselves.

In the middle of June three women went out from West's fort to gather greens in an adjoining field, and while thus engaged were fired on by the individual of a party of four Indians. The ball passed through the bonnet of a Mrs. Hacker, who screamed, and with the others ran towards the fort. An Indian having in his hand a long staff mounted with a spear, pursuing closely after them, thrust it with so much violence at Mrs. Freeman, another of the women that,

entering her back just below the shoulder, it came out at her left breast. With his tomahawk, he cleft the upper part of the head, and carried it off to save the scalp.

The screams of the women alarmed the men in the fort, and seizing their rifles they ran out just as Mrs Freeman fell, a few shots were fired at the Indian while he was tugging away at the scalp, but without effect, except so far as to warn the men outside of the fort that danger was at hand, and they quickly came in. Among these were Jesse Hughes, and a comrade named John Schoolcraft, who, while they were getting in, discovered two Indians standing by the fence, and looking so intently towards the men at the fort as not to perceive any one else. Hughes and Schoolcraft being unarmed—having left their guns in the fort—stepped to one side and made their way in safely. Hughes, his brother and four others, armed themselves and went out to bring in the dead body, and while Jesse was pointing out to the rest of the party how near he had approached the Indians before noticing them, one of the Indians made a howl like a wolf, and the whole party moved off in the direction whence the sound proceeded until supposing themselves near the spot, and stopping in a suitable place, Jesse howled also. He was answered, and two Indians were soon seen advancing. An opportunity offering, Elias Hughes shot one and the other took to flight. Being pursued by the whites, he took shelter in a thicket of brush, and while they were proceeding to intercept him at his coming out, he returned [the way he entered and made his escape. The wounded Indian also got off. In their pursuit of the others, the party passed by where the wounded man lay, and one of the men was for stopping and finishing him, but Hughes called out "he is safe! let us have the others," and they all pressed forward into the thicket. On their return the savage was gone, and although his free bleeding enabled them to pursue his track readily for a while, a heavy shower of rain falling while they were in pursuit, all traces of him were finally lost.

On the 16th June, Capt. Booth, who being an well educated man, as well as an efficient leader in scouting parties, being at work in his field, was surprised and shot by the savages. Jesse Hughes by common consent succeeded to his post.

In 1780 West's fort was again visited by the Indians. The frequent incursions of the savages during the year 1778, had led the inhabitants to desert their homes and shelter themselves in places of greater security; but being unwilling to give up the improvements which,

they had already made, and commence anew in the woods, some few families returned to their farms during the winter, and on the approach of spring moved into forts. In this case, the settlers had been in only a short time, when the enemy made his appearance, and continued to invest the fort for some time. Ignorant when to expect relief, the feeble band shut up there were becoming desperate when Jesse Hughes resolved at all hazards to obtain assistance from abroad. Leaving the fort at night, he eluded their sentinels, and made his way to the Buchanan fort. Here he prevailed on a party of the men to accompany them to West's and relieve those who had been so long shut up there. They arrived before day, and on consultation, it was thought advisable to abandon the place once more and remove to Buchanan fort. On their way the Indians resorted to every artifice to separate the party so as to cut them up in detachments, but to no purpose. All their stratagems were frustrated, and the entire body reached the fort in safety.

In March 1781, a party of Indians surprised the inhabitants on Leading creek, Tygart's Valley, nearly depopulating the settlement. Among others they killed Alexander Roney, Mrs. Dougherty, and carried away Mrs. Roney and son, and Mr. Dougherty prisoners. On receipt of these tidings at Clarksburg, a party was promptly made up to chastise the savages, and if possible, rescue the prisoners, and pursuit being immediately made, the advance of the party discovered the Indians on a branch of Hughes' river. Col. Lowther and the brothers, Jesse and Elias Hughes led the pursuing force. It was concluded to leave the Hughes' watch the enemy, while the residue of the party retired a short distance to rest, with the design to attack them in the morning. As soon as day dawned, on a preconcerted signal being made, the whites crawled through the brush, and a general fire was poured in on the Indians of whom one only made his escape. Young Roney unfortunately lay sleeping in the bosom of one of the Indians, and the same bullet that passed through the head of the savage deprived the boy of life. Mrs. Roney, ignorant of the fate of her son, and in the prospect of deliverance, losing the recollection of the recent murder of her husband, ran to the whites repeating, "I am Aleck Roney's wife of the Valley, I am Aleck Roney's wife of the Valley, and a pretty little woman, too if I was well dressed." Dougherty who was tied down and unable to move, was discovered by the whites as they rushed into the camp. Fearing that he was one of the enemy and might do them injury as they advanced, one of the

party stopping, demanded who he was. Benumbed with cold, and discomposed by the firing, he could not make himself known or understood. The white man raised his gun, directing it towards him and called out that if he did not say who he was, he would put a ball through him, be he white man or Indian. Fears supplying him with energy, he exclaimed at last, "J—, am I to be killed by white people at last." Col. Lowther then recognized him and saved his life. The plunder recovered on this occasion was so abundant as to divide fourteen pounds seventeen shillings and six pence—nearly forty dollars to each of the captors.

In September, 1785, a party of Indians who had been stealing horses near Clarksburg were followed by a company raised on the spot out of the border warriors, commanded as before by Lowther, and the brothers Hughes, Jesse and Elias. On the 3d night after starting, the whites and Indians unknown to the fact had encamped within a short distance of each other. In the morning the pursuers divided taking two different routes. Elias Hughes and his party discovered the Indians by the smoke of their fires, and creeping cautiously up through the brush were enabled to get near enough for Hughes to shoot, when one of the savages fell and the residue took to flight. One of the Indians passing near where Col. Lowther stood, was fired at by him as he ran, and killed on the spot. The horses and other plunder regained from the savages were taken home by the whites who were however waylaid on the route, and one of their number, John Barnet, so badly wounded, that he died before reaching home.

At another time Elias Hughes and his men discovering a party of Indians, fired upon them. The Indians ran in different directions. Hughes made after one, and was gaining upon him fast, in a bottom piece of land in which were no trees, when the Indian turned quickly about with loaded gun uplifted. Hughes' gun was empty and there were no trees to spring behind. But instantly springing obliquely to the right and left, with a bound and out stretched arm, he flung the muzzle of the Indian's gun to one side, and the next moment had his long knife in him up to the hilt.

On the 5th December of the same year, the Indians made another inroad into these devoted regions, and marking their progress with blood and plunder, massacred several of the men and women and carried off some prisoners, a daughter of Jesse Hughes among the rest. She remained in captivity a year, when she was ransomed by her father.

In September 1789, Jesse being one of a party

of drovers who were taking cattle into Marietta for the supply of the settlers there, the company encamped for the night, when within a few miles of the river Ohio. In the morning while dressing they were alarmed by a discharge of guns which killed one and wounded another of the drovers. The most of the party escaped by flight. Nicholas Carpenter and his son, who had hid in a pond of water, were discovered, tomahawked and scalped. George Leggett, another of the drovers was never heard of afterwards, having doubtless lost his life there. Hughes himself, although taken at great disadvantage, effected his escape. He wore long leggings, and when the firing commenced, they were fastened to his belt, but were hanging loose below. Although an active runner he found his pursuers were gaining on him, and that his safety depended in getting rid of these incumbrances. In as brief a space of time as possible, he halted, stepping on the lower part of the leggings and broke the strings attaching them to the belt, which he had no time to untie or even to get out his knife and cut. As 'little time as this cost, it was at the hazard of his life. One of the Indians approached and flung a tomahawk at him, which however, only grazed his head.—Once disencumbered of the leggings, he soon made his escape.

On one occasion during this period of danger, which kept such men as the Hughes' in constant employment Jesse, observed a lad, intently engaged, fixing his rifle. "Jim," said he, "what are you doing there?" "I am going to shoot a gobbler that I hear on the hill side," said Jim. "I hear no turkey," replied Hughes. "Listen," said Jim. "there—don't your hear it; listen again." "Well," said Hughes, after hearing it repeated, "I'll go and kill it." "No you won't," exclaimed the lad, "it is my turkey; I heard it first." "Well," said Hughes "you know I am the best marksman, and besides I don't want the turkey; you may have it." Jim then acquiescing, Hughes went out, with his own rifle from the side of the fort which was furthest from the supposed turkey, and skirting a ravine came in on the rear, and as he expected, discovered an Indian who was seated on a chestnut stump; surrounded and partly hid by sprouts, gobbling at intervals and watching in the direction of the fort, to see whom he would be able to decoy out. Hughes crept up behind him, and the first notice given the savage of his presence, was a shot which deprived him of life. He took off the scalp and went into the fort where Jim was waiting for the prize. "There now," said the lad, "you have let the turkey go; I should have killed it if I had gone." "No,"

said Hughes, "I did not let it go," and taking out the scalp & throwing it down, "There take your turkey, Jim, I don't want it." The lad was overcome and nearly fainted in view of the narrow escape he had made.

In 1790 the hostilities of the Indians had been reduced to stealing horses, merely. The Ohio above Marietta was their crossing place to Clarksburg, the route from that river being through a dense forest. All was quiet in the settlements, as they had been for some time without alarms on the score of Indians. One night a man who had a horse in an enclosure, heard the fence fall: he jumped up and ran out and saw an Indian spring on the horse and dash off. An hour or two sufficed to rouse the neighborhood, and a company of twenty-five or thirty persons agreed to assemble and start by day light. They took a circle around the settlement, and soon struck the trail of ten or twelve horses, ridden off, as they judged probable, by the same number of Indians. The captain called a halt for consultation. Jesse Hughes who was one of the party was opposed to following their trace, alleging he could pilot them a nearer way to the Ohio, where they would be able to intercept their retreat. A majority, including the captain advocated pursuit. Hughes then insisted that the Indians would waylay their trail, in order to know if they were followed, and could choose spots where they would be able to shoot two or three of the whites, and put their own friends upon their guard, and that the savages once alarmed would keep the start they had already got. These arguments appearing to shake the purpose of the party, the commander, jealous of Hughes' influence, broke up the council, calling on the men to follow him, and let all cowards go home. He dashed on then, the men all following him. Hughes felt the insult keenly, but kept on with the rest.—They had not proceeded many miles till the trail went down a drain, where the ridge on one side was very steep, with a ledge of rocks for a considerable distance. On the top of the cliff, two Indians lay in ambush, and when the company got opposite, they made some noise which induced the men to halt; that instant two of the company were shot and mortally wounded.—Before any of them could ride round and ascend the cliff, the Indians were out of reach and sight.

The party of whites then agreed that Hughes was in the right, and although fearful they were too late, changed their route to intercept them at the crossing place. They gave the wounded men in charge of some of their numbers, and making a desperate push, reached the Ohio

Fiver next day about an hour after the savages had crossed it. The water was yet muddy with the horses trails, and the rafts the Indians had crossed on, were yet floating on the opposite shore. The company were then unanimous for abandoning all pursuit. Hughes had now full satisfaction for the insult. It seemed, he said, as if they were going to prove the captain's words and show who were the cowards. As for himself, he said he would cross with as many as were willing, half their party, being as he supposed, enough to take the enemy's scalps. They all refused. He then said if but one man would cross with him he would keep on, but still no one would consent. He then said he would go by himself and take a scalp or leave his own.

After his party had got out of sight, Hughes made his way up the river three or four miles, keeping out of view from the other shore, as he supposed the Indians were watching to see if the party would cross. He then made a raft and crossed the river, and encamped for the night. He struck their trail next day, and pursuing it very cautiously some ten miles from the river found their camp. There was but one Indian in it, the rest being out hunting. In order to pass his time pleasantly, he had made a sort of fiddle out of bones, and was sitting at ease singing and playing. Hughes crept up and shot him. He then took his scalp and made his way home. This is the last I have been able to learn of Jesse Hughes, except that he survived many years, and died not long since.

After Gen. Wayne's treaty, Elias Hughes and family settled upon the waters of the Licking in Ohio. The Indians having, at an early day, killed a young woman whom he highly esteemed, and subsequently his father, the return of peace did not eradicate his antipathy to the race. In the month of April, 1800, two Indians, having collected a quantity of fur on the Rocky Fork of Licking, proceeded to the Bowling Green, stole three horses and put off for Sandusky.—The next morning Hughes, Ratliff and Bland, going out for the horses and not finding them, did not return to apprise their families; but continued upon the trail, and at night discovering the Indians' fire on Granny's creek, some few miles N. W. of where Mt. Vernon stands, lay down for the night, and the next morning walked up to the Indians as they were cooking their morning repast. At first the Indians looked somewhat embarrassed, proposed restoration of the horses, and giving part of their furs by way of conciliation, from which the whites did not dissent, but were thinking of the whole of their furs and the future safety of the horses.

It being a damp morning; it was proposed to

shoot off all their guns and put in fresh loads.—A mark was made; Hughes raised his gun ostensibly to shoot, which attracted the attention of the Indians to the mark and was a signal.—Ratliff downed one, Bland's gun flashed, but Hughes turning quickly round, emptied his gun in the other Indian's head, setting fire at the same time to the handkerchief around it. On returning they kept their expedition a secret for some time.

Hughes' memory failed him considerably the last three or four years. Previously his eye sight failed him entirely, but partially returned again. With patience he waited his approaching end, firmly believing that his Redeemer lived, and that through Him he should enjoy the life to come.

His decease occurred, as I have stated, on the 22nd last March. With him doubtless disappeared the last survivor of those who bore a part in the memorable battle of Point Pleasant, at the month of Kanawha, seventy-one years since. The body was attended to the grave with every demonstration of the respect due to his past services, by several military corps, and a concourse of his fellow citizens.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

This body composed of the delegates of the Presbyterian churches in the United States, met for the first time in Cincinnati, and for the second time in the west, on Thursday last. There are nearly two hundred on the rolls, who are constituted in about equal proportions of ministers and ruling elders. They are generally fine looking men, with much less of the rigid Scotch and Scotch Irish cast of features than might be expected from the great element of their descent.

An impression appears to prevail that this body is selected from the church at large, out of its strongest members. This is a great mistake. Each Presbytery, according to its number; sends one or more ministers, and as many lay representatives, and the usual practice is to delegate them in turn, varying in particular cases to suit the convenience of members. The presumption therefore is, that each general assembly is a fair representation—and no more, of the talent and weight of character of the denomination at large. Neither is the title D. D. appended to the names of the ministers, any evidence of the greater weight of influence, talent, knowledge or piety of him who holds it as compared with the rest. It is conferred not by the church but by the various colleges of learning throughout the land, and as a general rule, it is doubtless

the fact that those who bestow degree most freely, are least qualified to judge on the subject.—One of the *Doctorates* in the Synod of Cincinnati was lately conferred on one of the members by Augusta college, Ky. He had probably graduated there. I could find fifty ministers of others in the same denomination better entitled to pre-eminence in knowledge, judgment, and pulpit abilities. If these distinctions are to be conferred, they ought to be bestowed by the General Assembly; but the whole system is at variance with that parity of presbyters which forms a fundamental doctrine in the church order and government of Presbyterians.

Various questions of deep interest to that church are fairly before the assembly, and some of them have been discussed, at length. The debates are public and appear to command a crowd of auditors.

The Indian Trail.

"The Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity!" were the first words of a breathless woodman, as he rushed into a block-house of a village in Western New York, during one of the early border wars. "Up, up—a dozen men should have been on the trail two hours ago."

"God help us!" said one of the group, a bold, frank forester, and with a face whiter than ashes, he leaned against the wall gasping for breath. Every eye was turned on him with sympathy, for he and Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was universally respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill seat he owned about two miles from the village.—His family consisted of his eldest daughter and three children. He had been from home, so the runner said, when his house was attacked, nor had his neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe until the light of the burning tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who was a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who proceeded towards the flames, found the house and mills in ruins, and recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and was the individual who now stood breathlessly narrating the events which we in fewer words have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village like a fire spreads in a swamp after a drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block-house was filled with eager and sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement gathered, to a man, around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart; and though few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand, and the accompanying looks, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. That party was about to set forth, when a man was seen hurriedly running up the road from the direction of the desolated home.

"It is Mr. Stuart!" said one of the oldest of the group, "stand back, and let him come in."

The men parted right and left from the doorway, and immediately the father entered, the neighbors bowing respectfully to him as he passed. He scarcely returned their salutation, but advancing directly to his intended son-in-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms. The spectators, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of their grief, turned their faces away with that instinctive delicacy which is nowhere to be found more often than among those who are thought to be rude borderers; but they heard sobs and they knew that the heart of the usually collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"My friends," said he, at length—"this is kind, I see you know my loss, and are ready to march with me! God bless you! He could say no more, for he was choked with emotion.

"Stay back, father," said young Leper, using for the first time a name which in that moment of desolation carried sweet comfort to the parent's heart "you cannot bear the fatigue as well as me—death only will prevent us from bringing back Mary."

"I know it—I know it, my son—but cannot stay here in suspense. No, I will go with you. I have to-day the strength of a dozen men!"

The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one impulse, set forth.

There was no difficulty in finding the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed incredible to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. But rapid as their march was, hour after hour elapsed without any signs of savages, though evidence that they passed the route a while before was continually met. The sun rose high above the heavens until he stood above the tree tops, then he began slowly to decline, and at length his slant beams could scarcely penetrate the forest; yet there was no appearance of the Indians, and the hearts of the pursuers began to despond. Already the pursuits were useless, for the boundaries of the settlers' district had long been passed; they were in the very heart of the savages' country; and by this time the Indians had probably reached their village. Yet, when the older men, who alone would venture to suggest a return, looked at the father or the intended son-in-law, young Leper, they could only utter the words which would carry despair to two almost breaking hearts, and so the march was continued. But night drew on, and one of the elders spoke:

"There seems to be no hope," he said, stopping and resting his rifle on the ground, "we are far from our families. What would become of the village if attacked in our absence?"

This was a question that went to every heart, and by one consent the party stopped, and many, especially of the older ones, took a step or two involuntarily homewards. The father and young Leper looked at each other in mute despair.

"You are right, Jenkins," said the young man, at length. "It is selfish in us to lead you so far away from home on"—and here for an instant he choked—"on perhaps a fruitless errand. Go back; we thank you for having come so far. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even if it leads into the very heart of an Indian village."

"And I will follow you!" "And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices; for daring, in moments like these, carried the day against cooler counsels, and the young to a man, sprang to Leper's side.

Even the old men were affected by the contagion. They were torn by conflicting emotions, now thinking of their wives and little ones behind, and now reminded of the suffering captives before. They still fluctuated, when one of the young men exclaimed in a low voice—

"See! there they are!" and as he spoke he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in the twilight above the tree tops, from the bottom of the valley lying immediately beyond them.

"On them, on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but silently, for the slightest noise will ruin our hopes."

Oh, how the father's heart thrilled at these words! The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuits, had wrung his heart and with Leper he had resolved to go unaided, though meantime he had watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of the councils, for he knew that two men, or even a dozen, would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives. But when his eyes caught the distant light, hope rushed wildly back over his heart. With the next minute he was foremost in the line of pursuers, apparently the coolest and most cautious of all.

With a noiseless tread the borderers proceeded until they were within a few yards of the encamped Indians, whom they discovered through the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed up, when a fresh brand was thrown upon it.—Stealthily creeping forward a few paces further, they discerned the captive girl with her two little brothers and three sisters, bound, a short distance from the group; and at the sight, the fear of the father lest some of his little ones, unable to keep up in the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, gave way to a thrill of indescribable joy. He and Jenkins were now by common consent looked on as the leaders of the party. He paused to count the group.

"Twenty-five in all," he said, in a low whisper. "We can take off a third at least with one fire, and then rush in on them," and he looked to Jenkins who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispering the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled lest the accidental crackling of a twig or a tone spoken unadvisedly above a whisper should attract the attention of the savages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprang to his feet, and looked suspiciously in the direction of our little party. At the same instant, another sprang toward the prisoners, and with eyes fixed on the thicket where the pursuers lay, held his tomahawk above the startled girl, as if to strike the instant any demonstrations of hostilities should appear.

The children clung to their sisters, side with stifled cries. The moment was critical; if the proximity of the pursuers was suspected their discovery would be the result. To wait until each man had his victim assigned him, might prove ruinous; to fire prematurely might be equally so. But Leper forgot every consideration in the peril of Mary, and almost at the instant when the occurrences we have related were taking place, took aim at the savage stand-

ing over his betrothed, and fired. The Indian fell dead.

Immediately a yell rang through the forest—the savages leaped to their arms, a few dashed into the thicket, others rushed on the prisoners, the most sagacious retreating behind trees. But on that whoop a dozen rifles rang in the air, and half a score of the assailed fell to the earth, while the borderers, breaking from the thicket, with uplifted tomahawks, came to the rescue.—A wild hand-to-hand conflict ensued, in which nothing could be seen except the figures of the combatants, rolling together among the whirling leaves; nothing heard but angry shouts, and the groans of the wounded and dying. In a few minutes the borderers were victorious.

Leper had been the first to enter the field.—Two stout savages dashed at him with swinging tomahawks, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell stunned by a blow from the butt end of his father's rifle, who followed his intended son-in-law a step or two behind. A second's delay would have been too late.

Fortunately none of the assailants were killed, though several were seriously wounded.—The suddenness of the attack may account for the comparative immunity which they enjoyed.

How shall we describe the gratitude and joy with which the father kissed his rescued children? How shall we tell the rapture with which Leper clasped his affianced bride to his bosom? We feel our incapacity for the task and drop a veil over emotions too holy for exposure. But many a stout borderer wept at the sight.

Soda Water Factory, Steam Putty, &c.

One of the summer luxuries of large towns and cities, great and little, is Soda Water. Of this the consumption in many places, is inconceivable to those who forget how extensively and frequently, men need, or fancy they need the refreshing influence of cooling draughts.—There are two soda water manufacturers in Cincinnati, where the article is made, and the fountains charged fit for use. My notes refer however only to that of J. S. Glasco, the more important of the two establishments.

Soda water is made by impregnating water with carbonic acid gas, in the proportion of 5 parts in bulk of one, to twelve of the other, the gas in a fountain of the capacity of 17 gallons, being condensed into a volume of one twelfth its natural space. It is the expansion of that gas when discharged for use, which creates the effervescence in the tumbler, and the pungency of the soda water when drained at a draught.

The following is the process of manufacture. The gas is generated in a strong leaden vessel by the action of diluted sulphuric acid on marble dust—carbonate of lime. It is passed into two gasometers holding 75 gallons each, and thence forced by steam power acting on three air pumps into the fountain, compressing ninety five gallons of carbonic acid gas into the space of seven gallons in the course of three minutes.

A safety valve is in connection with the machine which indicates a pressure of 85 lbs to the square inch in the fountain. I learn that Mr. Glascoe fills fountains for Mayeville, Covington and Frankfort, Kentucky; Lawrenceburg and Rising Sun, Indiana; and Dayton, Ohio, as well as great numbers in our city. As only one dollar for each filling is charged by him, the old method of filling by hand, equally inconvenient and dangerous, has been generally abandoned. He tells me he filled last year more than 1160 fountains, the number of which he expects will reach this year to 1500.

Mr. Glascoe also manufactures putty by steam power, producing at the rate of four hundred thousand pounds per annum, equal to 8,000 kegs of 50 pounds each. In this process he has been enabled to reduce the price from 12½ to 4 cts. extending his sales in all directions to a distance which controls the markets of the west, the south-west, and the region along the lakes to the north. This is effected by machinery which crushes the whiting, previously dried by hot air, under a huge roller of 1200 lbs., the mass being turned up again under the action of plough shears, so that no part of it escapes pulverising. The oil being then poured in on the mass, the process of grinding and crushing is renewed and carried on until the entire mass is thoroughly mixed and rendered fit for immediate service.

The whole process is well worth a visit to the manufactory.

Modern Buildings.

The progress of the arts as well as of wealth and cultivated taste, is introducing improvements in house building, of which our predecessors had no conception. We of Cincinnati, cannot of course build houses which shall compare in luxury and extravagance, with some of the palaces in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Still, we are erecting houses as fine as any people ought to build, and some equal in substantial and simple elegance, to those found anywhere. One of the latest of these is that of J. M. NILES, on Eighth, between Walnut and Vine streets. The mouldings, stucco work, &c., of the parlors are very rich, indeed.

In another class of these buildings, such as Messrs. PARKHURST, PROBASCO, S. S. SMITH, on Fourth street, bath houses and other conveniences are introduced to great extent. In Mr. PROBASCO's the doors are all made in the style of cabinet work, and of our richest and most beautiful native woods. This is the introduction, or rather the revival of a highly ornate feature in architecture. I say revival, the oldest house

in this city—Mr. WADE's, on Congress street—being built in this style. All the wood-work except the floors being of black-walnut, a wood whose beauties cannot be duly appreciated until the lapse of time has brought them out to view.

Relics of the Past!

FT. HAMILTON, June 21st, 1792.

DEAR GENERAL:

Agreeable to the directions contained in your letter of the 11th inst, five of the scythes were sent forward to Major Strong, and with the remaining six I commenced work on Monday, and have already cured five cocks of hay, which in my opinion, is little inferior to timothy. It is so warm on the Prairie that it is cut, cured, and cocked the same day; consequently can lose none of its juices. An additional number of scythes will be necessary, in order to procure the quantity you want. I can find no sand as a substitute for whetstones—perhaps some might be procured among the citizens. One, two or three, if more cannot be had, would be a great relief. The window glass, iron and hemp came forward, but not of the other articles wrote for.

I have allowed the mowers one and a half rations per day, and both them and the hay-makers, half a pint of whiskey each. This I hope will meet your approbation. I have also promised to use my endeavors to procure them extra wages. As the contract price of whiskey is about 16 shillings per gallon, and this extra liquor cannot be considered as part of the ration; would it not be well to furnish it as well as the salt in the Quarter Master Department. I am sure you will conceive that men laboring hard in the hot sun require an extra allowance, and it may be brought here at 15s. cost and carriage. Lt. Hartshorn returned last evening with his command, and will no doubt report to you. He is of opinion there is a camp of Indians not far distant from this, on the west side of the river. I shall employ his cavalry as a covering party to the hay makers, &c., which will make the duty of the infantry lighter—the many objects we have to attend to makes their duty very hard.—The want of camp kettles to cook their meat in is a great inconvenience. Inclosed you have a return for articles we cannot well do without. The want of clothing for the men is also a subject of complaint. I am told there are a number pairs of linen overalls in store at head quarters. I wish you would think proper to send them here, with some shirts to cover our nakedness. Indeed I should feel much relieved by a visit from you. Permit me here to suggest the necessity of furnishing grass hooks for the horse,

and indeed the contractor's men ought to have them also.

The officers of the 2d regiment contend with me for rank, and I believe are about to make a representation to the President on the subject. As I filled Captain Mercer's vacancy, and was myself the bearer of his commission, and being appointed by a different act of Congress, I feel no uneasiness with respect to their claims. But the want of my commission may be some inconvenience. I addressed Gen. Knox on this subject in March last—having received no answer, I fear from the multiplicity of business in your office at that time he overlooked my request, and have therefore to solicit your influence with him for a copy of my commission to support my claims.

Respectfully yours,
JNO. ARMSTRONG,
Capt. Commandant.

GEN. JAS. WILKINSON.

FORT WASHINGTON, July 6th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

I have only time to tell you that you must forward by the convoy, if it has not reached; the enclosed letter, or if it has, by two of your runners—it being of moment. Keep a good lookout for "poor Jack" or Charley may burn the hay. Adieu.

Yours, &c.

JAS. WILKINSON, B. Gen'l.

N. B. I send a nag for your particular attention. She is my favorite, and is very poor.

J. W.

J. ARMSTRONG, Esq., Capt. Com'dt.

Ferocity of a Bear.

The following remarkable instance of ferocity in a bear is related as having occurred at Bridgeport, Maine, nearly forty years ago. It is seldom that the black bear manifests so much ferocity when met with in the forest of New England. This one, however, was accompanied by her cubs, and her courage and rage were stimulated by the love of her offspring:

"Benjamin Foster, son of Maj. Asahel Foster, of Bridgeton, being on his way through a thicket of woods, was suddenly alarmed by the growling of a bear. He soon discovered an old she bear and two cubs. The old one immediately made towards him, growling, and very fierce. He immediately took to the first tree he could find, which was about nine inches diameter, and about twenty feet to the first limbs; this he ascended with all possible speed, and having reached the limbs, he called to the nearest neighbor, who lived about a quarter of a mile distant, for help. The bear, on hearing his cries, retreated from the tree and hallooed also, which she repeated as often as he called for help.

The bear then returned to the tree and climbed up nearly to the first limbs, but losing her hold she fell to the ground; this enraged her,

and she again ascended the tree with greater velocity, and overtook him at the length of about thirty feet, when she seized him one foot, but the shoe coming off she fell to the ground; recovering, she ascended the tree a third time, and took off the other shoe, he constantly calling for help and finding none. He had now ascended the tree as far as was safe for him to venture, the bear constantly tearing his feet with her teeth, until they became a most shocking spectacle.

The bear at length fastened her jaws so powerfully to one of his heels as to cause the limbs by which he held to break, and he fell to the ground, the bear falling at the same time on the other side of the tree; and notwithstanding his feet was in this mangled condition, he escaped to the nearest house and arrived safe. The distance from the ground by measurement, from whence the young man fell, was 48 feet. It is supposed that his repeated and eager cries for help tended to increase the rage and fury of the bear, which had her whelps with her.

Governors of the States.

States	Governors.	T ^h m exp.
Maine,	Hugh J Anderson,	Jan 1846
New Hampshire,	John H Steele,	June 1845
Massachusetts,	*George N Briggs,	Jan 1846
Rhode Island,	*James Fenner,	May 1845
Connecticut,	*Roger S Baldwin,	May 1845
Vermont,	*William Slade,	Oct 1845
New York,	Silas Wright,	Jan 1847
New Jersey,	*Charles C Stratton,	Jan 1848
Pennsylvania,	Francis R Shunk,	Jan 1848
Delaware,	*Thomas Stockton,	Jan 1849
Maryland,	*Thomas J Pratt,	Jan 1848
Virginia,	James McDowell,	May 1846
North Carolina,	*William A Graham,	Jan 1845
South Carolina,	William Aiken,	Dec 1845
Georgia,	*Geo. W Crawford,	Jan 1847
Alabama,	Benj'n Fitzpatrick,	Dec 1845
Mississippi,	Albert G Brown,	Jan 1846
Louisiana,	Alexander Mouton,	Jan 1847
Ohio,	*Mordecai Bartley,	Dec 1846
Kentucky,	*William Owsley,	Sept 1848
Tennessee,	*James C Jones,	Oct 1847
Indiana,	Thos J Whitcomb,	Dec 1846
Illinois,	Thomas Ford,	Dec 1846
Michigan,	John S Barry,	Jan 1846
Missouri,	John C Edwards,	Nov 1849
Arkansas,	Thomas Drew,	Nov 1848
	TERRITORIES.	
Florida,	John Branch,	Aug 1847
Iowa,	John Chambers,	Mar 1847
Wisconsin,	Henry Dodge,	July 1847

*Whigs 12; Democrats 17.

MARRIAGES.

ON Tuesday, May 8th, by the Rev. D. Shephardson, Mr. JAMES M. SMITH to Miss JANE POINIER.

Thursday, May 22d, by Rev. F. Beecher, Dr FREDERICK H. BANKS of New Orleans, to Miss VIRINDA WIGGINS.

Sunday, 25th inst. by Rev. J. W. HOPKINS, Mr. JOHN CLARKE to Miss SUSAN HAYMON.

DEATHS.

ON Tuesday, 13th inst. HEMSLEY A. son of Andrew M. and Elizabeth Springer—aged 3 years.

Tuesday, 20th inst. SARAH, consort of N. T. Horton.

Wednesday, 21st inst. ALBERT, son of John and Maria Sherer—aged 1 year, 11 months.

Value of Property here.

I am asked sometimes, why I do not publish regularly the sales of real estate as they occur, by way of evidence abroad to capitalists of the increasing value of property in Cincinnati.

To this the reply may be made, that our city dailies keep the community advised of such statistics to better advantage than a weekly publication permits me. There is however a reason more forcible in the case. It is difficult to impress persons resident elsewhere, with the fact that these ordinary sales are any thing else than heated speculations which must burst as bubbles. They cannot understand why money for which it is difficult to obtain 6 per cent in our atlantic cities should produce 10 to 15 per cent invested here in real estate, and they never will, until they become residents here, and observe with their own eyes the elements of our prosperity.

For these reasons, it is occasionally only, that I touch on the subject. Lately I gave prices of property sold at sheriff's sale, feeling that such a feature in its disposal, must remove all distrust as to its true value. And I will now add a remarkable example, strictly authentic, of the perfect safety and great productiveness of judicious purchases in real estate here.

In the year 1839—only six years since, James Wise and Thomas Bateman purchased a block or square of the Betts' property, at \$3 33 cents per foot front. In a year or two they made sales of a part successively for 7, 10, 12 and 14 dollars. For the whole of the residue, they have since refused thirty dollars per front ft. Just such speculations offer now as formerly, the only difference being that it takes in later days, larger investments to produce the same profits.

Veneers.

This article has been extensively imported from the Atlantic cities heretofore, for our market, both for use and for sale. For the benefit of multitudes who purchase the finer qualities of furniture, ignorant that the outside wood is a veneer or facing upon some other, which is either cheaper or stronger, or perhaps both, it may be not impertinent to state that most of what they buy is of this description. In this there is however no deception, they being supplied with an article of furniture equally good, if not better, and much cheaper, than if made solid. The veneers brought to this market are Mahogany, Rose, and Zebra, of foreign woods, and Black Walnut and Curled Maple of domestic growth, much the larger share being of the first class. Not less than fifteen to twenty thousand dollars in value of them have been annually sold or used here.

In those revolutions of manufactures which are constantly occurring, Cincinnati is now becoming the head quarters to the west for the supply of this article. Mr. Henry Albro, at the intersection of Symmes street and the Canal, has had in operation, for the last two years, a veneering saw, and is turning out every description of veneering from foreign and domestic woods that may be required. He has already effected a reduction of 25 per cent. in prices and is preparing the way to supply our own and foreign markets with native woods of unrivaled beauty in surface and figure.

There are no finer ornamental woods in the world for furniture, than those of American growth, the black-walnut, cherry and curled maple, for example. Fashion has heretofore patronized those of foreign countries, on the principle which governs thousands, that nothing is valuable but what is "far sought and dearly bought." But fashion, like all despots, has her caprices, and the Rose and Zebra and Mahogany are evidently declining in favor; and as our native growth appears winning its way into use into England and France, and challenges the admiration of foreigners, it will command a preference eventually in the domestic as well as the foreign market.

But our American woods are not only equal to any of Foreign growth, but the various western articles are superior for cabinet ware to the corresponding kinds east of the mountains. This is no doubt owing to the greater rapidity of growth incident to our more fertile soil and milder climate.

As a specimen of the value of western timber for these purposes, it may be stated that black-walnut ferks have been sent from St. Louis to the eastern cities, sawed into veneers, and sent back and sold in that shape for 12½ cents per superficial foot. These veneers are so thin that it takes thirty-two to make an inch in thickness, they being not as thick as pasteboards, and the same log which furnishes boards of a given size, will saw into veneers ten fold. Specimens of black-walnut, plain and curled, sawed here and worked up into chair-backs, cabinet furniture, and piano frames, may be seen at Geyer's, Pfaff's and Ross' chair factories, M'Alpin's cabinet ware rooms, & Britting's piano factory, which cannot be surpassed any where. Mr. Albro has received an order for veneers of select western woods, to send to the Boston market, a portion of which is designed for shipment to London and Liverpool, by way of testing the demand there. Of that demand there can be no doubt, for it will prove not only one of the most elegant materials for use there,

but among the cheapest of veneers, the duty under the late Tariff being but 25 shillings per 50 cubic feet—about 25 cts. on 500 veneers of the usual size, a rate which renders the impost merely nominal.

The parts of trees adapted to ornamental purposes are the forks or crotches, curls, warts, and other excrescences, which, valuable as they are for this purpose, are fit for nothing else. As these have heretofore been sawed into boards, in which shape they are not one fifteenth part as productive as in veneers, an inadequate supply only has been furnished by the saw mills. But the increased supply created by their multiplication into veneers, will not only provide for our domestic markets, but furnish an extensive sale abroad in Europe, and our atlantic cities.

The domestic woods, thus far sawed at Albros are black walnut, curled maple, cherry, sugar tree, oak, ash and apple, which afford when sawed up, an infinite variety of curls, dotings, waves, streaks and other fancy figures, some being of the most graceful and others of the most grotesque appearance. These are furnished at the mill, at a price as low as from three to six cents, per superficial foot, and of first rate specimens. They also saw for the owners of the logs if desired, and as low as at 125 to 150 cents per 100 feet. It is easy to conceive the increased demand and use, which this reduction in prices must create. Nor is it less obvious that hereafter the entire veneer supply of the West will be sawed in the West. Independently of its own growth of woods, which, wherever it can be done, will be cut up on the spot, the foreign woods from Hayti, Campeachy, Honduras and other places can be imported at as little expense into Cincinnati or any other place in the West, of steamboat access, as into any of the Atlantic cities. The freight from New Orleans, which is the butt end of the expense, is only 18 cents per cwt., and must become even less as the demand enlarges. Besides, the finest veneers made east, are laid aside on the spot, for the more and finer descriptions of furniture trade, and our workmen here will not be satisfied with any thing short of a first rate article when within their reach.

Mr. Albro's establishment was built by Mr. Ferdinand Walters, who possessed an equal interest in it. Mr. W. has the reputation of being one of the most ingenious machinists in the United States, and certainly there are many evidences of it on the premises, the machinery being greatly simplified as well as improved; one lever here serving to run the carriage back and forwards, while on most of these saw mills, two, and even three are requisite. Nor must it be

supposed that it requires no more skill or judgment in these than in the ordinary saw-mills, for eight or ten years in attending a veneering saw, is preparation little enough for the employment.

The veneering saw is 4½ feet in diameter, and is driven with such power and velocity as to make 400 revolutions in a minute. It has the capacity to cut two thousand feet per day, but such is the severity of its service that more than half the time is occupied in sharpening it.

Mr. Albro is about to add a chair top and a scroll saw for preparing all sorts of scroll work, and sawing mahogany and other valuable woods into every needed variety of form and shape.

Any intelligent man, who will sit down and reflect a few minutes, on the extent and comparative unproductiveness of our American forests, devoted hitherto merely to furnishing firewood and pearl ash, will discern that it is hardly possible, in a pecuniary sense, to overrate the importance of furnishing countries like England and France, with their supply of ornamental woods.

What the additional advantage of veneering upon our Western timber will prove, may be judged by the fact, that a single log of Massanilla mahogany was sold at auction, in New York, not long since, for \$502 17 cents, or \$1 32 cents per superficial foot.

Relics of the Last War.

Fort Hamilton, Aug. 17th, 1812.

SIR:

Capt. Collins has agreed to meet the detachment at Lebanon as you wished. I promised to them payment of his company about 10 o'clock. He has really one of the finest companies I ever saw; somewhere about 100 strong; they are a fine cheerful set of fellows as can be well placed in exercise—whatever is offered them they are ready and willing to march when and where they are wanted. I expect to be in Cincinnati to-morrow. They have some tents and are preparing more. They expect orders from you for marching.

I am sir respectfully,

Your obt. servant,

GEO. P. TORRENCE.

Maj. Gen. J. S. GANO.

Marietta, June 24th, 1812.

MAJ. GEN. GANO:

SIR—The Secretary at war had authorized us to draw from the Arsenal at Newport fifteen hundred stand of arms—I request you to receive them from Major Martin, together with as many cartouch boxes. Inspect them thoroughly before you receive them. Let them be taken to Cincinnati and safely deposited in some place

where they will not be likely to be endangered by fire. They are for the use of Ohio militia.—Please write me whether there are any tents, camp kettles, sabres and pistols &c. in the Arsenal—as I am recently called upon by the Secretary at war to establish a military post at Sandusky.

The expenses of inspection, transportation, &c., you will please to charge the State of Ohio and I will cause payment to be made.

If Maj. Martin will not deliver them subject to inspection, you will receive them in boxes as they are. New arms have lately gone to the Arsenal—if better than the old ones take them—get the best you can.

Address me at Chillicothe.

With esteem and friendship yours,

R. J. MEIGS, of Ohio.

June 30th, 1812, received on this letter fifteen hundred stands of arms without inspection, and four hundred cartridge boxes. Capt. Jenkinson, Capt. Carpenter and Lt. Ramsey, present.

Chillicothe, Aug. 16th, 1812.

GEN. GANO:

You have before this seen Capt. Sutton, from the Army. Muskets and bayonets are preferred in the army to rifles, even against Indians. Many of the muskets want great repairs, and I have not enough for the present requisition. I wish you to send without delay, as many boxes of muskets and cartouch boxes, and tents, and camp kettles as will be enough for 500 men to Urbana. I do not wish in supplying the new requisition, to take the arms &c., which you have for your division, and I enclose an order for what I want. I am putting you to some trouble, but it cannot be helped. Please keep an account of postage, expenses, &c. &c. I will adjust this after the Piqua council is over. I should have spent a few days with you, but the new call prevents me.

I should be pleased to see you at Piqua—if you do not come, write to me there. I am afraid Hull is too slow. The terror the army impressed on its first arrival in Canada, is greatly diminished.

One waggon will carry all the arms &c. which I require.

I am sir,

Your ob't. serv't.

R. J. MEIGS,

Urbana, Aug. 25th, 1812.

Gen. GANO.

Or the commandant of the militia of Ohio in the town of Cincinnati:

Sir:

You will without any delay, send by a two horse light wagon, the six-pounder piece of

artillery at Cincinnati to this place by day and night.

You will also send me one large and full wagon load of six-pounder balls, and powder, for which purpose I send an order on the United States Military Storekeeper at Newport.

Your ob't. serv't.

R. J. MEIGS,
Gov. of Ohio.

300 balls and 500 lbs. powder sent on the within to Urbana.

Pioneer Libraries.

The records of the past in the great west are always interesting waymarks of its progress.—Beyond this, they frequently serve to show our obligations to the noble race of men who have subdued it for our use.

I trust my readers will find the following notices of the first Library formed in Athens county in our State, and its happy results, as interesting as it appears to me. I condense it from the proceedings of the Washington county school association, published in the Marietta Intelligencer of the 22d ult. A discussion arising in that body on the establishment of libraries in each township of the county, Judge Cutler made the following statement.

“A settlement was commenced in Athens County about the year 1799 in the midst of a broad wilderness. But few families commenced it, and they were twenty miles removed from all intercourse with the settlement in this county. They were alone. They were at first only three families. In a little time another settlement was formed on Sunday creek. One settler, Squire Tine, came to the Eastern settlement to consult about making a road from one settlement to the other. All collected; and some one after describing their solitary condition, and stating that there was but one newspaper taken, coming only once in two months, and but very few books, suggested the plan of procuring a library. All were agreed. The next question was, how shall we get it? We have no money. Esq. Brown was at that time on a visit, preparing to move to Sunday creek. Esq. True said that he could show them how a library could be obtained. They could do it by catching Coons, if Esq. Brown would agree to take and sell them and lay out the money for books.—The plan was resolved on; the coons were abundant; the boys could catch 8 or 10 apiece. The skins were taken to Boston and sold for fifty dollars. Two eminent men were asked to select the books. Their choice was excellent. And now for the history of that library. It was increased. The settlement increased; the children increased. All had access to that library.

Some fifty young men, now scattered about over the West, gained information from that library. Some are distinguished lawyers, some wealthy merchants, some professors in colleges, some Judges of court, and one became *Thomas Ewing*. Another settlement, containing about the same number of young men, without these advantages, presented in the result a very different aspect. Only a ridge separated the two settlements. Of the latter only a few rose even to mediocrity of circumstances. Their history has been stained by crime. Murder and robbery have been committed among them. Of late the library has been divided between the settlements on Federal creek and Sunday creek. The Federal creek division contains about 400. From the commencement, the library has been a good one. There has also been a library at Belpre, called the Putnam Library, which afforded vast benefit to the young men of Belpre, and as a consequence, a most respectable settlement has been built up there. We should commence with the mind while it is tender. Children, if not engaged in something beneficial, will be in mischief. There should be a good foundation laid in season.

Mr. Wm. P. Cutler gave his experience and recollections, which were that books were exceedingly uninteresting to him, until he drew a book from the coon-skin library, which gave him a taste for reading. Sabbath School books carry forward children in the work of education, and sometimes quite as much as the instruction of the day school. Was of the opinion that 'diffusing libraries was a cheaper as well as more efficient mode of educating those who had once learned to read, than schools. On this point he gave facts and statistics for which I have not space in my columns.

Judge Cutler resumed.—In 1800 a family from Vermont came into this State very poor. The father was intemperate, but industrious. He was a shareholder in the coon-skin library. The family never had any opportunities for education, but the boys were excellent at catching coons, and caught a fine parcel, took a share in the library and got books. One boy was found to possess a mathematical mind superior to almost any in this country. He went to Athens and proved himself very remarkable as a mathematical scholar. He is now dead. He left a property estimated at \$500,000, and a high character. The young persons who drew from that coon-skin library, acquired millions which they probably would not have obtained without the instruction derived therefrom.

Mr. Slocumb, a teacher testifies as follows.—His opportunities for instruction were very lim-

ited. At 15 or 16 could write his name and read, when the tall words did not happen too often.—For a few months in the winter season we had such schools as we could get. Was accustomed to see boys go on the ice to skate; got him a pair, put them on and started off. His feet outstripped his head which fell on the ice.—Before getting up, he pulled off his skates—and that was his last skating. Resolved to employ his evenings in reading. The first book happened to be very interesting. After labor done in the day time he spent his evenings and early mornings in reading. Whatever proficiency he had made in teaching was the effect of that fall on the ice. When teaching school in Harmar, two lads come under his instruction about the same time, with equal capacities. One boy was allowed to run abroad on the Sabbath; the other was kept. Many years after, within five days, the first was hanged, and the second, ordained as a Presbyterian preacher. The latter having his Sabbaths to spend at home, acquired a taste for reading. The latter when in school was the more mischievous of the two.

Cake and Candy Factories.

One of the wonders suggested by many descriptions of our city business is, how can most of these persons pay such extravagant rents as they do out of such *picayune* operations as they appear to carry on? This difficulty has presented itself to me frequently, as I suppose it has also to others. Taking the census of 1840, and many of my statistical examinations since, have set me right on this score, and made it apparent that individuals were piling away three, five and even ten thousand dollars per annum, out of a business which did not appear to me likely to pay expenses.

One of these businesses thus underrated by me was that of cake and candy manufacturing.—I supposed in the eight or ten establishments of this sort, there might be perhaps as many thousand dollars worth of products sold. On this it must be obvious, nothing more in the shape of profit could be made than to support the families of those engaged in them. Yet many of them paid high rents, and had other expenses to meet.

When I took the census, I found that there were twelve persons engaged in this business, and the yearly value made by themselves and hands amounted to 54,000 dollars. The value produced at this time in the general production of prices, is but 40,000 dollars, and the quantity made, & nett profits are about the same as five years since. 24 hands are employed as assistants.

I take the case of Mr. E. HARWOOD on Fifth street to illustrate this business. His differs from the rest in this respect, that while individuals produce more than he does in particular branches of Confectionary and fancy baking, he manufactures a more general assortment than any of the others. Besides the almost infinite variety of cakes and candies usually made, he makes lozenges of every description, Jujube paste of various flavors; wedding cake ornaments, and fancy work of all sorts.

One interesting feature of this business is the supply of wedding cake &c. for wedding occasions. These are furnished to an extent of which I was not aware. One bill, the highest supplied this season amounting to as much as one hundred and sixty-three dollars. Another, one of our longest established cabinet makers ordered to the value of one hundred, as did one of our *arbiters of fashion* in a different line, to the same value. It is well that these expenses are not ordinarily incurred oftener than once in a lifetime, a few such drafts on his purse, sufficing to strip a man of ordinary resources.

I have the testimony of eastern men, that they have nothing in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, to surpass in taste, elegance or quality, the finer specimens supplied wedding parties by either Harwood or Burnett.

Strawberry Statistics.

This is almost the only article which, between the action of drought and cold weather, has not failed in our market supplies this spring.

It has been repeatedly stated that 4000 quarts per day are sold during the season of strawberries in our markets. As I have understood, this is considered abroad incredible. I examined the strawberry stands at Lower Market street last Saturday, and found one hundred and sixteen cases, averaging thirty-five boxes of one quart each to the case, being a total of four thousand and sixty quarts. The quantity offered at Canal Market, and at various stands throughout the city, would easily increase the aggregate to 5000 quarts. These are sold at present from 5 to 6 cents per quart, according to quality, the price of the article averaging 8 cts. throughout their entire period of sale.

A four-horse waggon drove up on Friday last to Fifth street market with *two tons strawberries!*

Most of this delicious fruit is cultivated in adjacent Kentucky, where patches of from five to ten acres are frequent. Two of the Strawberry gardens are eighteen and twenty acres, and one of them reaches to thirty acres in extent, there being at least one hundred and forty acres devoted to the culture of this article.

Poisons and their Antidotes.

I notice in one of my exchanges a case of loss of life, by a mistake of Sal petre for Epsom Salts. The following table serves to show what abundant means are supplied as antidotes to poison in mistakes of the sort. It is indeed remarkable how many of them may be handed from the tables or cupboards of almost every family in the land. It seems providential, that remedies so simple, and at the same time so readily obtained at the instant of need should be found almost every where, Pearlash, vinegar, sweet oil, green tea, whites of eggs, sugar, milk, molasses, tobacco, chalk, lime, and salt, constituting the great mass.

POISONS.

TREATMENT.

ACIDS: *Vitriol*,
Aqua Fortis,

Potash or Pearlash, dissolved in water: or magnesia; copious draughts of warm water or flax seed tea.

ALKALIES. *Potash*, *Soda*, &c.

Vinegar,—large quantities of Sweet Oil.

ANTIMONY:—
Tartar Emetic.

Strong decoction of green tea, or of Peruvian bark, or red oak bark. Abundance of warm water, or flax seed tea to promote vomiting.

ARSENIC.

Hydrated per-oxide of Iron; otherwise thirty grains white Vitriol, as emetic; great quantities white of eggs with milk, tobacco smoked largely in a pipe.

COPPER: *Blue Vitriol*.

Solution of Epsom Salts, or of Glauber Salts.

Brown Sugar; white of egg with milk; molasses.

LAUDANUM:

Stomach pump; otherwise 30 grains white vitriol; promote vomiting.

SUGAR OF LEAD.

Epsom or Glauber Salts; otherwise thirty grains white vitriol.

MERCURY: *Corrosive Sublimate*.

Very large quantities of white of eggs, or Flour mixed with water and milk.

SAL PETRE.

Produce vomiting with large draughts of warm water and Flax seed tea.

ESSENTIAL SALT OF LEMONS.

Chalk and water, or lime in water. No drinks to produce vomiting; mind this last.

LUNAR CAUSTIC.

Strong salt and water in large quantities; much flax-seed tea, or milk and water.

WHITE VITRIOL;

Large quantities of milk;

HEMLOCK, STRA-
MONIUM, &c.

white of eggs; warm drinks.
30 grains white vitriol as
emetic; use stomach pump;
after these, coffee, lemonade
or vinegar and water.

The dose of white vitriol named is for an adult. The stomach pump must be used by a physician.

Send for a physician instantly; in the meantime use the remedies directed as they may be accessible. Use them most promptly.

Hamilton and Burr.

Our thanks are due, and cordially tendered to the correspondent from whom we derive the subjoined interesting communication: "I send you," he writes, "an original anecdote of Gen. Hamilton and Colonel Burr, which you may rely upon as authentic. It was related to a party of gentlemen, of whom I was one, by the late Judge Rowan, of Kentucky, in his life time at different periods, a distinguished member of both houses of Congress, from that state; and celebrated in the western country as the first criminal lawyer of his day—not even excepting Mr. Clay himself. At the time of the relation, in the winter of 1840, he had passed his eightieth year, but he had retained his eminent colloquial faculties unimpaired; and he told the story with an emphasis and manner peculiarly his own. He remarked that he retained in his memory the exact words of the parties, and that he was the only living recipient of them. But four persons, up to that moment, had ever had cognizance of the circumstance; these were, General Hamilton, Colonel Burr, their mutual friend General D***, and himself. He had his information from General D****, and he was pledged to secrecy during his life time. The injunction of secrecy was now removed, by the recent death of his friend, and he felt at liberty to speak. He had been silent for forty years; he was a young man when he heard the anecdote; he was an old man now, when proposing to relate it for the first time. "Gentlemen," said he "this one circumstance filled up, in my mind, the outlines of the character of these two celebrated men; I want no other history of them. You may write ponderous tomes, eulogistic of the one and denunciatory of the other; but I have a fact in my head, and it is the centre of my opinion. Colonel Burr, when arraigned for his trial, did me the very great honor to invite me to become his counsel and advocate, but I remembered the fact, and refused.

"It was at that period in our history when the Confederation, having cast off the iron hoop of war, seemed to have no other bond of strength. Men's minds were unsettled; there was no gravitation of principle; no unity of purpose; no centre of motion: Patriotism had expended its enthusiasm; liberty had lost its vitality, and forbearance its subordination. Burr believed that the staggering elements would fall in confusion, write for a season in anarchy, and emerge in monarchy. He believed that the fermentation, if allowed to take its course, would froth and effervesce, and rectify, by crystalizing the desire to put Washington on the throne. He thought how

ever, that there was a shorter way to 'stability' by intrigue; by the conjunction of adverse influences; a way less sinful to his own advancement. He believed that there was no man without his price, while his acute discernment told him that Hamilton's was a character which even his own partisans would turn to in despair, and prefer it to his, in testing an experiment or trying a theory." He had a proposition to make to General Hamilton; it was patriotic or it was traitorous; it was full of meaning, overreaching the words, balancing the ambiguity nicely, but searching enough to find the weakness, had it existed. He knew he would be understood without being committed; answered without being betrayed. There was treason in it; but it, was in the occasion, the manner, the words, if you please, and yet it was no where, if he chose to disclaim it! He had a proposition to make, but he would not write it down! Mark the man: he could not be prevailed on to put it upon paper. He gave his friend the words, and the emphasis, & made him repeat both, until they told right to his own ear. These were the exact terms:

"Colonel Burr presents his compliments to General Hamilton: Will General H. seize the present opportunity to give a stable government to his country, and provide for his friends?"

"General Hamilton did not hesitate a moment: this was his answer:—

"General Hamilton presents in return, his compliments to Colonel Burr: Colonel B. thinks General H. ambitious: he is right; General H. is one of the most ambitious of men, but his whole ambition is to deserve well of his country."

"There is an answer," continued the narrator, "which would have deified a Roman; there is the first of the offences which he expiated at Weehawken.

CORRESPONDENCE.

One of the Cincinnati Pioneers.

Buller Co., State of Ohio, May 31, 1845.

MR. CHARLES CIST:

Dear Sir—In your paper of the 7th inst. I see a list of the names of the early pioneers of the city of Cincinnati—among them I see four as far back as 1790; that is John Riddle, James Ferguson, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Gano. When I was about 17 years of age Mr. James Burnes and myself from Washington co., Pennsylvania, landed at Cincinnati, between the 1st and 10th of April, 1799. We continued there until the second week in June. Mr. Burnes purchased one in and out lot—he cleared one acre of ground, and planted it in corn and moved there the next spring. There was but four families there when we landed. Mr. McHenry had a large family, two sons and two daughters, young men and young women. I expect some of them live in Hamilton county. They lived a number of years where the Hamilton road crossed Mill creek, perhaps 4 or 5 miles from the city. A Mr. Kennedy had a small family. A Mr. Dement had a small family. A Mr. Ross had a small family. Mr. McMillin, John Vance, David Hagan, Mr. Reeves, Hardesty, Van Eaton, and Connell, all lived in one shanty, being perhaps the first that was ever put up in the place, as nearly all of them had

been out with the surveyors, surveying Symmes' purchase, and were there when the town was laid out, and all had lots in it. I returned then as a volunteer in September 1790 on Harmar's campaign. Harmar's army marched from there the last week in September for the Indian towns, near where Fort Wayne was afterwards built. I served through that campaign, returned with the troops to Cincinnati, and tarried there that winter, and until December, 1791. I was a volunteer in St. Clair's defeat on the 4th of November 1791. That winter after Harmar's campaign that I was at Cincinnati, I recollect Mr. Riddle was there—Mr. Ferguson I think was there—if it is the same, he married a Miss Reeder—Mrs. Wallace was there—her maiden name was Sayre—Col. Wallace and she were married in 92 or 93. I do not recollect any of the name of Gano—there are of that name who lived at Columbia.

I expect if live to be in the city in the course of a month, when I expect to give you a call.

THOMAS IRWIN.

Professional Ideas and Feelings.

It is inconceivable how thoroughly habit imbues men with a professional spirit. A few instances will suffice to establish this point.

Brindley, the celebrated Engineer, on an examination before the House of Commons, made a remark which implied his very low estimate of river navigation. A member of the committee which was taking his testimony became quite restive, and at last exclaimed. Mr. Brindley, for what purpose do you suppose rivers were made? *To feed canals*, was the characteristic reply.

An auctioneer in New Orleans, had five children which he named *Ibid. Ditto, A lot, One More and The Last*. The man was obviously insensible of the ridiculous character of such patronymies, and decided on them with the same motive, that he would strike off an invoice of goods under the hammer, the whole choice springing from business association of ideas.

An instance of professional feeling of a different kind is the following.

A brave veteran officer during the war of 1812 reconnoitering a battery considered impraguable and which it was necessary to storm, answered the engineers who were dissuading him from the attempt: "Gentlemen, you may think what you please; all I know is that the American flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for I have the orders in my pocket." In this case the simple feeling uppermost was "I must obey orders." It never seemed to enter his mind that the attempt might prove impracticable.

Here is one case *sui generis*.

Pavart, a French author wrote to a friend in London: "Buffon, the great naturalist, has just lost his wife. He would be inconsolable at the

event were it not for the pleasure he anticipates in dissecting her.

Horne Tooke, on his death bed, was asked by one of his friends, How do you do. Do! said the grammarian, tortured probably more by the bad English than by his own pains, I don't do at all—I suffer.

Some of my readers have seen a grammar of the Latin language, by James Ross, of Philadelphia. Never was a man more wrapt up in his studies than Ross. A man who did not understand Greek or Latin, and that critically, was in his eyes, of no use in society. Business called him once to Harrisburg, and to occupy a few minutes while waiting for the individual he came to see, he strolled into the court house. A murder case was before the jury, the evidence was all through, and the prosecuting attorney had closed his speech, in which he had happened to observe that such and such was the general rule of law on a particular point then in issue. The counsel for prisoner adverting to this remark admitted the rule, but added, It is well known there is no general rule without an exception.—This was too much for Ross. He had stood unmoved, the most pathetic appeals to public sympathy, but that a proposition like this should be asserted in open court was absolutely shocking. "Begging the counsel's pardon," said he "that is not true, all Greek nouns ending in, or are of the masculine gender. There is one universal rule and admits of no exception." The surprise of the court, and the irrepressible laughter of the auditory may be more readily imagined than described.

Perhaps the most striking example of the kind, is an anecdote recorded of an Oxfordshire jailor, who accosted a prisoner condemned to the gallows, thus—my good friend I have a little favor to ask, which, from your obliging disposition, I think you will hardly refuse. You are ordered for execution on Friday a week. I have a particular engagement on that day; if it makes no difference to you, suppose we say next Friday instead!!!

Things in England.

In the Davenport Gazette of the 5th ult., I observe an interesting letter to the editor from his brother, J. Milton Sanders, now in Europe on the "Magnetic Light" business. It is too long to transcribe for my columns. I subjoin however, one or two brief extracts which will interest us of Cincinnati. His own observations of the destitutions and sufferings of the poor in England, are not at all in accordance with the notions on that subject, in the United States.

"What strikes an American upon visiting this country, is the solidity with which every thing

is built. The English appear to have long ago tried all our present experiments, and, like wise men, they have ascertained that the only cheap way to build a thing is to spare no expense, but to construct it from the solid iron or marble, and in a manner that ages may make no impression upon it. We are paving our streets with small stones, or else trying experiments with other materials. The streets here are composed of huge blocks of marble sunk in the ground. Every street is like a floor, and every pavement like Platt Evens', only instead of free stone, they here have granite or marble. The docks are built to last for centuries, as also the Assizes Court, a building partly finished, and which when completed, will be one of the most magnificent structures in the world. It was begun in 1838, and will require at least half a dozen years more labor to finish it. Our buildings, however, magnificent or vast, must be driven forward with lightning rapidity, even if they do totter in a dozen years, but there they take things more coolly—they have worn off their youthful ardor, and like a full grown man, they build—not for present comfort and gratification alone, but for the present and future also. Every thing here that you look at is *solid*. Marble seems used altogether for purposes where we use wood, and where we constantly employ the carpenter, the English employ the iron founder or the stone-cutter.

So far as I have seen and read since I have been here, I am inclined to think that the accounts we get of the starvation and misery of the poor, is altogether exaggerated. The population here is more dense than in our country, therefore we must look for more poor people, and consequently more destitution. But, thus far, I have seen but three or four children—and no grown persons—barefooted, and none dressed worse than you will find them in New York.—The poor here mostly wear rough shoes with thick wooded soles, and are dressed in corderoy, or some fabric similar to it. I scarcely or never take up a newspaper but I see some article relative to assisting the poor, and speaking of their destitution, of the cold weather, and of the necessity of doing something for their relief. There are twenty-seven benevolent societies and institutions in this city, and I understand that they do a vast amount of good.

There is a marked difference between our poor people and those here, in respect to education. Here the poor are very ignorant, while ours can, with few exceptions, read and write.

There is considerable difference between the English and American in appearance as in every thing else. The English all look alike. They have fair skin, flush faces, and the same cast of features; and with some exceptions, they do not appear naturally to possess the mental vigor of our countrymen. This may be a mistaken idea, but still I gained it by what I conceive to be close observation. So far as I have seen, the English are also a polite, obliging people. They treat you with attention, are gentlemanly in their address, and prove that they are an enlightened people.

I have seen more drunkenness here than I would see at home in a month; and who could anticipate any thing else when you encounter a "Gin Palace" at every turn of a corner? Here they drink the liquor pure, not mix it into "Ju-

leps," "Cocktails," "Shiraz," etc. as we do; still with all of this, the more I see of the English, the more I am convinced of the distorted caricatures Charles Dickens has drawn, and which pass with us for genuine and highly wrought sketches. Dickens' sketches of us are equally truthful as those drawn by his own people, and therefore you may judge how well he paints.

The First Lion.

A writer in the N. Y. Commercial gives the following account of the first lion introduced into the U. States:

"The first lion that appeared in this country made his *début* in the year 1798. He came to New York in a French Brig belonging to the Island of Gaudaloupe, which had made a voyage to Africa for slaves, and, having landed them at Charleston, South Carolina, proceeded to New York to obtain an outward cargo of calicoes, beads, New England rum and tobacco, for the Congo market.

"The lion was a small young whelp, not more than six months old, and was brought as a pet by the commander of the French slaver. While the brig was in New York, the lion became troublesome and mischievous, and the Frenchman, weary of him, sold him to a man who was a servant in a hotel situated where the old Tontine now stands. This man, whose name I think was Gold, paid ten dollars for the whelp, took him home and caged him till he was a year old, when he commenced exhibiting him. A lion in that lionless age, was a downright wonder, and every body was anxious to say, 'I have absolutely seen a sartin live lion.'

"Mr. Gold, the owner of the animal, without the aid of the puffs of the press, soon became a lion himself, in consequence of his association; and the two lions were objects of universal curiosity. Mr. Gold was not unapprised of the fact, and made the most of it.

To obtain admittance to the lions, the curious had to pay *one dollar*, and that fee was deemed dog cheap by the admirers of the wonders of animated nature. Mr. Gold remained proprietor of the 'only lion there was in the U. States' till the year 1820, when he sold out for the sum of one thousand dollars, and with deep regret parted with the author of his fortune and his fame, his majesty the king of the beasts.

"I met this Mr. Gold in the year 1832, and these facts from his mouth. He was then an old man, possessed of a large fortune, all of which came through the lion; and he told me that before he sold the animal, he had produced him upward of thirty thousand dollars. He never exhibited him for less than one dollar 'the sight.'

"Those were old and happy days; the men of that era about which Mr. Thomas Ritchie likes to talk, when Mr. Jefferson wore red plush breeches, and old John Adams and Timothy Pickens insisted that every man of taste and fashion should wear a cocked hat and periwig. But—

Old times have changed; old manners gone—

A stranger fills the Stuarts' throne.

"And now you can see a whole army of lions. tigers, leopards, zebras, elephants, rhinoceroses, and one-third of the whole animal world, by paying the very small sum of twenty-five cents."

Cincinnati in 1876.

The following article was written for the carrier of the "Advertiser" for last New Years day, and was designed, as appears on its face, to furnish a picture of Cincinnati, so far as it is sketched, thirty years hence. Some of the anticipations may appear extravagant, but the reality when that period shall arrive, will be found in advance of present conjecture. In one respect, what was fancy six months since, is now reality. I allude to Texas forming a part of our republic. And I am induced to publish these speculations now, in the fear, that if I put them aside for any length of time, what is now prophecy will probably lose its interest by becoming history.

I have no doubt that in less than thirty years, the hourly issues of newspapers referred to here, will supersede the immense sheets which now constitute some of our most important dailies.

THE CINCINNATI ROCKET.

JANUARY 1st, 1876, 10 o'clock issue.

The New Custom House.

We learn on undoubted authority, that the commissioners appointed for that purpose by the President, have selected as a site for the new Custom House, that desirable location now occupied by the row of dry good stores stretching from Tate Willoughby & Co. to Norton, Brothers & Co., embracing a front of 150 feet on Pearl street, and nearly central to the block from Walnut to Vine street. As this lot has been purchased through to Third street, there will be ample space for the splendid edifice, with its appropriate offices for the various deputies connected with the department, which the already heavy and rapidly increasing importations to this port require. We learn that Mr. J. Longworth, the owner of the premises is to receive 750,000 dollars for the property. We consider that sum not much more than the value of the mere ground, and allows him hardly any thing for the substantial warehouses erected not more than fifteen years ago, leaving nothing for the Third street improvements, which in truth ought to have been pulled down twenty years since.

Our City Hall.

The city hall is now rapidly advancing to completion, and will when finished, form one of the most magnificent structures in our magnificent city. Its transcendent elevation, which will enable it to overtop even the new Custom house, about to be built just south of it, must display its glories, and render it an object of admiration to the thousands upon thousands who pass every week up and down the beautiful riv-

er which washes our proud city's feet. We understand that it will be ready for occupation on the 15th inst., just six weeks from the period when the foundation stone was laid. We defy any city in our widespread republic, to surpass this specimen of industry and activity, as we also challenge its equal in elegance of design, and symmetry of proportions. Some of our older citizens whose recollections go back far enough, remember it as a place of public amusement in 1845, under the name of Shires' gardens.

Members of Congress.

On the steamboat Texas just landed at our wharves from Galveston, came passengers, the Hon. Wm. Burnet, and J. L. Williams, the Senators elect from Brazoria, the State lately added to one great National Confederacy and forming its sixty fifth Star. Mr. B. is a son of the late D. S. Burnet in the early days of Texas its Vice President. Col. Williams is an emigrant from Arkansas, who has however been a citizen of that State for twenty-five years. They will go in the 12 o'clock cars to Washington, which will enable them to see a delightful country for the first time, and also to reach that city by day-light.

The Philadelphia Fire.

The 9 o'clock cars from Philadelphia of this morning, bring no further particulars of the calamitous fire which has desolated that fair and flourishing city. We are promised all the details by our correspondent there, which will doubtless reach us by the 12 o'clock line, and we shall lay them before our readers in the 10 o'clock issue of to day. The train this morning reached the depot in the unprecedented period of four hours and fifty minutes, being at least twenty minutes shorter passage than ever known before. The past generation thought, when they had carried steam on rail roads to sixty miles an hour, the *Ultima Thule* of progress had been reached; what would they have thought of being swept forward at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles per hour by atmospheric pressure? We do not despair, in view of the late important discoveries in chemistry, which we announced in our 8 o'clock issue, of a speed of 200 or even 250 miles per hour, being brought within reach of our enterprising citizens. We recommend Locke's line as affording the best accommodations to persons travelling this route.

Main Street Grade.

We have received a communication signed *Publius*, denouncing the project on foot in the City Councils, for making a new and strait grade

from the corner of Main and Front, to strike the present grade at Jackson place, formerly Court square, the old City Court House, once occupying the West end of that square. We are obliged to decline publishing the article, our restricted limits precluding it.

Centennial Anniversary of Independence.

Throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, but one spirit appears to animate the American people in reference to the approaching Centenary of our National Independence, which occurs on the 4th July of the present year. There is no doubt, judging by the general interest the subject has already elicited, that the festivities and spectacles of every description that are arranging for that day, will be on a scale worthy of the greatest empire in the world. We know of nothing determined here, as a part of the exercises or exhibitions for that occasion, except that the directors of our Academy of Fine Arts, have resolved to throw open the doors of its great rotunda to the public, on that day, free of expense. We can conceive of nothing more appropriate. No American can contemplate the sublime works of Powers, or the series of our early Presidents and Statesmen from the pencil of Kellogg, with other works of other Cincinnati artists without a thrill of rejoicing in the glories of the land which gave him birth.

An Old Pioneer.

On Christmas last, we started down to pay our respects to Jonah Martin Esq., the patriarch of our city, and the last survivor of the pioneers. Mr. M. is now in his eighty-seventh year, and in the possession of better health than he has had for many years. He is a noble relic of the past. It is wonderful to think of a man in the enjoyment of an existence which may last for a dozen years yet, and lost as it were among the 675,000 inhabitants of our populous city whose recollections go back to the period of 1795, when he personally knew every man, woman and child which then made up its inhabitants, then numbering only 500 persons. We understand he attributes his vigorous health, to the early abstinence from spirituous liquors, which characterised his habits at the period in the early part of the present century, when it was the fashion for almost every one to sacrifice on the altars of Bacchus.

Street Paving.

One of the great improvements of the age, we regard Stevens' system of paving streets.—A specimen of this may be found on Fourth st.,

extending from Main to Sycamore. It consists of a chemical preparation, which in its fluid state, passes over and through a layer of six or eight inches deep of tan bark or sawdust, and hardens to a degree which keeps the whole pavement perfectly elastic, while the surface is smooth enough to pass the water during and after rains immediately into the gutters. Nothing can be more delightful than the noiseless revolution of carriage wheels over such surfaces. It is like rolling over an unbroken sward, or rather over carpeting. Mr. S. deserves the thanks of the community he has delivered from the nuisance of noise, filth, jolting and dust, to which we have been for years subjected under the old system of paving our streets.

Course of Trade.

Our rail road reporter has registered yesterday by the Transportation Car line to Boston, via. the Lakes, two hundred and fifty bales 4-4 cotton sheeting, as a consignment to the Boston market. At the value there—seven cents, they will bear transportation, and nett a fair profit to the forwarders, Messrs. Sprague and Adams of the Globe mills of this city. We learn that it is the calculation of these gentlemen to enlarge their operations the ensuing spring, so as to embrace the manufacture of fancy prints for the Eastern markets, which we have already three or four factories engaged in making, who expect to find a market for their surplus articles in the Chinese and India markets, now thrown open the commerce of all nations.

Early Bridges over Mill and Deer Creeks.

At the commencement of the present century, there was a floating bridge across Mill creek at its mouth, and a ferry kept along side, which became the dependence for crossing when the high waters rendered the bridge useless. They were both in charge of a man named White, who probably owned the ferry. Between the two he carried on quite a profitable business.—In the spring of 1807 or 8, a rise in the Ohio unmoored one of Jefferson's gunboats, which was built at the mouth of Crawfish creek, just above Fulton, and had been fastened by a grape vine cable, my friend Salisbury not having then opened his assortment of Manila rope. As she floated by the then village of Cincinnati, every canoe here was put in requisition, and with some difficulty the vessel was towed into Mill Creek, and secured beneath the bridge already referred to. The river continuing to rise, Mill Creek was backed up, as it has since been, several miles, with the effect to use the boat as a lever to lift the bridge from its moorings, the string pieces and all above giving way, and likely to float

off in detached parts. To prevent this as far as possible, White stripped the bridge of its plank, when away went the craft, and with it a considerable portion of the bridge timbers.— These plank afterwards formed the floor of the first warehouse built in Cincinnati.

At that period, the only bridge across Deer Creek, was one with a descent at each end, less than one fourth in height compared with those now built over it, and built of a single string piece from bank to bank. This was protected from freshets by piling loads of stone on the edges, for thirty feet or more each way from the banks. The ravine in 1800 was not more than 12 feet across, and overhung with evergreen and water willows.

At a later date, that is to say, during the great flood of 1832, the bridge over Mill Creek was raised as in 1807 by the pressure of the waters, but being substantially built, floated off entire, keeping company down the Ohio, with a Methodist meeting house which was carried out of the Muskingum. The bridge lodged at the head of an Island, 6 miles above Louisville, and was soon after brought up to reoccupy its original position. This was effected, after a vain effort to tow it back entire by steamboat, by taking it to pieces and loading it into a flatboat. This was the bridge destroyed by fire at a later date.

Relics of the Past.

Capt. Jno. Armstrong to Gen. Jas. Wilkinson.

DEAR GENERAL:

I feel myself in some measure relieved from the visit you have paid this post. As the important duties imposed on my command, have come within your own observation, any remarks with respect to my apprehensions from the enemy become unnecessary. Every force you may please to put under my command, shall be employed to the utmost advantage, my abilities and exertions may be adequate to.

Securing the hay appears to be an object of great attention, perhaps one or more public teams may be had at head quarters—the use of them here would effect your wish. Fifty pairs of shoes, if more cannot be spared, would be a great relief. Ten cartridge and ten bayonet belts also would enable me to parade my company in uniform. To serve me in this instance I am sure would give you pleasure. I well know they are in store, but perhaps claimed by some officers who have not men to wear them. Ten men will complete my company, perhaps you may think proper to increase my command by sending them forward. The whipsaw I have received is not calculated for my wants—perhaps a better one might be procured. The

scythes are subject to be broken, and some of them being good for naught, more may be thought necessary. The whipsaw, file, and whetstones as soon as they can be had, will serve to forward the business you have ordered.

Two or more non-commissioned officers would add to the safety of my small parties:

Yours with respect,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

July 1st, 1792.

Ft. HAMILTON, July 8th, 1792,

half past 12 o'clock, P. M.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter by express was this moment handed me—I am truly sorry for the misfortune of Col. Spencer's family, and much obliged to you for the early information and advice. The convoy moved this morning, at which time the spies were detached in the direction mentioned in my letter of yesterday. If they discover no fresh tracks they will not return. Be assured every exertion on my part will be made, not only to save my men, but to procure as much hay as possible. The weather for some days past has been unfavorable to our hay parties. The horses will be detached for you the moment Capt. Peters arrives.

Yours with due respect,

JNO. ARMSTRONG.

Gen. JAMES WILKINSON.

Gen. James Wilkinson to Capt. Jno. Armstrong
FORT WASHINGTON, July 10th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

I send you by Capt. Peters ten gallons port wine, and 5 galls. brandy which please accept.

The waggons are hired at 20s. per day and found—you know how to get the penny worth out of them—drive late and early, and make short halts—at the same time keep your scythes steadily at work. We shall soon complete the 300 tons, and the sooner the safer and better.— I wish you to send me an escort of 20 horse on Friday, that I may join you.

Last night I received an express from Maj. Gen. Wayne, the purport solely to prohibit offensive operations, on our part. This express costs the public 100 dollars, for what? The shoes and belts are sent to you. Mr. Miller is to do duty whilst he continues with you.

In haste, I am yours &c.

JAS. WILKINSON, B. Gen'l.

J. ARMSTRONG, Esq., Capt. Com'dt.

Ft. HAMILTON, July 14, 1792, 8 o'clock P. M.

DEAR GENERAL:

Your letter of this morning by Serj't. Armstrong came duly to hand. I send you the two men mentioned therein, as also a letter to

Col. Johnston on private business, which I will ask you to forward by your express. My hay and bullocks are safe, and I conceive much more exposed when grazing than in the pen.—Capt. Peters' company will on to-morrow encamp on the parade, as well as the men of Lt. Hartshorn's troops. I am willing to believe were you here they would be permitted to remain on the ground they at present occupy.

Believe me sir, I am conscious of our exposed situation, and well know we have been reconnoitred by the enemy; who will probably with three hundred attempt a stroke at this post—I mean the haymakers. In two days more I shall have all my hay home. And Mr. Miller who has been particularly useful to me, and a judge of the quantity, says there will be an hundred and fifty tons. This is more than I calculated on. The remaining 150 can easily be procured, and as much more if wanted, and workmen, guards, &c. can be furnished. Two or more carpenters are wanted to assist Ward.

With due respect,

JNO. ARMSTRONG,

Gen. JAMES WILKINSON.

Orthography.

The following order for goods on a business house here by its customer at Dayton, is a specimen of the literature of the period and region which gave it birth. If the schoolmaster was abroad at that date, he had not got far west.

Dayton, Dec. 6th, 1813.

Messrs. YATEMAN & ANDERSON,

Gentlemen—You will please let Mr. vancleve have the barril of Coffy and a Blige aus,

SMITH EAKER.

N. B. Pleas to let aus no if a half tun of shugger kittle Can Be had and at wat prise—By the Bare. if you can purchis 4 Dizen Duch Aulmacks and send them by the Bare you will much a Blige aus.

Value of Property.

A sale of property yesterday on Vine street just over the corporation line, presents some interesting facts. It was taken at Sheriff's sale in 1830 by the late owner, resident in Philadelphia to secure a debt, at 5 dollars 33cts., being two thirds its appraised value. In 1833 during the palmy days of the United States Bank, the purchaser disposed to invest the proceeds in the stock of that institution, authorised his agent here to sell it for what it would fetch, even if not more than it had cost in 1830. The agent dissuaded his principal from doing so, asserting he could make no other investment of money so much to his advantage, and that if he would keep it ten or twelve years, it would sell for

more than thirty dollars per front foot. It was accordingly retained, and offered for the first time yesterday at public sale, when it brought the average price per foot of thirty-six dollars fifty cents.

The front was 280 feet, and the property which cost in 1830 fifteen hundred dollars, has within 15 years produced over ten thousand dollars.

Quere, what would the fifteen hundred dollars have produced the owner if he had put it into United States Bank stock? It would have bought less than ten shares which have since sold as low as three dollars per share.

A Disappointment.

My friend Dick B——, who never buys any thing for cash which he can obtain on credit was passing by a tailor's shop on Main street, where the firm of —— & —— *take measure on a large and a sliding scale*, when glancing at the wall he beheld the significant words, WE TRUST, and was about to negotiate for a new suit, when approaching nearer and reading on, to the smaller letters below, he found the whole read as follows: *We trust* no one will ask credit, who is not prepared to give us accepted orders on a wholesale dry goods store, or ready money. Dick evaporated on the spot.

Early Militia Parade.

CINCINNATI, Sep. 24th, 1798.

General Orders.

The Secretary of the Territory, now vested with all the powers of Governor and Commander in Chief of the same—will on Tuesday the 25th instant, review the first battalion of the militia of Hamilton county. The battalion is to be formed for this purpose at 3 o'clock, on some convenient spot of ground near to Major Ludlow's.

Arthur St. Clair Jr. and Jacob Burnet Esqs., will act as aids de camp to the Commander in Chief on this occasion, and are to be respected and obeyed accordingly.

WM. HENRY HARRISON,

Commander in Chief

Militia N. W. Territory.

Will Col. Gano please to fill up the blank in the above order with the hour which he may think most convenient, and let me know the one fixed on.

W. H. H.

Lt. COL. J. S. GANO,

Commander First Battalion Hamilton county Militia.

The Battle of Waterloo.

Among other things in a volume recently published in England, entitled "The Iron Duke," and consisting mainly of sayings and doings of his Grace of Wellington, is the following

laconic letter, written by the Duke to Marshal Bessières, giving an account of the Waterloo affair soon after it took place:

"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call 'gluttons.' Napoleon did not manœuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery.

"I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Shed not a Tear.

Shed not a tear, o'er your friends early bier,
When I am gone.
Smile when the slow tolling bell you shall hear.
Weep not for me, when you stand round my grave:
Think who has died his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When I am gone.

Plant ye a tree, which may wave over me,
When I am gone.
Sing ye a hymn when my grave ye shall see,
Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds its last lingering ray,
Come and rejoice that I thus past away—
When I am gone.

Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my head,
When I am gone.
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
Praise ye the Lord, that I am freed from all care:
Serve ye the Lord, that my bliss ye may share;
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone.

Good Breeding.

To be thoroughly well bred, requires education, early training, and real goodness of heart.

To those who have not had and have not now these advantages, some hints may be offered, so far as personal behaviour is concerned, and when we enumerate some of the transgressions against good manners, we will perceive they are more common than we might have supposed. Among them, says a good critic is "loud and harsh speaking, making noises in eating or drinking, leaning awkwardly while sitting, rattling knives and forks when at table, starting up suddenly and rushing unceremoniously out of a room, tossing any thing away with indifference or contempt, receiving any thing without thanking the giver, standing in the way of any one when there is little room to pass, (a grievous practice in this city,) stepping before any one who is looking at any object particularly, pushing or jostling any one without apologising, taking possession of a seat that belongs to another, intruding opinions where they are not wanted, or where they give offence,

leaving acquaintances in the street or in a private circle without bidding them good bye or courteously saluting them, slapping any one familiarly on the shoulder, interrupting a person who is in conversation, telling long, tedious, or humdrum stories, whispering in company, making remarks on the dress of those about you or upon things in the room where you are, flatly contradicting a person—using slang phrases, (a very common habit,) interlarding our speech with foreign phrases, (well hit off in the new comedy of Fashion,) repeating the words, says she, you know, and you understand, helping yourself first at the table, using a fork as a toothpick, scratching the head, putting the fingers in the ears, cleaning or paring the nails before company, mentioning the price of any thing when it is offered to a guest, asking questions which give pain, and neglecting to answer letters."

Clerical Witness.

The London Herald has a rich report of a breach of promise case. The plaintiff was the daughter of a clergyman; the defendant, a captain of one of her Majesty's regiments. One of the witnesses for the plaintiff was Rev. Lucius George, who testified that the gallant Captain was a constant visitor in the young lady's family, and was with her in her walks and drives. So marked were the attentions as to attract the "decided notice" of the witness. One day, the latter met Capt. O'Brien at the bar of a hotel, at Cove, the place of the lady's residence, and asked him what brought him there? The latter, in reply, wished to have a talk with the Rev. witness. It seems that O'Brien wished to have some doubts cleared up touching the creed of the girl's father. He had heard, that, though he was a clergyman of the established church, yet he was a papist at heart. During the talk, the Captain partook brandy and water freely; the clergyman, however, declined. At this point the counsel for O'Brien thus cross examined the witness:—

"Cross examined by Mr. Freeman—When did the conversation take place in Cove?—About the beginning of July.

At what time of the day was it?—about half-past 10 o'clock at night, when I went to get a candle to go to bed.

Well, I suppose with the help of the brandy punch you changed his opinion? I did not take any of it; (laughter.)

Well, but he took two tumblers of brandy punch before he spoke to you on the subject? Not so; he only took one tumbler—but he came up to the mark afterwards.

Yes, he came up to the mark, as you call it. You have the misfortune, like myself, to be a bachelor? I have, if it be a misfortune, (laughter.)

But I wish to have your opinion on it? I would sooner you gave me your own; (laughter.)

Then my opinion is that it is a most miserable state, (laughter.)

Mr. Bennett—then I advise you to try matrimony, (great laughter.)

Mr. Freeman—I believe you are a pretty pleasant companion to the ladies!

Mr. George—I am very glad you think so. Now, are you not a very pleasant man? Why you may say so if you think proper, (laughter.)

Now, did you ever pay attention, to a nice young lady in your life? Really, I do not see, what this has to do with Miss Forrest, (laughter.)

Come now did you ever pay attention to a young lady? My lord, are these the usual questions a witness is subject to in the chair.

Mr. Freeman—When we have such a witness and such evidence, they are! Now did you ever sit next a girl? I don't think it necessary to answer such a question, (laughter.) If I saw any object but to annoy a person I would answer it.

I assure you I have no wish to annoy you, and if I have done so I humbly beg your pardon, but I must put the question and ask you, did you ever sit near a nice girl at dinner? I have no doubt but I did! (laughter.)

And did you not pay her those nice and gentle attentions? I suppose I have; but what has this to do with the matter? However, I did not come here to give an account of every transaction of my life, (laughter.)

Court—I may as well relieve you of your embarrassment by telling you the object of these questions. You have sworn that you saw him pay attentions to the lady, and Mr. Freeman wishes to know what your notion of attention is.

Mr. Freeman—I do not wish to give you the slightest offence, and you need not have called on the court for protection.

Mr. George—Then I will answer you with pleasure; but I did not see what reference the question had to the matter. I will now bow to the decision of the Court.

Mr. Freeman—Now, don't criminate yourself, (laughter.)

Washington Officials.

In all countries, and under every form of Government, there is a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself. Do you see that boy? said one of the illustrious ministers of France. He is the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. How so? you ask. I will tell you; he governs his mother, his mother governs me, I govern the king my master, and my gracious sovereign governs the whole continent.

Among those of my readers who have visited Washington during the administration of Gen. Jackson, there are individuals who well recollect *Jemmy Duffy*, one of the officials of the White House. I never could make out Jemmy's office exactly, but a very important part of his functions was to stave off a gang of people who had no business with *Old Hickory*, yet who would have absorbed his whole time to the exclusion of his appropriate duties, but for the guardian care of *Duffy*, whose intuitive knowledge taught him who among the crowds of Goths and Vandals in the shape of office seekers and loafers, besetting the Capitol, had a claim to be admitted to an audience. It may be readily supposed Jemmy had no sinecure, and that he made ample use of his discretionary

powers. "Faith" said Jemmy, on one occasion, "they do say I am a *thought* rough, and may be its *thru*, but I don't know how long I may *hold* my office, and while I do reign, I *mean* to reign."

When General Jackson left the white house Mr. Duffy left the premises also. "There niver was but one ould Hickory in the world, and no man could be his aqual, and after being his right hand man for eight years, its not meself that shall keep the doors for the nixt one." So Jemmy abdicated, and Martin Dunnavan succeeded him during the administration of Mr. Van Buren. He also proved well suited for his employment and continued in office until the idea of March, 1841, when Gen. Harrison came on to take possession of the White House. The palace had been duly vacated by its late tenant, and Dunnavan stood at the door ready to receive the new President, and deliver up the keys of the house. As Harrison entered the dwelling. Martin put his best leg foremost, in the attitude of delivering up his trust. And who are you? said the President. Plaze your honor's worship and glory, my name is Dunnavan, I am the last of the Martins, and *will* I go too? Why, said the kind hearted old man, with a smile, we have a saying in our part of the country, that it is ill luck to drive the martins away from the house, so I think you had better stay, Dunnavan.

Whether Martin remained under Tyler, and continues under Polk, I never distinctly learnt, but believe to be the fact. If so he has done the honors for four Presidents, in little more than as many years.

St. Clair's Defeat.

I am indebted for the following letter to Judge Matson, of North Bend. The Judge has been a resident of Hamilton county for fifty-four years, and an accurate and intelligent observer of cotemporary events, as well as a sharer in the toils, privations and dangers of western pioneer life. He has promised me further interesting notices, on subjects kindred to the present.

"In the month of January, 1792, Gen. Wilkinson being about to set out to St. Clair's battle ground to bury the dead who had been left there in the disastrous action of the 4th November preceding, and bring off valuable public property, reported to be still on the spot, made a call for volunteers to strengthen his force which amounted to merely two hundred regulars.—Some one hundred and fifty men or more from various parts of the county, rendezvoused in Cincinnati. The volunteers from North Bend of which I was one, were under the command of Capt. Brice Virgin, and we left that place—some mounted, but principally on foot, being premie-

ed horses from among those belonging to the United States, which were kept across the river, in Kentucky where Newport now is. There was the heaviest snow on the ground ever known within the memory of the whites, which on the day before we started was increased to two feet in depth. The Ohio had been frozen, and so thick was the ice at Cincinnati that all our efforts to open a channel for the flats to bring over the horses proved abortive, and they had to be taken up and crossed above the mouth of the Little Miami, where the ice was found strong enough to bear their weight. As soon as we could be made ready, which was on the 25th, the regulars and volunteers set out, the late Gen. Harrison, then an ensign, and lately arrived, being one of the officers. We took the old trace, opened by Gen. St. Clair. The first night we encamped on the hill, near what is now Cary's Academy, this side Mt. Pleasant, and the next arrived at Fort Hamilton. Left Hamilton pretty late in the day, and encamped that night at Seven Mile creek, and next day reached Fort Jefferson, then the outside post. Capt. Shaylor was in command there.

Here Gen. Wilkinson issued a general order to the effect that the severity of the season had compelled him to abandon one object of the expedition, the destruction of an Indian town fifteen miles below, on a branch of the Wabash, that he would send back the regulars to Fort Washington, and that the mounted men would proceed to the battle ground, with the public sleds to bring off such of the artillery and other property as might be recovered. We encamped next night, eight miles this side of the field of battle, which last spot we reached the succeeding morning at 11 o'clock.

On this day's march, and when we were about half way to the battle field, we arrived where the pursuit had ceased, and on counting the number of dead bodies which appeared to have been dragged and mutilated by wild beasts, I made it seventy-eight, between that spot and the battle ground. No doubt there were many more, who finding themselves disabled, crawled into the woods and perished there.

We were ordered to encamp directly where the artillery &c. had been left, I suppose with the view of beating down the snow to facilitate finding what we were in search of. Here we found the artillery dismounted, except one piece, a six-pounder. Some of the carriages had been destroyed as far as they could be with fire. We brought off that piece and two carriages with the irons of the rest, together with several muskets. We previously buried the dead by the fatigue parties digging a large pit, into which

as many of the dead were thrown as it would contain. We had not a sufficiency of spades &c. to do justice to the undertaking, and left great numbers unburied, as we worked little more than the residue of that day. The men had been all scalped, and so far as their clothing was of much value, all stripped. Hardly one could be identified, the bodies being blackened by frost and exposure, although there did not appear any signs of decay, the winter having set in early, and proving very severe. One corpse was judged by Gen. Gano and others to have been that of Gen. Richard Butler. They had noticed the spot where he fell during the action, and entertained little doubt as to his identity. He lay in the thickest of the carnage the bodies on one side actually lying across each other in some instances. The pile in the pit was so numerous that it raised quite a mound of earth above the surface of the ground, when we covered it up. The main body had been encamped on a large open flat, and the advanced corps of Kentuckians occupied timbered ground in front, from which they were driven in by a general assault of the savages, who then occupied sheltered ground to pour in a destructive fire on the Americans. Two ravines, one on each side of the main encampment, put down to the creek which were also occupied by the Indians who were thus enabled to creep under shelter of the edges to attack their enemies.

We then travelled to Cincinnati where the public horses were given up, and the troops dispersed home, many of the volunteers being frost bitten on the route.

Most of the pieces of artillery had been carried off, and of course escaped our search at the time. Several were afterwards found in the bed of the creek. One piece, a six-pounder, was ploughed up a number of years after, on the battle ground, by some person who occupied the field, and taken down to Cincinnati and sold for sixty dollars to a Capt. Joseph Jenkinson who commanded a volunteer artillery corps in the place. I suppose it to be the same piece which Governor Meigs ordered to Urbana in 1812, in the letter you published lately in the "Advertiser." Perhaps some of your readers can shed light on this part of the subject.

Yours,

J. MATSON.

North Bend, June 16th, 1845.

Infirmity of Purpose.

Cruel as the spectacle may appear, yet one may derive a moral lesson even at a Spanish Bull Fight. The *Plaza de Toros*, with its fierce encounters and ghastly wounds, is not perhaps exactly the place at which one would reason to learn philosophy; but still the reflecting obser-

ver cannot fail to see that the reason why the bull, with his untamed strength and desperate courage, does not triumph completely over his puny foes, is because he lacks a determined purpose. The mounted *picadore* (lancer) goes down horse and man, before the impetuous charge of the infuriated bull—the horse is pierced through and through, and the rider lies helpless and crushed beneath his struggling steed. One would suppose, indeed that there was no hope, and that another thrust from those blood-stained horns must silence the foe forever. But it is rarely so. As the Bull gathers strength for a fresh attack upon the prostrate mass before him, an *espada*—a little fellow, attired like the Figaro of the stage—adroitly intervenes, flashing a scarlet mantle before the dazzled eyes of the taging creature. Cunning combats against force—the impetuous monarch of the Andalusian plains hesitates irresolute, and then dashes after the new annoyance, leaving the bruised *picadore* to the remedying care of the attendants. And it is upon this principle that the combat is mainly conducted. When any one of the quadrilla of bull fighters is too hard pressed, another calls off the attention of the bull by ready interference, and thus, while many horses perish, but few of the biped combatants are slain.

The bull lacks a determined purpose—he has power enough and more than enough; but he suffers his attention to be distracted by a multiplicity of objects; and it is often even so with men. An iron will must triumph over obstacles; but if we lack perseverance and concentrativeness, running first to the right hand and then to the left, after any thing that may catch the eye or please the fancy, the probabilities are that we shall fail in every endeavour. It is the faculty of having a determined purpose, fixed and inflexible, which for the most part constitutes greatness among men. They pursue a straight line, and are not to be called off by the flitting by of gaudy colours and in every pursuit, this is the main element of success. Mark out your object then—do you seek fame or fortune—would you excel in science or gather renown in literature—have you a thirst for distinction—would you traverse distant lands? No matter what your intend, set it clear before you and press onward towards it unflinching. This is the grand secret of a triumphant life; and it will be found that many of those who stumble and fall down by the wayside, are like the bull of the *Plaza de Toros*, deluded victims to idle streamers and flaunting flags.

Habits of Sheep.

Dr. Anderson relates the subjoined anecdote, which shows how perseveringly these animals will follow their leader, an amusing fact in illustration of natural history.

“A butcher’s boy was driving about twenty fat wethers through the town of Liverpool, but they ran down a street along which he did not want them to go. He observed a scavenger at work with his broom a little way before them, and called loudly for him to stop the sheep.—The man did accordingly what he could to turn them back, running from side to side, and flourishing his broom with great dexterity; but the sheep much agitated pressed onward; and at last one of them came right up to the man, who fearing it might jump over his head, while he was stooping, grasped the broomstick in both hands,

and held it over his head. He stood for a few seconds in this position, when the sheep made a spring and jumped fairly over him without touching the broom. The first had no sooner cleared his impediment than another and another, in so quick succession, that the man, perfectly confounded, seemed to lose all recollection, and stood in the same attitude till the whole jumped over him: not one of them attempted to pass on either side, though the street was quite clear.”

Shoulder Arms!

An unexpectedly touching scene was presented to the French Academy of Sciences very lately. The new invention of Van Petersen was to be exhibited—an artificial arm, by which, if the wearer has but a third of the shoulder remaining, he can pick up a pin, lift a glass of wine to his lips, hold a newspaper, etc. A committee had been appointed by the academy to decide on its merits, and an old soldier from the Hospital of Invalids was the subject of experiment. He had been for many years deprived of both arms at the shoulder, and when the substitutes were attached, he performed all that was set down by the inventor, with the greatest ease—taking a glass of wine, etc. But half an hour of these restored functions had moved the heart to the old militaire. As the arms were detached, his breast heaved with emotion difficult to be suppressed—“harder to bear,” he murmured, “than the first loss, when he did not know their value.” The Academy sat a few moments in breathless silence, all present evidently affected.

“Well!” exclaimed M. Arago, at last, “has no one any thing to propose? Are we to let this brave old man go back mutilated, when we can relieve him? How much do they cost?”

“Five hundred francs each!”

“Ah! it would be costly to re-furnish all the maimed soldiers of the Hospital, but the others have not been reminded of their loss. We will subscribe the thousand francs for this one.”

The proposition was received with acclamation, and the veteran walked away gesticulating with new arms.

Pharmacy in Questions and Answers.

What is Pharmacy? The science of concealing how little can be done to assist nature.

What is the best method to procure bark?—Throw physic to the dogs.

When may a cold be said to be caught?—When your nose runs after it.

What would you call a slight attack of the fever and ague? No great shakes.

What is phlebotomy? Skillful bleeding.

State the most effectual time to bleed. The moment your patient becomes convalescent, then put in your bill; delay is dangerous, and health ungrateful.

What would you call a violent outbreak?—Rash!

What is the usual result of affection of the heart? Increase of sighs.

Can the patient get assistance? Yes. How? By ringing the *bell*.

How is the heart enlarged? At the expense of the corporation.

Where is the best place to examine diseases? At a magistrate’s office.

Why? Because there they lodge all complaints.

First Settlement on the Miami.

The impression that John Cleves Symmes, and those who purchased from him were the first settlers on the banks of the Miami, has extended so generally as to leave no doubt of the fact in the public mind. It will probably therefore surprise the community as it did me to learn that in 1785, sixty years ago and four years prior to the landing of Symmes, the whole Miami bottom was explored as far up as Hamilton and openings made at the best spots for the purpose of establishing pre-emption rights, by a party from Washington county, Pennsylvania. One of the company, John Hindman is yet living and resides a few miles from Hillsborough Ohio. I add his narrative as given to me, in his own words.

"My father, John Hindman was a native and resident of Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where I was born in 1760, and at the age of 20 left that neighborhood for Washington county, where I remained four years. In the month of March, 1785, I left the State of Pennsylvania, taking water at the mouth of Buffalo creek with a party, consisting of William West, John Simons, John Sest, and old Mr. Carlin and their families. We reached Limestone point, now Maysville, in safety, where we laid by two weeks. The next landing we made was at the mouth of the Big Miami. We were the first company that had landed at that place. The Indians had left two or three days before we landed. We found two Indians buried as they were laid on the ground. a pen of poles built around them, and a new blanket spread over each one. The first we found was near the bank of the Ohio, and the second near the mouth of White Water. Soon after we landed, the Ohio raised so as to overflow all the bottoms at the mouth of the Big Miami. We went over therefore to the Kentucky side, and cleared thirty or forty acres on a claim of a man by the name of Tanner, whose son was killed by the Indians some time afterwards on a creek which now bears his name. Some time in May or June we started to go up the Big Miami, to make what we called improvements, so as to secure a portion of the lands which we selected out of the best and broadest bottoms between the mouth of the river and where Hamilton now stands.— We started a north course and came to White Water, supposing it to be the Miami; we proceeded up the creek, but Joseph Robinson who started from the mouth of the Miami with our party, and who knew something of the country from having been taken prisoner with Col. Laughery and carried through it, giving it as his opinion, that we were not at the main river,

we made a raft and crossed the stream, having the misfortune to lose all our guns in the passage. We proceeded up to where Hamilton now is, and made improvements wherever we found bottoms finer than the rest, all the way down to the mouth of the Miami. I then went up the Ohio again to Buffalo, but returned the same fall, and found Gens. Clarke, Butler, and Parsons at the mouth of the Big Miami, as commissioners to treat with the Indians. Major Finney was there also. I was in company with Symmes when he was engaged in taking the meanders of the Miami river at the time John Filson was killed by the Indians."

Kentucky.

Kentucky has a State character *sui generis*.—

When we cross the Ohio river from Cincinnati, a people is found of temperament, habits, pursuits and taste, as different from the population of Ohio as can be found, if we were to travel five hundred miles in any other direction. In early days the Kentuckian was half horse, half alligator, and a slight sprinkle of the snapping turtle. Now he is *all horse*. He realises the fable of the centaur, being inseparable from his steed. Every man there ought to receive the given name of Philip —, a lover of horses. Accordingly wherever one of our citizens travels through Kentucky, horse-bills and advertisements of races are apt to attract his notice.

Apropos of races. The Oakland races near Louisville *came off*, in jockey phrase, last week. This leads me to notice another characteristic trait of these people.

It is well known that Rev. N. L. Rice now of our city, held a public theological debate last year at Lexington, Ky., with a distinguished opponent, Alexander Campbell, of Bethany. That such a discussion should attract crowds will not surprise those who recollect the dense masses which blocked up the Tabernacle a few weeks since during the debate between Messrs. Rice and Pingree, but I suspect no where else than in Kentucky, could the *sporting fraternity* have found in such controversies, materials for the *long odds*. Bets were made on the speed and bottom of the debaters, as they would have been at the race ground, beginning with three to one on Campbell, the odds equalizing in the progress of the debate, and finally two to one that Rice would drive his opponent out of the field in the course of debate. As the judges who presided there were not authorized to decide, and popular vote was taken on the merits of the debate, I presume the shareholder in each case was allowed to determine which had won or lost, in the exercise of his own personal judgment.

That debate was conducted with ability on both sides, no doubt. I never heard Mr Campbell make a public address, but his reputation is established in the whole west. Mr. Rice, although comparatively young in years, is, as is well known, of great intellectual power, and otherwise admirably qualified for oral discussion, and as he was a Kentuckian, and the debate held on the soil of the State, it is probable much State pride and feeling was excited in the breasts of many, who cared little for the subjects in dispute. This feeling was exhibited afterwards, in a shape which could hardly have been shown any where else. One of the running horses at the Oakland races I have referred to, bore the name of *Nathan L. Rice*, in honor of the champion of Kentucky. He was, indeed, beaten with great ease, which is more than can ever have been said of his name-sake. The name was at any rate as much out of character for the horse, as the race ground would have been for the man.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Mammoth Cave--No. I.

MR. CIST:

The natural curiosities of our country are many and wonderful, and each day, almost, brings with it some new discovery. The falls of the great Niagara, our burning and hot springs, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, as well as our caverns and grottoes, have their visitors in countless numbers, seeking the gratification of a laudable curiosity, or to regain lost health. The most singular and most wonderful of all, is allowed to rest, nearly in its original beauty and grandeur, scarcely attracting a tithe of the great stream of travels, that courses yearly from one end of our Union to the other. I would call the attention of those who desire to have their curiosity satisfied, or knowledge added to, to the Mammoth cave of Kentucky. It is within two days travel of Cincinnati, being 95 miles south and west of Louisville, in Edmonson county, Ky., one fourth of a mile from Green river. There is a steamboat running regularly past the Cave, affording every facility to travellers. Upon their arrival they will find the "Cave House" to be neat and clean, with fine piazzas for promenading, and a table sufficiently well supplied to satisfy the palate of the most dainty. The surface of the country, in the region of the Cave is peculiarly diversified, and will attract the attention of the naturalist in an eminent degree. But the external of the country, however singular it may be, yields in interest, to the internal of the Cave, which all visitors are anxious to enter the moment of their arrival. At least I found it so with myself. Five of us, with the guide in advance, left the house for the entrance, which is in a little ravine called "Cave Hollow,"

and is 200 feet above Green river, and 100 feet below the general level of the table-land above. It is thickly shaded by forest trees, that serve as a sort of screen, to hide the mouth which is yawning to receive you. Turning short round a mass of rock, you stand instantly in the very breath of the cave, which is steadily passing out, condensing as it strikes you. In summer you experience a chilly damp, and feel as if you were entering some long-shut-up and uninhabited old house. The thermometer, in the heat of summer varies some 30 degrees, by being raised or lowered at this point some five or six feet. Fifty feet below, and at an angle of 30 degrees from where you stand, you see, in the dim light of the Cavern, a large hopper, capable of holding 20 cart loads, which was used during and previous to the last war, for leaching the earth of the Cave, by the saltpetre workers. You become used to the chill in a few moments, and start down the steps, which lead around the side of the immense opening—at the bottom you find level and good walking, and after advancing a few rods, your torches become of use.—About a hundred yards from the entrance, at the "narrows," you come to a door, above which a rude Æolian harp is fixed, that is forever "discoursing sweet sounds," as the cool air of the Cave is constantly rushing out to the warmer atmosphere above, with a current of four miles per hour. Near this place and beyond, the tracks of oxen and carts remains as perfect as when made 30 years ago, and being protected from heat and frost, drought and rain, why should they change in a thousand years? You now gradually descend until the Cave opens out into immense proportions, and you come to the first branch, called after the ornithologist, Audubon, being the only place where *birds* of any kind have ever been found, and they were *bats*. At this point is what is called the Grand Dome, being 80 feet high, and near a hundred feet in diameter. We lit it so as to have a fine view, with Bengal lights, when we stood enchained by wonder and admiration. "Gothic Avenue," next received us after climbing up a long flight of steps, running out and up, from the side of the main Cave. The purity of the air is now felt by all; the chill has now left us, and the thermometer stands at 57, never varying either winter or summer. Our curiosity was now ravenous, and we proceeded to gratify it at all hazards. Forward was the order for the time, each one seeing something to wonder at, and exclaim about. "Stalagmite Hall," is the first place of great interest in this avenue. It is a spacious enlargement of the Cavern, the roof of which is curiously supported by columns of all shapes

and dimensions; being formed by the stalagmite ascending, and the stalactite descending, until they meet, and form a single piece. They are sometimes in rows, and sometimes isolated, producing a most singularly beautiful effect, as all beyond the reach of our lights was in utter darkness, and left the imagination free as air, to fill up the distance in whatever manner the intense excitement of the moment could conjure up. A few hundred yards farther on, we stopped and refreshed ourselves at a sulphur spring, which lay directly in our path. All this distance we had fine walking, and we began now to act more like boys just let loose from school than any thing else. Certain it is we were not sober and sedate men, for we ran, jumped, howled, screamed, and laughed as if we were mad!—Dr. Croghan, the proprietor of the Cave, explained all this, for I was anxious to know why our desire to jump, run, and laugh, *could not without some exertion be repressed*. He said, that the carbon of the blood, that principle which is so abundant in the upper air, and which when the blood is nearly saturated with it, produces that dull and lethargic feeling often experienced, was continually being extracted by the pure air of the Cave when breathed into the lungs; and as a consequence, your blood was coursing through your veins, red and limpid, and as volatile as quick-silver. Elastic to a wonderful degree in every muscle, and buoyant in feeling from the novelty of our situation it is not to be wondered at, that we made boys of ourselves for the time. “Devil’s Arm-Chair” and “Elephant’s Head,” formed out of the Stalagmite were the next curiosities. “Haunted Chamber” is a place where two mummies were found in a high state of preservation. The Indians no doubt, have penetrated into this Cavern to a greater distance than we might expect, as there are sundry indications, in other avenues. It is said, there is no principle of decay in the Cave, as the temperature is so uniformly at one point, and so dry. “Lover’s Leap,” next arrests your footsteps, after getting down which, you find your way through a fissure in the rock, and come into a lower cavern, containing what is termed the “Gothic Chapel,” one of the most beautiful places we had yet seen. Talk about the abbeys and pillared halls of the old world! they are nothing to this specimen, in the backwoods of the new. Here is a temple, older than any built with hands, and of an architecture so unique, that it has not to this day, received its appropriate name. A more original pulpit cannot be conceived. It is of the most singular shape, just large enough to hold a man, and is formed about the centre of this part of the Cave, by the drippings from the roof, which is supported on each side by double rows of columns, leaving it in a half circle, and forming a sort of an amphitheatre, as it were, for the audience. Long did we stop here, and admire the ever varying changes produced by each different disposition of our lamps. We left however, and went on still farther to the “Cinder-pile,” a very appropriate name for the spot, as the formation

here, resembles remarkably, the pile of cinders thrown from a blacksmith’s forge. We were now four miles from the entrance, and had to retrace our steps, to the main Cave, our curiosity wonderfully excited by promises made by our guide of what we should see on the morrow.—We had been in the Cave over six hours, which had flown by, as so many minutes. We found a good supper ready for us, and very comfortable quarters in the “Cave House.” The couch soon received my tired limbs, and slumber came, bringing with it the wildest dreams imaginable. The caverns presented by the excited imagination, were of the most fantastic shape, and perpetually changing. Daylight at last peeped in at my windows and with alacrity I arose, that I might be ready for my under-ground journey.—I found five or six of the gentlemen belonging to our party already on the piazza, preparing for the descent. The guide came at length, with a lamp for each, and a gallon can of oil slung upon his back. As this was to be a long journey, our host had, with commendable care, paid attention to the anticipated wants of seven or eight men, who, no doubt, might be hungry during the day. K.

Seats of Government in Ohio.

It seems by the following letter, that the Ohio Legislature held its session of 1810–11, at Zanesville, and that they were then about to determine on a permanent site for the capital of the State.

Zanesville, Jan. 3d, 1811.

SIR:

I received yours of the 25th ult., since which nothing of importance has transpired, though business is going on more briskly now, but there is too much argument; six lawyers in the house of Representatives, and two practicing lawyers in the Senate. This day the seat of government comes on the carpet in the House of Representatives. Sell’s farm, which is the place the Commissioners reported, twelve miles above Franklinton, on the west side of the Scioto is most spoken of; but there is Worthington, Franklinton, Zanesville, a place in Delaware, not far from Bixbie’s; but this latter place is supposed too much north—it is difficult to say where it will rest yet. Very little is yet said of the resolution, but its friends I fear are the majority. If so, as they are in the habit of sweeping, they may sweep away with it, but I find there is no telling how a question will be determined until it is tried.

I cannot tell when an adjournment will take place, but I do not expect to be at home before the last of the month.

Remember me to my old friend Capt. Carpenter. Capt. Hubbell ate breakfast with me on Monday last, and was on his road to Washington—I think he started on with Worthington.

Please remember me to the family.

Yours,

AARON GOFORTH.

Adventure at Higgins' Block-House.

I give the following narrative from notes of a statement made me a few weeks since, by Mr. E. E. Williams, of Covington, Ky.; probably the only survivor among the actors in the events which he records.

After the battle of the *Blue Licks*, and in 1786 our family removed to Higgins' block-house on Licking river, 1½ miles above Cynthiana. Between those periods my father had been shot by the Indians, and my mother married Samuel Van Hook, who had been one of the party engaged in the defence at Ruddle's station, in 1780, and on its surrender was carried with the rest of the prisoners to Detroit.

Higgins' Fort, or block-house, had been built at the bank of Licking, on precipitous rocks, at least thirty feet high, which served to protect us on every side but one. On the morning of the 12th June, at day light, the fort which consisted of six or seven houses, was attacked by a party of Indians, fifteen to twenty in number. There was a cabin outside below the fort where William McCombs resided, although absent at the time. His son Andrew and a man hired in the family, named Joseph McFall, on making their appearance at the door to wash themselves were both shot down, McCombs through the knee, and McFall in the pit of the stomach. McFall ran to the block-house, and McCombs fell, unable to support himself longer, just after opening the door of his cabin, and was dragged in by his sisters, who barricaded the door instantly. On the level and upon the only accessible side, there was a cornfield, and the season being favorable, and the soil rich as well as new, the corn was more than breast high. Here the main body of the Indians lay concealed, while three or four who made the attack attempted thereby to decoy the whites outside of their defences. Failing in this they set fire to an old fence and corn-crib, and two stables, both long enough built to be thoroughly combustible.—These had previously protected their approach in that direction. Capt. Asa Reese was in command of our little Fort. "Boys," said he, "some of you must run over to Hinkston's or Harrison's." These were 1½ and 2 miles off, but in different directions. Every man declined. I objected, alleging as my reason, that he would give up the fort before I could bring relief, but on his assurance that he would hold out, I agreed to go. I jumped off the bank through the thickets of trees which broke my fall while they scratched my face and limbs. I got to the ground with a limb clenched in my hands, which I had grasped unawares in getting through. I recovered from the jar, in less than a minute, crossed

the Licking, and ran up a cow-path on the opposite side which the cows from one of those forts had beat down in their visits for water. As soon as I had gained the bank, I shouted, to assure my friends of my safety, and to discourage the enemy. In less than an hour I was back with a relief of ten horsemen, well armed, and driving in full chisel, after the Indians. But they had decamped immediately upon hearing my signal, well knowing what it meant, and it was deemed imprudent to pursue them with so weak a party, the whole force in Higgins' block-house hardly sufficing to guard the women and children there. McFall, from whom the bullet could not be extracted, lingered two days and two nights in great pain, when he died, as did Combs on the ninth day, mortification then taking place.

From Higgins' station, we moved in the fall of 1791 to Covington, or rather the mouth of Licking, building a cabin about twenty rods below the point. This was the first house put up in what is now Covington.

Before this however, and in the fall of 1790, I had volunteered in Harmar's expedition, and was on my road, when my horse descending a piece of hill ground got one foot entangled among the roots of a tree, and in his efforts to extricate himself, fell and broke his leg. In the fall I was so much hurt as to confine me to bed for two weeks, before I could again walk.—Next year my brother James and myself volunteered with St. Clair among the troops from Kentucky, and continued with him till the defeat. I assisted in building Forts Hamilton and Jefferson and Greenville. I was not in the battle, being detached with the troops under Maj. Hamtramck, back to Fort Hamilton to escort on the provisions, clothing, &c., of which the army stood in want. When we had nearly reached on our return, the place where we had left the army, we met the flying stragglers. I then returned to Kentucky. Wayne sent on troops in 1792, and came on himself in 1793, and encamped his entire force at "*Hobson's Choice*," a strip of dry ground above Mill creek, reaching at its upper range somewhere about the present Gas works, and started thence about the first of August. James and I were sent for as old Indian fighters, and a corps of about 65 scouts was formed and put under the command of Captain Ephraim Kibby, of Columbia. We moved on the line of forts already constructed, built Fort Recovery—St. Clair's battle ground,—Fort Wayne in the forks of Maumee, and Fort Defiance on the Auglaise. We then went on to the rapids of the Maumee, where Wayne defeated the Indians. Here again I escaped the battle,

although less danger was incurred in it than usual in Indian fights, the regulars having driven the enemy with such spirit, and at such a rate, that the volunteers, and especially the mounted men who were compelled to take an extensive circuit to get round the fallen timbers where the charge was made, were not able to overtake either the pursuers or pursued, who were driven two miles on a run at the point of the bayonet. Capt. Kibby's company had been detached across the river to scour the woods, and rouse the Indians, who were supposed to be concealed on that side, and likely to endanger the rear of the American troops, as they could easily have crossed by wading the ripple above the rapids. It appeared however, that there were none at that place. I returned home being regularly discharged. There was hardly any money in circulation. A few of the officers drew enough to pay their expenses home, but the private soldiers and volunteers did not get their pay for many months afterwards.

Mill Creek Bridge in 1798.

In one of my late numbers I published a history of the early Mill and Deer Creek bridges. The following subscription paper drawn up by John Cleves Symmes, supplies a chasm in the early records of Cincinnati. Of the individuals, signing the subscription, Judge Burnet and Griffin Yeatman of our City, alone survive.

Hamilton County, April 10th, 1798.

We the under-written subscribers, whose names are hereunto affixed, do promise to pay to Thomas Gibson, George Cullum, John Matson, Sen., and William H. Harrison, Esqs., or to the order of any three of them, the several sums annexed to our names for the express and sole purpose of forming and erecting a bridge over Mill creek at its mouth, either of stone or wood, on pillars or bents, so high as to be level with the top of the adjacent banks, and twelve feet wide, covered with three-inch plank, and so strong that waggons with three tons weight may be safely drove over the same, and so durable that the undertaker shall warrant the bridge to continue, and be kept in repair for passing loaded waggons, seven years after the bridge is finished.

The great advantage of this bridge, as well for supplies going to market, as to the merchants, ~~and~~ ^{travellers}, and other inhabitants of Cincinnati, as for travellers in general, need no illustration.

One year from the date hereof is allowed to fill this subscription, and contract with an undertaker to build the said bridge, which if not begun within the year, this present subscription shall be void.

Subscriber's Names.

John Cleves Symmes, One hundred dollars.

Thomas Gibson, Forty dollars.
Wm. H. Harrison, Forty dollars.
Corn's. R. Sedam, Forty dollars.
Israel Ludlow, Seventy dollars.
Joel Williams, Thirty dollars.
Wm. Ramsay, Five dollars.
Samuel Dick, Seven dollars.
Smith & Findlay, Ten dollars.
George Fithian, Three dollars.
J. Clarke, Five dollars.
Andrew Park, Three dollars.
Culbertson Park, Three dollars.
Stephen Wood, Ten dollars.
David Snodgrass, Two dollars.
Aaron Reeder, Three dollars.
Burt & Newman, Five dollars.
Griffin Yeatman, Five dollars.
J. Sellman, Five dollars.
Benjamin Stites, Eight dollars.
Thomas Goudy, One dollar.
George Gordon, Three dollars.
A. St. Clair, jun., Five dollars.
Wm. McMillan, Two dollars.
J. & Abijah Hunt, Twenty dollars.
Jacob Burnet, Five dollars.
Joseph Prince, Three dollars.

*Twenty dollars in addition to Wm. Ludlow's subscription, subscribed for him by Wm. H. Harrison at Mr. Ludlow's consent.

Great Men not always wise.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, having received a volume of Scott's Commentary on the Bible from the publisher at Philadelphia, in reply said:—

"With my sincere thanks for your kind attention, I must pray you consider me a subscriber for the book, and, to save the trouble of repeated payments, enclose a check for the whole subscription—a general principle of propriety interdicting my acceptance of articles of value while I am in the public service."

Mr. Adams does not seem to perceive that by such a course, he is opening wide the door for his becoming an unwilling purchaser of not only books of every description, but various other kinds of goods. He will find his card, or I greatly mistake, an open letter or authority for every book publisher to draw on him for the value of one copy of any publication he makes. Nor will this prove the only article he will thus be compelled to buy.

Mr. Clay, on the contrary, has more knowledge of the world, that is to say of human nature. Witness his late correspondence with Orlando Fish, of New York.

"EPISTOLARY.—Punch will have to knock under to Orlando Fish. The following correspondence is a curiosity:

"Dear Sir: Deprived as we are doomed to be, of the pleasure of having yourself at our head

for a few ensuing years, will you allow us the minor pleasure of having ourself at *yours*, for a brief period, by accepting this Hat? and may it afford you, sir, what you have so zealously labored to secure to us—Protection.

Very respectfully your ob't servant,
ORLANDO FISH.

Hon. HENRY CLAY.

REPLY.

ASHLAND, 29th Jan., 1845.

My Dear Sir: I offer many and cordial thanks for the Hat which you have kindly presented to me, and for the note which accompanied it. The Hat might have "protected" a better or wiser head than mine, but no head was ever covered by a better or more elegant Hat.

Most truly, I am your friend and
obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

ORLANDO FISH, Esq.

Had Mr. Clay paid for the hat, he would have been supplied with hats sufficient, and more than sufficient to last his natural lifetime. He treated the subject like a man of sense. Mr. Adams is a learned inan, learned rather than wise. If he had been more practical in his knowledge, he must have perceived that he laid himself under no more obligation by accepting the commentaries than Henry Clay was under to Orlando Fish for the beaver. The publisher and the manufacturer could make more money out of the names of John Q. Adams and Henry Clay, than they could have obtained by the direct payment of their articles of which they made presents. These things are tricks of the trade, perfectly understood in the business world.

Territorial Marriage Licences.

The following document, among the papers of Col. Thomas Gibson, who solemnized the marriage referred to, relates to the lady whose brief history may be found in the last Advertiser. It is one of those remarkable coincidences which baffle all calculation and probability, that my narrative had hardly gone to press, when this licence came to light.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY,

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR, Esq., Governor of the Territory of the United States North West of the Ohio.

PERMISSION of *MARRIAGE* is given to *John Downs* and *Luey Virgin*, both of Hamilton county, and the honorable the Judges of the Territory aforesaid, the Justices of the Courts of Common Pleas, or any of them, or any other person authorized by the Statutes of the Territory aforesaid to solemnize *MARRIAGES*, are hereby empowered, upon application to them made by the parties aforesaid, to join them together as *HUSBAND* and *WIFE*.

GIVEN under my hand and seal at Cincinnati the twentieth day of September, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

Relics of the Last War.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 14th, 1813.

DEAR SIR:

I have the pleasure to inform you that the detachment of militia has marched for Dayton in good health and spirits. The battalion from my division will consist of five companies, between three and four hundred strong.—I have had uncommon difficulties to encounter in organizing and marching them, the Brigade Major having notified me of his resignation at a time when his services was most wanted, and Gen. Findlay not having official notice of his exchange, and Brigadier General Wingate, Col. Mills, and Major Kain never joining until yesterday, so you may judge of my situation, having the sick, lame, lazy, and worst of all, the ignorant, to attend to, and had not Mr. Thompson taken some part of the arrangement off my hands in the Quarter Master department, I could not have got them on the march so soon. They are now completely equipt—I made them purchase blankets &c. with their advance pay, and have several engaged that I have hired to make up cartridges, as we could get none at the Arsenal. I shall send a load of ammunition to Dayton on Tuesday—have kept a guard for that purpose. The cartridges made are the best I have ever seen. I got buckshot moulds made, and as I got them for eight dollars, which is very cheap, I shall not put them in Bryson's account as they are very useful for the State, some 9 and some 12 buckshot in each cartridge, and by experiment, I find they will answer much better than ball cartridges; though I have had some of them made—I have them put up in dozens, and completely packed—about 60 dozen in each tight keg, that will not admit the wet to injure the ammunition. I have sir, been indefatigable in my exertions on this occasion, and hope my transactions will meet your approbation. I send a greater supply of unfixed ammunition than the detachment will require, which will be wanted in advance as I presume, and knowing the difficulty of obtaining buckshot, I will order the man to go on casting a quantity, that by giving a short notice, may be forwarded to your order to any point on the frontiers. We have a rumor in town that Gen. Harrison has had an engagement and been victorious, God grant it may be true. I am sir in very great haste, which will apologise for this confused scrawl.

From your most ob't. humble ser't.

JOHN S. GANO.

His Ex. Gov MEIGS.

St. Marys, May 28th, 1813.

Maj. Gen. J. S. GANO.

Sir—A company of riflemen, under the

command of Captain David E. Hendricks from the division under the command of Major Gen. Whiteman has recently been ordered to this place, and perhaps they never could have rendered more essential services than at this time as there is not a man for duty here. I expect a part of said company here to day. The Captain came in last evening. He states that the company is extremely reluctant to come on without assurance of receiving one month's pay; I have promised they should be paid one month's wages in advance, and notwithstanding, you may consider it as not coming within your jurisdiction, yet under existing circumstances, I thought it my duty to call on you to intercede with the District Paymaster, to send on the money with Captain Hendricks. I hope you will use every exertion with Mr. Hunt or Mr. Taylor, (as the case may be.) I have wrote to Mr. Hunt on the occasion. The money may be enclosed to me, I will make any arrangement he may direct, or he may authorise any other person that may seem just to him. Paymaster Smith has gone to the Rapids, and will be gone a considerable time before he can return. Something is necessary to be done, or I shall have command of a garrison without an individual to do duty, myself and staff excepted.

The water taking a rise in the St. Mary's and Auglaize, and believing it indispensibly necessary, that the provision should descend the river the first opportunity, as we cannot expect another flood, I sent every man on with the boats from this post, and left but a Sergeant's command at Amanda. You may therefore judge our situation. We have no news only what you must have heard. Please write me when convenient. And permit me to close with my best wishes for your welfare &c.,

JOHN WINGATE,
Brigadier General.

Cincinnati, May 31st, 1813.

DEAR GENERAL:

I received your letter by Capt. Hendricks and immediately attended to your request. I called on Mr. Hunt who informed me he was instructed by the Secretary of war to make no payments in advance. I then called on Gen. Harrison, who informed me he wished to accommodate the men, I then proposed if he would sanction it I would make the advance, which he said he would, and I send by Capt. David E. Hendricks five hundred dollars, which you will please to have paid out on regular muster pay, and receipt rolls in the name of your pay master Smith, as I have thought best to attach them to Col. Mills' regiment. Out of the five hundred dollars I have given Capt. Hendricks forty for his

own use, which he will account for in his pay. The better way will be to pay one month's pay and have all the rolls complete for the month; it will save trouble.

I am sir, in great haste,

Your friend and humble serv't.

JOHN S. GANO.

Gen. JOHN WINGATE.

Franklinton, Sept. 26th, 1813.

DEAR GENERAL:

I have the honor to report myself to you as Maj. Gen. Commandant of the Ohio Militia in service, under your command. I have ordered two companies of upwards of eighty to St. Mary's. The one commanded by Capt. Joseph Carpenter, I presume Major Whistler took on to Fort Wayne, and Capt. Titus' company ordered to report to, and receive orders from the commanding officer at St. Mary's. I have in addition, a regiment commanded by Col. Delong on their march to Seneca, and ordered one hundred men properly officered to Fort Meigs, from his regiment, which is about 800 strong. I have one regiment from my division here of 8 companies, and 600 strong, though some are about to be detailed or engaged in the Quarter Master's employment. I have a regiment here upwards of 600 strong—they will march to-morrow for Seneca. Unless I receive your orders to the contrary, I will leave this on Wednesday morning for that place, with my staff which is small, Maj. A. A. Meek; aid, and Maj. Joseph Vance, and await your orders. The Governor considered Fort Findlay as a post of no importance, as the stores have been removed—though I will send a small detachment from Upper Sandusky on my arrival there as I think it of importance to keep open that communication. I shall be happy to hear from you and receive your orders which shall be promptly obeyed at all times.—I only regret I could not be with the first to cross into Canada with you.

I am sir, yours

with respect and esteem,

JOHN S. GANO,

Maj. Gen. Com'dt. O. Militia,

Gen. WM. H. HARRISON.

Felix G. McConnell.

With much of the manner of Crockett, he is by far his superior in intellect. I would place implicit confidence in his judgment. Some of his colleagues have informed me that in his section of country he is invincible before the people, and respected by all who know him. Many anecdotes, which I cannot write out, have been related pertaining to his canvass for Congress, in which he was opposed by a Whig gentleman of great ability as speaker. Let me tell one, although it loses its force when put on paper. At a great gathering of the people of this district on the 4th of July last, to hear the com-

petitors for Congress express their views, his opponent, after discussing various points of political moment, concluded his address with an eloquent appeal to the ladies, hundreds of whom, from all parts of the district, had assembled upon the occasion. The concluding part of his opponent's speech seemed to strike home, which McConnell, who was watching its effects, instantly perceived. When he took the stump, after replying to the prominent political allusion of his competitor, he said it was not in him to do injustice to any one; but as the gentleman had alluded to that tender passion called love, he must say comparatively with himself he knew no more about it than did an old aunt he had in North Carolina, who lived to the age of 150, and after all died an old maid "I grant," said McConnell, "that my Whig friend is a fine looking man, just forty, and not yet married—look at him ladies, and assure yourselves I do him no discredit. But I do say that men must be judged by their acts—a fine looking man just forty, and not yet married! Look at that picture," pointing down upon his competitor, "and now look at this!" (Here the speaker drew himself to his full length, and running both hands through his fine bushy beard, gazed around and around upon the audience, and continued.) "I am, I think, a pretty considerable good looking man for my age and inches, and I have one of the best and prettiest little wives, a straight and strict member of the Methodist persuasion, that this or any other country ever produced. And why did I get her? Because I possessed that passion which my more polished friend rubbed out years ago—yes, years ago—four hundred and sixty moons have shone upon him and yet unmarried! When I discovered that the consent of her father could not be obtained—and he, by-the by, was a good old fellow, although a Whig—like a man, I entered beneath the roof of her parents, and like a man, I bore her upon my shoulders from the house to the bridal altar, chased by dogs howling, barking and biting, to the portals of the Church. A happy wife, three little McConnells, and an easy conscience, are the fruits of the tender passion as I possessed it. If he can say as much, Felix Grundy McConnell backs out from the canvass—if not, let him forever hold his peace." My informant says, nothing could have been more effective—the ladies waived their white kerchiefs in very ecstasy of delight—the men shouted and stamped as men never shouted and stamped before—and the county gave the eccentric McConnell an overwhelming majority.

The Bright Side of Human Nature.

In a letter published in the *Lynn [Mass.] Pioneer*, giving a description of the fire in Pittsburgh, we find the following passage:

"The big church below me kept the flames in check, and not until the buildings beyond me had done their worst did my house take fire. I was sitting upon a trunk, my wife beside me, and Jesse behind us in the open cross street a little east of our house, when four or five of the mass came to me and asked where my house was. I pointed to it, and accordingly they went to work and cleared every room in that house, bringing out every thing, I believe, that it contained, the kitchen furniture only excepted; they brought out every bedstead, every bureau; they brought my, lipsalve, my tooth brush, all my

books and papers, every straggling pamphlet and newspaper; and, finally, pulled my sign off the window-shutter. Nor did they stop at this; but they procured a dearborn wagon, and never stopped till they had carried every article to a place of safety, taking glasses and breakable articles in their hands. I do not know the name of one of them. Two black girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age carried out a good furniture wagon load of articles, taking them up to the new court-house and watching them till they were finally removed, and all refused not only compensation or wages, but they refused to accept presents. To one man I presented a mantle clock, because I believed it could not be saved but by being carefully carried to the country. He took it away. Yesterday I left my office door open; and, when I came back, the clock was on the mantelpiece keeping time and exactly right. My goods were carried to six or seven different places upon the hill above the town; they have all been returned to me I believe, and all that I have paid for trouble taken was two dollars to the wagoner. Yesterday a colored woman brought home our first washing of white clothes since the fire, and begged that we would accept the trifling favor from her, because we had done so much for 'her kind of people.' Mrs. E. saw a bundle of her clothes upon a cart on the evening of the fire as she was going up on the hill; she took hold of it, and the cart went on, leaving the heavy bundle on the road with her. Two little ragamuffin boys, less than twelve years old, came to her assistance, and carried it a great way to the house of an acquaintance; when she took out her purse to pay them there was not a cent in it. It was a handsome bead purse; she offered it to them. 'No, indeed,' said one of them, 'we'd be ashamed to take any thing from you at such a time as this.' There were your regular alley blackguards."

Long and Short.

An amusing anecdote is related of the late Sir Charles Williams, who for many years traveled the western circuit, and had a full share of business. Being a diminutive man, he presented a striking contrast to another counsellor Williams, who went the same circuit, and who was a very tall person. It happened, on one occasion, at Exeter, that some irregularity among the counsel called for the interference of the Judge, to whom the persons of the two barristers were unknown out of court. Mr. Williams the little was addressing the court, when the judge requested him to stand.

"My lord, I am standing," exclaimed the astonished counsel.

"Then," continued his lordship, addressing the other, "Mr. ohn Williams, I will thank you to sit, sir."

"My lord, I am sitting," said Mr. Williams the tall.

MARRIAGE.

On Wednesday the 18th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. THOMAS GIBSON to Miss FLORILLA GRAHAM, all of this city.

DEATHS.

On Monday the 16th inst., Mrs. RUTH DAVENPORT, consort of Cyrus Davenport.

On Tuesday the 17th inst., REBECCA C. CLOPPER.

On Thursday the 19th inst., ANNA, infant daughter of P. and M. Wilson, aged 18 months.

Wonders of Art.

Some time since I referred to a master piece of name punching, bearing in circular form, the stamp, "7th Annual Fair of the Ohio Mechanic's Institute," which was so minute that four of these circles could be laid upon a dime. Every letter was distinctly formed, duly proportioned, and visible to the naked eye. This piece of work was executed by Mr. Sheppard of the firm of Sheppard & Davies, gold pen manufacturers, Main between 7th and 8th streets, and was exhibited at the last fair of the Institute. I thought the performance wonderful, and did not suppose it could be surpassed as a piece of delicate and accurate engraving.

What will my readers think of an engraved circle so small that it covers no more space than the wreath circle of a half dime, and yet presents in that space a well defined copy of "The Lord's prayer, and the ten commandments" with their respective titles? This was executed in the establishment of Toppan, Carpenter & Co., and handed me by Mr. C. A. Jewett, who has charge of their branch in Cincinnati. It may be seen at my office by the curious in such matters.

The First Church in Cincinnati.

The original proprietors of Cincinnati, when they laid out the town, dedicated four in-lots, numbered 100, 115, 139, and 140, for the use of a church, grave yard, and school; this was in 1789. In that year the property was occupied as a burial ground. In 1790, Rev. David Rice of Kentucky, a Presbyterian Clergyman, came to Cincinnati and organized a Presbyterian Society, which has continued ever since, and is now represented by the First Presbyterian Society of Cincinnati.

In 1791, a number of the inhabitants, formed themselves into a company, to escort the Rev. James Kemper from beyond the Kentucky River to Cincinnati; they accompanied him hither and on his arrival, a subscription was set on foot to build a meeting house. Before this time the trees upon a portion of the lot, at the corner of Fourth and Main streets, had been partially cleared, and within a small circle, seated upon the logs—the people met for worship, in the open air, with their rifles by their sides. In 1792, the meeting house was erected, and the whole four lots were enclosed with a post and rail fence. The timber for the building was taken from the spot upon which it was erected.

The subscription paper for the erection of the Church is still in existence—it is dated January 16th, 1792. It is headed as follows:

"We the subscribers, for the purpose of erecting a house of public worship, in the village

of Cincinnati, to the uses of the Presbyterian denomination, do severally bind ourselves, and executors, firmly, and by these presents, the several sums of money, and commutations in labor, respectively annexed to our names, to be paid to John Ludlow, Jacob Reeder, James Lyon, Moses Miller, John Thorpe, and Wm. McMillen, or either of them, their heirs or administrators, trustees appointed for the business of superintending the building aforesaid, payments to be made as follows:

One third part of our several subscriptions, to be paid so soon as the timbers requisite for the aforesaid building may be collected on the ground, where the said house is to be built.— Another third, when the said house is framed and raised. And the other third part, when the aforesaid house may be under cover, and weather boarded.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, on the day affixed to our names."

Here follow the names of the subscribers, which are given, that we may cherish the memory of the generous dead, and furnish an example to the living.

John Ludlow
Jacob Reeder
James Lyon
Moses Miller
John Thorpe
Wm. McMillen
John B Smith
David E Wade
James Brady
Joel Williams
Levi Woodward
Wm. Woodward
Jeremiah Ludlow
James Dement
Richard Benham
John Cutter
Joseph Lloyd
Nehemiah Hunt
Cornelius Miller
Abram Bosten
Gabriel Cox
Samuel Pierson
Daniel Bates
Benj. Fitzgerald
James Kemper
Isaac Bates
John Adams
Wm. Miner
James Miller
Seth Cutter
S. Miller
John Lyon
James McKane
William Harrison
Margaret Rusk
Benjamin Valentine
Assa Peck
Robert Hind
Robert Benham
Samuel Dick
Joseph Shaw

Isaac Felty
James Wallace
Robert Caldwell
Jona Davies
Thomas Ellis
Daniel Shoemaker
John Blanchard
Benjamin Jennings
Jno Gaston
Jonas Seaman
Reuben Roe
John Cummins
Elliott & Williams
Thomas McGrath
James Bury
Thomas Gibson
Henry Taylor
Elias Waldron
Thos. Cochran
James Richards
John Bartle
J. Mercer
H. Wilson
Wm. Miller
James Reynolds
Thomas Brown
Matthew Deary
James McKnight
John Darrah
Samuel Martin
Dan'l. C Cooper
Moses Jones
Francis Kennedy
Israel Ludlow
J Gilbreath
James Wilkinson
Winthrop Sargeant
Richard Allison
Mahlon Ford
John Wade
M McDonogh

Samuel Kitchell
Matthias Brant
Samuel Williams
Jabesh Wilson
David Logan
James Lowry
David Long
Alex. McCoy
Joseph Spencer
David Hole
James Blackburn
James Cunningham

J Mentzies
Joshua Shaylor
Wm. Peters
James Kremer
W M Mills
H Marks
Matthew Winton
Ezekiel Sayre
Samuel Gilman
W Elwes
John Dixon
Daniel Hole

On the 11th June, 1794, another subscription was circulated for the purpose of further finishing the Presbyterian meeting house in Cincinnati, and also for paling the door yard and fencing in the burying ground, to be paid to the same persons named as Trustees.

To this paper, in addition to those who had already subscribed to build the meeting house, and who again contributed to its completion, we find the names of

Ezra F Freeman
David Zeigler
C Avery
Oliver Ormsby
Job Gard
Robert Mitchell
Martin Baum
G Yeatman

Joao Brown
Joseph Prince
Andrew Park
John Riddle
Patrick Dickey
A Hunt & Co.
Peter Kemper

When the property was dedicated by the proprietors, they held the equitable title only; the government held the legal estate, but had contracted with John Cleves Symmes, to convey to him a large tract of land which included the town plat of Cincinnati; the proprietors claimed under Symmes. In 1794, the President of the United States issued a patent to Symmes, who was thus invested with the legal estate; and afterwards on the 24th December 1797, conveyed the lots to Moses Miller, John Thorpe, John Ludlow, James Lyon, Wm. McMillen, David E. Wade and Jacob Reeder, Trustees for the Presbyterian Congregation of Cincinnati. The title thus conferred, has been fully confirmed by the Supreme Court of Ohio in Bank, in 1838-39, in their decision in the case of the city of Cincinnati against the 1st Presbyterian Church.

In the list of subscribers for building the meeting house, we may notice *James Wilkinson*, then a Colonel in the army, and commandant of Fort Washington, and the Gen. Wilkinson of later American history.

Winthrop Sargeant Adj. Gen. of the North Western Army, afterwards Secretary of the N. W. Territory and subsequently Gov. of Mississippi.

Richard Allison, Surgeon Genl. of St. Clair and Wayne's armies. Mahlon Ford, a Captain in the regular service, and who was afterwards dreadfully wounded in St. Clair's defeat. Captain Shaylor and Peters, officers in St. Clair's

army, John Thorpe, Superintendent of artificers.

Mr. Elliott, one of the partners of Elliott and Williams government contractors, was the father of Commodore Elliott, of the U. S. Navy, and was killed between Springdale and Hamilton by the Indians in 1794. His body was interred near the corner of Main and Fourth sts., in the Presbyterian burial ground, and was removed some years since to the Cemetery beyond the canal, where his son has erected a handsome monument to his memory.

Relics of the Past.

FORT WASHINGTON, July 10th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

I will thank you to spare the ride horse, as much as may consist with due caution. They have a hard tour before them, and I wish to have the horses in vigor.

Yours,

JAS. WILKINSON,
Brigadier General.

JNO. ARMSTRONG,
Com'dt. Ft. Hamilton.

N. B. I have expected Ashton some days with three hundred men, but have given him up.—He means to resign, poor Smith is dying—Freeman killed—what then?

J. W.

Capt. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Fort Washington, July 14th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

I have this moment received your letter by Serjt. Policy, and send out Serjt. Armstrong and a party of the horses for the two prisoners, who have escaped from the enemy. You will mount them on two of the Quarter Master's best horses, and let them move under cover of the night. I cannot leave this post until I take their examination and transmit it to the Sec'y. of war, and therefore the sooner they arrive the better.

Should the enemy attempt to pull down your bullock pen, or to fire your hay, during the season of darkness, Capt. Peters and a Sub, are to sortie with fifty men, and with or without flints, as you may judge proper. The gates to be instantly shut, and your works manned in the most defensive manner your force may admit. I go upon the possibility that circumstances may induce you to have his command, some where or some how within your walls.

Capt. Barbee is not to move before he receives further orders, but is daily to keep out light reconnoitring parties, on foot or horseback, in every direction.

My respects to Barbee.

In haste, yours,

JAS. WILKINSON,
Brig. Gen. Commanding.

JNO. ARMSTRONG,
Capt. Com'dt. Ft. Hamilton.

Fort Hamilton, July 17th, 1792.

BRIG. GEN. JAS. WILKINSON.

DEAR GENERAL:

Your letter of yesterday came duly to hand. The distressed situation of the settlers on the Little Miami, and in short every where on the frontiers calls loudly for the aid of Government. Is it not probable that you may be authorized to call into service from Kentucky, a body of horse sufficient to justify an enterprize against some of the Indian towns. Perhaps that on Abgaize river, or at its mouth. The savages are certainly very poor, and the destroying their cornfields would make them more so. This in my opinion would have a better tendency to bring about a peace, than to expend — dollars in presents at a treaty. Some of Capt. Barbee's men being sick and their horses lame, the greater part of the infantry being on fatigue, was I to detach any part of the former, who are employed for the safety of the workmen, the objects you have in view could not be accomplished in due season; and indeed with all my exertions, unless additional workmen are sent forward, it will be winter before the house I have begun will be finished. Two carpenters, two sawyers, with whipsaw files could be employed to public advantage.

Enclosed you have a return of Captain Barbee's troops, who are daily employed as patrols. With me there is no doubt but the enemy are contemplating a stroke at our advanced posts; if intended against this place and St. Clair, policy would justify the peaceable disposition they have shown towards both, as it might in their opinion throw us off our guard, but be assured I shall leave as little to chance as our situation will admit of.

Enclosed you have an account against those spies for articles furnished by Mr. Ewing for the payment for which I am held responsible. Please to direct the stoppages to be made and paid to Mr. Bunton, in behalf of the contractor. All is well here. Yours,

JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Fort Washington, July 19th, 1792.

DEAR SIR:

Mr. Hartshorn has this day returned from Columbia, and I expect to leave this post [if nothing material intervenes] on the 2d, with 68 fresh pack horses; in the meantime, you will be pleased to send back all the hired teams you can spare, as they are expensive, under an escort of infantry, taken from your garrison—say 20 or 25 men. I gave the horse, the riflemen, and Capt. Peters' company, for a march forwards, and shall take from you all but two of your

scythes—this may happen about the 24th; in the meantime make hay.

Yours,

JAS. WILKINSON.

J. ARMSTRONG, Capt. Com'dt.

Scenery around Cincinnati.

In the neighborhood of this city, we have every variety of scenery, picturesque, wild or magnificent, where nature and art have vied with each other in the exhibition of their respective charms. Of these, various instances will occur to my readers; it is natural scenery, simply, I am about to describe.

There is a tract of seventy acres just this side of Columbia, in the rear of, and overtopping what is called Sportsman's Hall, a mile or two above Fulton, which embraces, in that part of it adjacent to the river, every thing to interest and gratify the man of taste. Of this tract, some ten acres forms a perfect circle, except where a narrow tongue of land connects it with the adjacent country. Opposite this tongue the circle of the tract strikes the Ohio bottom, beyond which the river itself sweeps in a graceful curvature, which presents circle touching circle, and affords from the spot to which I refer, a view which can be taken at one glance to the right and left, four miles up the current of the Ohio, and down as far as the lower part of Covington, being in range 10 miles and an half. In this glance, frequently four or five steamboats at a time serve to grace and enliven the scene. Stepping forward to the edge of the circle, the whole scope of that magnificent clearing, Turkey Bottom, is visible to the east, while immediately in front, the highly cultivated farms and extensive uncleared timbered land of Kentucky lies before the spectator.

The circle to which I refer is elevated abruptly, perhaps 210 feet from the bottom land, which skirts its entire edge, the surface rolling gently and gracefully on every side. And what I admire as much as any other feature of this charming spot, is the native forest, which cleared of its undergrowth, exhibits a grove of sugar trees of the noblest class. The proprietor, I. D. Wheeler, of the firm of I. D. Wheeler & Co. has on this place erected a cottage edifice of great simplicity, and in perfect keeping with the whole scene, where he passes the hours abstracted from business pursuits. I was reminded by the spot, of Robinson Crusoe and his island, not merely in its isolation, but the tameness of the birds, squirrels, and rabbits which rove the scene, fearless of guns, which are never permitted to be fired on the premises.

I regret to add that there is one thing wanting to complete the magic of the scene. What

that is may be conjectured, when I state as I am bound in candor to acknowledge, that Mr. Wheeler abides there in single blessedness. As the beauty of the scene brings visitors daily in numbers, it is to be hoped, that some of the forms of loveliness, which press the velvet carpets on his lawn with steps so light as to leave hardly an impression there, may be persuaded to take up an abode, and become the guardian genius of so sweet a spot, which only needs an Eve to complete its attractions. Even Eden was a desert and a solitude while Adam was alone. What lady will take the hint?

**Cat Latin.
FELIS ET MURES.**

A FABLE.

Felis sedit by a hole,
Intenti she cum omni soul—
Prendage rats;
Mice cucurrerunt over the floor,
In numero duo, tres, or more—
Obliiti cats.

Felis saw them oculis,
I'll have them, inquit she, I guess—
Dum ludunt,
Tunc illa crept toward the group,
Habeam, dixit, good rat soup—
Pinguet sunt.

Mice continued all ludere
Intenti they in ludum vere—
Gaudenter:
Tunc rushed the felis into them;
Et tore them omnes limb from limb—
Violenter.

MORAL.

Mures omnes nunc be shy,
Et aures praebe mihi—
Benigne,
Sic hoc facis—"verbum sat,"
Avoid a devilish big Tom cat—
Studiose!

DEATHS.

On Monday, June 30th, Mrs. HULDAH GAZLEY MILLS, wife of Rev. Thornton A. Mills, in the 30th year of her age.

On Monday, June 30th, at 11 o'clock A. M., NAPOLEON B. MOSBY.

Planing Machines.

This is a part of the labor-saving apparatus of modern days, which threatens to change the face of mechanical employment. The planing machine however, takes from manual labor its severest as well as most unprofitable drudgery; the ripping up and planing out flooring boards. In the putting up annually, for this city and suburbs 1500 houses, an immense amount of this

article is needed, certainly not less than five millions of feet. Accordingly there are twelve planing machines operating in Cincinnati, principally on *Woodworth's patent*. There are three or four however, which run on the *concave system with Conical spring rollers or slides*, being *Bicknell's patent*, a Cincinnati invention which cuts 25 pr. cent per day more than the other; and what is of more importance to the purchaser, supplies an article of perfect joint and surface superior in smoothness to any other wrought by machinery.

Messrs J. H. Story & Co. have just put their planing machine in operation, which is one of Bicknell's patent, in a newly erected building constructed expressly for the purpose, on Third below John street. The floor of the establishment is made of brick, and the shavings are consumed as fast as made, serving to put and keep the Engine in motion. Messrs. Story & Co. are practical carpenters, whose workshop occupies the upper story of the building, and as such offer special advantages to builders in their knowledge of what kind of article suits for brother carpenters, both as respects materials and work.

The value of flooring boards made at these twelve machines amounts to 120,000 dollars annually; the average price being equal to \$2 40 cts per M feet.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mammoth Cave--No. 2.

Mr. CIST:

In my last number I closed by a description of our party of eight, with their preparations, for their journey to be undertaken, intending to find our way as far into the Cave as any who had preceded us: It is better for visitors to associate some six or eight together, that they may have the benefit of a combination of lights, as each person carries a lamp, suspended by an iron wire bale. Great care should be taken in crossing the rivers, not to get all your lights in one boat at a time, as an accident, such as upsetting your frail craft, would leave you in darkness visible, and no means that I am aware of would give you any clue to the shore. For who can swim in perfect darkness, in a strait line? And should you be fortunate enough so to do, the hirsute horrors of a perpendicular rock, springing directly up from the water, might be the barrier to safety, instead of the gentle and sandy declivity, of the point of departure. In our eagerness to cross the rivers, we did not think of danger, until we were afloat, and all our flambeaux, placed upon a little spot, in the prow of our tottering bark.

But let us start on our journey. Equipped as

I have mentioned, we soon entered the mouth of the ever-breathing Cavern. The enchanting strains of the Eolian Harp greeted our ears, passing which, we lost the last remnant of the light above. Leaving "Gothic" and "Audubon" avenues on our right, we continued our journey in what is termed the "Main" Cave, until we came to a small house, or box, rather, as it had no roof, and but one apartment. It was occupied by a Dr. Mitchell, who had been its inhabitant near four months, hoping to cure an affection of the lungs. He had improved somewhat, but I am satisfied, no permanent cure can be effected by this mode of living.

A little distance beyond the house, there is a large rock which has fallen from the roof, very much resembling the hull of a steamboat. Behind this rock, you descend through an opening as it were under the wall of the Cave, called the "Dog Hole." As unpromising as this may sound, and as difficult as may be the entrance, it is the vestibule of one of the most interesting and wonderful avenues, amongst the one hundred and sixty-nine already discovered. Descending in your journey, you arrive at the "Side Saddle" pit, "Minerva's" dome, and next the "Bottomless Pit." This is a curious point. The dome, is merely the "pit," extending up through the roof, say twelve or fifteen feet in diameter.—From the top of the dome, to the bottom of the pit, which are exactly opposite, it is very near 300 feet. The pit has very much the appearance of an old well, the sides being perpendicular. The pit is directly in your path, and there could be no further progress, were it not that the proprietor has thrown a temporary bridge across it, with a railing upon one side, and that a very frail one. That we might have a good view of it, the guide saturated a newspaper with oil from his can, set it on fire, and dropped the blazing envoy into the pit. The illumination was beautiful, showing every fissure in the walls of this immense shaft.

Leaving the pit, it is no great distance to the winding way. This, in some places is not more than four feet high, the top half of which, is from three to five feet in width, while the lower half is not more than 18 inches. It is very crooked, and your entrance into the "Relief Chamber," allows you to straighten up and expand, much to your comfort. Next you come into the River Hall, which traversing some distance, and descending a ladder, you come to the first river,—the river "Styx." This is four miles from the mouth of the Cave. The river has a sandy margin, and I should suppose was nearly fifty yards in width, without any apparent current, as, it was said to be very low, five or six

feet in depth, and transparent as air. A few steps further on, is "Red River," a little wider, and about as deep as the "Styx." One fourth of a mile from this, is the "Echo" River, the deepest and widest of the three; being about 10 feet in depth, and a quarter of a mile in width. In several places we discovered a slow current. It has been ascertained that the surface of this river, is nearly upon a level with the surface of Green river, which passes the Cave House but a short distance from the lawn. It must of course flow into Green River, as they usually rise and fall together. This point is five miles from the entrance. Five miles! It is a long distance from the light of the glorious sun. Miniature rivers and mountains, valleys and cliffs had been passed, that had never in all previous time drank in the light, of aught save our torches, while their relations and namesakes above had been revelling in the sun's rays for countless ages. But then the distance yet to be made is before us, with all the jewels of this rich casket yet to be seen, and we must enter our boat, and shove out into the darkness beyond. The transparency of the water is astonishing, as we could see the sand and pebbles by the light of our lamps, as plainly as if in air. The guide told us the water was very low, and we found that we had almost to prostrate ourselves in the boat, that we might pass under the roof, which appears like an arch sprung from one side of the Cave to the other. This was soon after leaving the shore. One Fourth of July, some three or four years since, a party of two ladies and two gentlemen, with the guide, crossed the river, which was then slightly rising, and made a visit of some six or eight hours. They enjoyed themselves as all do, who see the wonders of the Cave beyond the rivers, little thinking of the danger, which they had left behind, and which was increasing each moment of their stay. Upon their return, they were amazed and stupified to find the water had risen some 4 or 5 feet, in their absence. Consternation seized upon them for a time, as visions of starvation, in utter darkness flashed upon their minds. They gave themselves up for lost. They knew not when the water would fall, or whether they could repass the low and arched portion of the roof spoken of above. They resolved however to try, and that quickly, as each fleeting moment added to the fast rising flood, and a little delay might cut them off forever from the cheerful light of day, and anxious friends without. They stepped into the small and tottling flat boat with beating hearts,—they pushed boldly out, the guide in the bow. In a little time they saw the dreaded arch by the light of their torches, and instantly

feel the descending roof with their hands. All now lay down on their backs in the sand and water which was at the bottom of this craft, and succeeded in squeezing themselves, and their cockle-shell of a boat through the opening left by the still rising water. One hour longer, and their egress would have been utterly stopped!—On their arrival at the mouth, they found there had been a tremendous fall of rain, which had suddenly raised Green River, as much as it had its counterpart in the Cave. K.

Mammoth Cave—No. 3.

MR. CIST:

About half way across the river the cavern expands into mammoth proportions, and the number of chambers and recesses above are innumerable. Here is the remarkable echo which gives it name to the river. A slight stroke of the oar upon the frail boat, is repeated millions of times, receding at each successive echo, until the sound dies away in the most distant chambers above you, assuming the melting tones of the wind harp. The ear is never surfeited with this musical echo, and all the different noises we could conjure up, were tried over and over again with the same harmonious effect. The most bewitching melody, is returned to the expectant ear, from the musical apartments above; whatever may be the cause. A pistol was discharged, and thunder burst upon us, as grand and startling as any ever heard above; always, however giving us a strain of sweet melody as it left us. Simple and disconnected sounds suit this place the best. Old Bull might play one of his most ravishing airs here, and it would be a jumble of discords on its return. One plain, distinct cause will give back a most beautiful effect, as each portion of the cavern has time to articulate, and send to you its own echo, in its own form. This will be soon discovered by the visiter. During our voyage, we saw many of the eyeless fish, floating in the clear water, without any apparent concern for their safety. With a scoop net we caught several, and examined them closely. They are white, about four to six inches in length, and entirely destitute of eyes. They are a new species, wonderfully suited to their dark and silent abode, being so constituted as to possess an external covering, whose sense of touch, is peculiarly delicate, enabling it to perceive the slightest impulse given to the water, and from whence it proceeds. I had sent to me, by a friend who is travelling upon the continent of Europe, a short time after my visit to the Mammoth Cave, a bottle, containing a fish in fine preservation, from the celebrated Grotto of Adelsberg, at the head of the Adriatic, Austria.

This fish is also without eyes, but is very different in its conformation, from the fish of the Kentucky Cavern. The "Proteo" of the Grotto of Adelsberg, is nearly six inches in length, very much the shape of an eel, having the same character about the head and tail. The color is of an ashy grey on the back, running into a dirty white underneath. It has no fins. The tail is flattened, and answers all the purposes of an ear for sculling. About an inch from the point of the nose, there extends from its body, on each side, an arm, of half an inch in length, the end of which is garnished with three fingers or claws. It has two exactly similar appendages, one third of its length from the tail. These arms, or legs, indicate that it walks upon the bottom of the stream which runs through the Austrian Grotto. The fish of our great Cave bears a strong resemblance to the catfish of our rivers, but has no thorns for its defence, its delicate sense of touch answering in the place of all warlike weapons.

Leaving the river, we pursued our journey, and at some distance from the river, a sharp angle of the wall of the Cave presented to us, the rudder, pink stern, after bulwarks, and wheel-house of a large steam ship. Farther on "Mary's Vineyard" is reached, through a hole in the roof, by the aid of a ladder. Here met our eyes, the beautiful Stalagmite formation, in the shape of bunches of grapes. They are formed by the dropping of water, impregnated with lime. The water upon its striking, flies off in spray, and thus forms the globule, which looks much like a half-ripe grape. Beautiful stalactites, are immediately above, suspended from the roof. Two miles from the "Vineyard" you are ushered into "Cleveland's Cabinet." Here let the scientific, as well as the enthusiastic stop—look—admire—and wonder. This portion of the Cave cannot be described. No person will ever have an adequate idea of it, unless he sees it.

Conceive, if you can, yourself standing under an arch, some twenty feet in height, and fifty in width, encrusted with a thick coating of frost, through which is protruding in all directions, buds, vine-tendrils, rosettes, sun-flowers, cactus leaves,—every thing from the most exquisite and perfect lily to the elegance and taste, of the most elaborate Corinthian Capital, fashioned from a material the most delicate; and all of a pearly white; and you may have some conception of this unique Cabinet. At some points the roof is entirely studded with snow-balls, which have, apparently, been frozen there, and present innumerable facets to your lamps, where in the light is reflected, with sparkling brilliancy, as if from millions of diamonds. Sulphate

of Soda, as pure as it can be is under your feet, in piles. Every turn you make, presents some new and beautiful vegetable form, of the utmost delicacy. All are very fragile, and many visitors destroy them with the most wanton carelessness. They do not think that any curious traveler will ever come after them. As these specimens of *Fibrous Gypsum* are entirely unique, being very probably without a parallel in the world, and have been thousands of years in arriving at their present wonderful state, the barbarity, and idiotic gratification, of a stupid and ignorant visitor may be conceived. A most shameful course taken to disfigure the beauty of this chaste ceiling, and apparently very popular, is to make the initials of the name, upon its white surface, by the smoke of the lamp. Hundreds of such efforts are visible in all parts of the Cave, but especially here. The guide should be instructed to report every visitor to Dr. Croghan, who is guilty of such shameless conduct, and payment should be exacted for spoliation of property.

A gentleman of our city, of scientific attainments, has given the name of *Oolophylites*; or *Curled Leaf Stones*, to the fibrous gypsum formations, of "Cleaveland's Cabinet." After leaving the Cabinet, which is near a mile in length, you are arrested by the "Rocky Mountains"—truly and appropriately named, as any who may ever cross them, will surely acknowledge. Gloom of a peculiar nature, characterizes this spot above all others. Pen and pencil, will both fail, in giving the slightest idea of the magnitude and grandeur of this awful place. We lit our Bengal lights, and were silent with awe.

Still further on, and thirteen long and weary miles from the entrance, we came to the gem of this whole cavern. It is named "Serena's Bower." This beautiful spot is guarded by an aperture, which is very difficult to enter. The interior of the Bower is a fit ending to so vast a Cavern, amply repaying the determined explorer for his energy in reaching it.

It is small and deep, bottom, roof and sides being entirely covered with stalactite formations. From the ceiling, the stalactites join on the sides, and run down to, and form the very floor of this most beautiful grotto. The roof is shaped much like an umbrella. The idea that strikes you is, as if from a common centre in the roof, the long hair from the heads of an hundred females had been let down, and that it had been dropped from that centre in the most graceful manner imaginable to the walls, down which it flows in most grotesque confusion, forming miniature grottoes, surrounded with fan-like pillars; and when illuminated interiorly, producing a most

exquisite picture. This is a Fairy realm, and this the abode of their Queen.

In the side of the Bower, and about three feet from the floor, is a basin of the most limpid water: around the edge of which, the most curiously shaped pillars, form as it were, a fence for its protection. Hanging a lamp inside of the columns, and above the water, it illuminated this magic fountain, and drew from each one present, an acclamation of wonder and delight. We sat down, and quietly feasted our eyes, with the rare and exquisite beauties of this lovely spot. We had been over six hours, constantly traveling and wondering; and were now much impressed with our utter exclusion from our fellow beings.

Six hours longer, and we were again within sight of the heavens, with the sun, red and low in the west. K.

Governors of the States.

States	Governors.	T'm exp.
Maine,	Hugh J Anderson,	Jan 1846
New Hampshire,	John H Steele,	June 1845
Massachusetts,	*George N Briggs,	Jan 1846
Rhode Island,	*James Fessner,	May 1845
Connecticut,	*Roger S Baldwin,	May 1845
Vermont,	*William Slade,	Oct 1845
New York,	Silas Wright,	Jan 1847
New Jersey,	*Charles C Stratton,	Jan 1848
Pennsylvania,	Francis R Shunk,	Jan 1848
Delaware,	*Thomas Stockton,	Jan 1849
Maryland,	*Thomas J Pratt,	Jan 1848
Virginia,	James McDowell,	May 1846
North Carolina,	*William A Graham,	Jan 1845
South Carolina,	William Aiken,	Dec 1845
Georgia,	*Geo. W Crawford,	Jan 1847
Alabama,	Ben'n Fitzpatrick,	Dec 1845
Mississippi,	Albert G Brown,	Jan 1846
Louisiana,	Alexander Meunier,	Jan 1847
Ohio,	*Mordecai Bartley,	Dec 1846
Kentucky,	*William Owsley,	Sept 1848
Tennessee,	*James C Jones,	Oct 1847
Indiana,	Thos J Whitcomb,	Dec 1846
Illinois,	Thomas Ford,	Dec 1846
Michigan,	John S Barry,	Jan 1846
Missouri,	John C Edwards,	Nov 1849
Arkansas,	Thomas Drew,	Nov 1846
Florida,	TERRELL,	
	John Branch,	Aug 1847
Iowa,	John Chambers,	Mar 1847
Wisconsin,	Henry Dodge,	July 1847

*Whigs 12; Democrats 17.

Washington Officials.

Cincinnati, June 20th, 1845.

MR. CHARLES CIST:

Dear Sir—I read the notice of Martin Dunnahan in yours of the 18th with much interest, as an evidence of which I add my own recollections of Martin.

I saw him at his post on a visit I made to Washington in 1843, and again in 1845, and can therefore vouch the fact that he continued under both the Tyler and Polk dynasties, after having served under both Van Buren and Harrison.

When I saw him in 1843, it was in company with Mrs. L. — and other ladies. "Oh!" said Martin to Mrs. L., who was remarking the faded and soiled condition of the furniture and upholstery, "things do look very shabby here indeed. When we gave the last party to Lord Ashburton, I pledge you my honor there was hardly lights enough for the party to see each other's faces. It's altered times here now. But we shall see better days soon I hope." Then sinking his voice and looking round, as if afraid of its echo. "I hope your ladyship is a genuine democrat. "Surely, Martin, and so is all the party." "There," said Martin, "I knew you well enough, that you would not betray me."

When I saw him in 1845 he reminded me of this scene. "I told you," said he "things would all come round again."

I feel it but justice to Martin to vindicate him from the imputation to which his continued service under the last four Presidents might subject him, of being a successor of the *vicar of Bray*.

An early settler.

One of my subscribers who has recently returned from a business trip to the neighborhood of Greenupburg, says:

"Among many objects of interest to me in my visit to the neighborhood, was an old lady, *Mrs. Lucy Downs*, at whose table I sat with her self, her daughter, grand daughter, and great grand daughter. By this you may readily suppose she is a relic of the past. She was the daughter of Jeremiah and Lucy Virgin, and the sister of Brice Virgin, a name well known to our early settlers. She was born September 17, 1769, in what is now Fayette county, near Beesonstown—since Uniontown, being the first child of American parents born on this side of the Allegheny mountains; and is therefore an impersonation of the great west. She says she removed in 1790 to Limestone and thence in 1792 to Cincinnati, where she was married to Mr. John Downs. They returned to Pennsylvania and finally settled in Greenup county, Kentucky. Her residence is at Oldtown in that county.

She distinctly recollects seeing Gen. Washington at her father's, and a neighbor's house when she was between four and five years of age. He was then engaged surveying lands in what is now called "Washington's bottom," from that circumstance. The old lady enjoys good health and walks quite erect.

Old town, her place of residence, is alleged in the neighborhood to have been an Indian village in early times. There are old residents who have been there 45 and 50 years, who always considered it such, by what they learned from the first settlers. It is certain that toma-

hawks, flints, pipes and other Indian appendages have been picked up for years and are still found, although in less numbers.

I have learned from other sources that there was an Indian village also in the southern part of the State. I should be glad if some of your correspondents who are familiar with the subject, could determine these facts. It is well known to be the received opinion that Ohio and Indiana were the dwelling places for the Indian tribes, to whom Kentucky was hunting grounds and battle fields. I had no other opinion prior to this visit of mine to Greenup county."

Planing Machines.

I have referred two or three times to the subject of planing machines, as of vast importance to the house building interest, divesting the journeyman carpenter of the most laborious and unprofitable part of his business—ripping out rough boards and dressing their surfaces.

Mr. B. Bicknell, a highly ingenious mechanic here, has greatly improved as well as simplified the old fashioned Woodworth's planing machine, and as a consequence has been annoyed and persecuted with suits from individuals holding under that patent. It is with great pleasure I learn, therefore, that the suit brought in the Kentucky district Court at Frankfort, to test the validity of his right to make and sell "Bicknell's Concave or Conical planing machine," brought by the rival establishment, has just been decided in favor of the Cincinnati inventor.—Judge Munroe held, "That Bicknell's was no infringement of Woodworth's patent, even if Woodworth's could be sustained, either for a combination or improvement;" that it did not use the carriage claimed by Woodworth: that it did not use his planing wheel, either horizontal or vertical; and that Bicknell's planing wheel is differently applied to the boards, which gave it a greater capacity to plane the surface, and that the cutter wheels, used for tonguing and grooving were not the same described by Woodworth; Bicknell's having cutters to give a smooth edge to the plank, which Woodworth's had not.

There are now four of Bicknell's machines in operation here, to wit: T. Bateman & Co., J. H. Story & Co., Thompson and Mitchell, Worcester & Co., and a fifth belonging to Bicknell and Jenkins, is about to be put up, at the intersection of Race street with the Miami canal.—This will make when completed, 13 establishments of the sort, which will cut this season over five millions of feet of flooring boards, which at twenty-four dollars per M, the current average price, is a product of 120,000 dollars.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY

CINCINNATI, JULY, 1845.

Revolutionary Patriotism.

Instances of heroic devotion to the liberties and independence of the United States during our revolutionary struggle were of constant occurrence. I publish the following authentic narrative of the life of CHRISTOPHER LUDWICK, who resided during my boyish days in the Northern Liberties, of Phila. and whose grave and venerable appearance always filled up in my youthful fancy, the picture of one of the ancient patriarchs. His history and example point out what men, comparatively obscure, may accomplish for the public welfare where the spirit of doing so exists.

Christopher Ludwick was born on the 17th of October, 1720, at Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt, in the circle of the Upper Rhine, in Germany. His father was a baker, in which business the son was instructed as soon as he was able to work. At fourteen years of age he was sent to a free school, where he was taught to read and write, and the common rules of arithmetic. He was carefully instructed at the same time in the principles of the christian religion as held by the Lutherans. Of this school he always retained a grateful remembrance. At seventeen years of age he enlisted as a private soldier in the army of the Emperor of Germany, and bore his part in the war carried on by the Austrians against the Turks, between the years 1737 and 1740. At the close of the war in Turkey, he set off with one hundred men for Vienna. Their march was through a dreary country, and in extremely cold weather. Seventy-five of his companions perished on the way. He spent seven months in Vienna. The incident that made the deepest impression on his mind while he remained in that city, was the public execution of the commissary-general of the Austrian army, for fraud and peculation.

From Vienna he went to Prague, where he endured all the distresses of a seventeen weeks' siege. After its surrender to the French arms in 1741, he enlisted as a soldier in the army of the king of Prussia.—Upon the return of peace he went to London, where he entered himself as baker on board the Duke of Cumberland East Indiaman, and went to the East Indies under the command of Admiral Boscawen. He spent three years and a half in different parts of that country. In 1745 he returned to London, where he received in wages for his services one hundred and eleven guineas and an English crown.

With this sum of money in his pocket he set off for Germany to visit his father, who he found

had died during his absence in India, and had left him his whole estate consisting of a small freehold, which he immediately sold for five hundred guilders. With this money, and part of his wages, he returned to London, where he remained several months, enjoying the pleasures of that great city. After spending his last shilling at the places of public resort in the neighborhood of London, he went to sea, and passed the years between 1745 and 1752 in successive voyages from London to Holland, Ireland, and the West Indies, as a common sailor. In these voyages he saved 25 pounds sterling; with which he bought a quantity of ready made clothes, and embarked with them for Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1753. He sold these clothes for a profit of three hundred per cent, and with the proceeds returned to London. Here he spent nine months in learning the Confectionary business, and the making of gingerbread.—In the year 1754 he returned to Philadelphia with a number of gingerbread prints; and immediately set up his business of family and gingerbread baker.

In the year 1774 he felt, with the great majority of the people of America, the impulse of that spirit of liberty, which led them to oppose, first by petitions and afterwards by arms, the attempts of Great Britain to subjugate the American colonies. He possessed nine houses in Philadelphia, a farm near Germantown, and three thousand five hundred pounds, Pennsylvania currency, at interest, all of which he staked with his life, in the cause of his country. He was elected successively, a member of all the committees and conventions which conducted the affairs of the revolution, in Pennsylvania, in 1774, 1775 and 1780. His principles and conduct were alike firm, under the most difficult and alarming events of those memorable years. In one of the conventions in which he was a member, it was proposed by General Mifflin to open a private subscription for purchasing fire-arms. To this motion some persons objected the difficulty of obtaining, by such a measure, the sum that was required. Upon this Mr. Ludwick rose and addressed the chair in the following laconic speech, which he delivered in broken English, but in a clear and firm voice: "Mr. President, I am but a poor gingerbread baker, but put down my name for two hundred pounds." The debate was closed with this speech, and the motion was carried unanimously in the affirmative.

In the spring of 1777 he was appointed su-

perintendent of bakers, and director of baking in the army of the United States. When his commission was delivered to him by a Committee of Congress, they proposed that for every pound of flour he should furnish the army with a pound of bread. "No, gentlemen," said he, "I will not accept of your commission upon any such terms; Christopher Ludwick does not want to get rich by the war; he has money enough. I will furnish one hundred and thirty-five lbs. of bread for every hundred weight of flour you put into my hands." The committee were strangers to the increase of weight which flour acquires by its manufacture into bread. From that time there were no complaints of the bad quality of bread in the army, nor was there a moment in which the movements of the army, or of any part of it, were delayed from the want of that necessary article of food. After the capitulation of Lord Cornwallis, he baked six thousand pounds of bread for his army by order of General Washington.

At the close of the war he returned and settled on his farm near Germantown. His house had been plundered of every article of furniture, plate and wearing apparel; by the British army on their march to Philadelphia. As he had no more cash than was sufficient to satisfy the demands of the market, he suffered a good deal from the want of many of the conveniences of life. He slept six weeks between blankets, rather than contract a single debt by replacing his sheets. He was alike averse to borrowing money; for such had always been the accommodation of his manner of living to his ready cash, that he never but once was without as much as was equal to the necessities of life, and that was in Berlin, where he received a gratuity of two-pence from a stranger, to purchase a mug of beer.

He died on the evening of the 17th of June 1800, in the 80th year of his age.

The following is an extract from his will.

"As I have, ever since I have arrived at years of discretion; seen the benefit and advantage that arise to the community by the education and instruction of poor children, and have earnestly desired that an institution could be established in this city or liberties, for the education of poor children of all denominations gratis, without any exception to country, extraction or religious principles of their parents or friends, and as the residue and remainder of my estate will, in my opinion, amount to upwards of three thousand pounds specie, I am willing that the same shall be a mite or contribution towards such institution, and flatter myself that many others will add and contribute to the fund for so laud-

able a purpose. And therefore I do will, devise and direct that all the residue and remainder of estate: real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever, not hereinbefore otherwise disposed of, shall be appropriated as and towards a fund, for the schooling and educating gratis of poor children of all denominations in the city and liberties of Philadelphia, without any exceptions to the country, extraction, or religious principles of their parents or friends."

In every stage and situation of life, Mr. Ludwick appeared to be, more or less, under the influence of the doctrines and precepts of christianity. Part of this influence, it has been said, was derived from his education. But it much increased by the following circumstance. His father inherited from his grandfather a piece of silver of the size of a French crown, on one side of which is marked in bas relief, a representation of John baptizing our Saviour, with the following words in its exergue, in the German language: "The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." 1 John i. 7. On the other side was the representation of a new born infant, lying in an open field, with the following words in its exergue: "I said unto thee when thou wast in thy blood, live." Ezekiel xvi. 6. This piece of silver Mr. Ludwick carried in his pocket, in all his voyages and travels in Europe, Asia and America. It was closely associated in his mind with the respect and affection he bore for his ancestors, and with a belief of his interest in the blessings of the Gospel. In looking at it in all his difficulties and dangers, he found animation and courage. In order to ensure its safety and perpetuity, he had it fixed a few years ago in the lid of a silver tankard, in the front of which he had engraved the following device: a Bible, a plough and a sword; and under it the following motto: "May the religion, industry and courage of a German parent, be the inheritance of his children."

The Pardonng Power.

On the assumption by Thomas W. Bartley of the office of Governor of Ohio, which devolved on him by the appointment of Wilson Shannon, Minister to Mexico, a rule was introduced by him in relation to applications for the pardon of convicts in the State Penitentiary, that previous notice must be given in the public prints to the community, of which the culprit had heretofore made a part, that such application would be made. I objected to the rule at the time as unfair, impolitic and divesting the Governor of responsibility, which alone belonged to him.—That it was both, might be found in the facts, that while the friends and relations of the convict would always be actively engaged in get-

ting him out, the keeping him in lay, in the neglected province of no body's, or perhaps every body's business. I alleged from what I had seen in service as a juror, that it was generally difficult to obtain a conviction, impossible without the clearest evidence, and that the whole responsibility of judging whether the executive clemency ought to be exercised, was thus left entirely to a mass of signatures, of which it was impossible to judge what representations had been made to obtain them. As I expected, the rule has been made a means of getting men out of the penitentiary, in whose presence no man in society is safe. In the case lately, of two persons who were convicted of murder, pardons were issued, when the fact was, that a larger number of signatures was obtained to a remonstrance than were signed to the application for release. As matters now stand, our criminal court trials and convictions are a perfect mockery. For my individual share, I shall hereafter vote for no man for Governor of Ohio, who acts under any such rule, or disturbs the verdict of a jury where fresh evidence has not come to light subsequently to the trial. I believe that every man who signs such petitions, or votes in Governors who pardon convicts of whose guilt there can be no doubt, is taking a sure course to establish Lynch law in this community. In proportion as it becomes evident that the ordinary course of justice is uncertain or defective, will individual feeling interpose as the avenger of its own wrongs.

City Officers.

Cincinnati had a town charter as far back as forty-three years. This was given by the Territorial Legislature, Jan. 1st, 1802. The government of the place was put into the hands of seven trustees or members of town council, with a President, Recorder, Collector or Clerk, and Marshal.

The early records are imperfect, and such as have been preserved, do not present a full list of public officers. Those which are on record from 1802 to 1815, at which date a new charter was conferred on the town of Cincinnati are as follows:

PRESIDENTS.

David Zeigler, 1802, and 1803.
Joseph Prince, 1804.
James Findlay, 1805, 1806, 1810 and 1811.
Martin Baum, 1807 and 1812.
Daniel Symmes, 1808 and 1809.
Wm. Stanley, 1813.
Samuel W. Davies, 1814.

RECORDERS.

Jacob Burnet, 1802 and 1812.
Charles Kilgour, 1803.
Aaron Goforth, 1805 to 1809.
James Andrews, 1810 and 1811.
Samuel W. Davies, 1813.
Griffin Yeatman, 1814.

CLERKS.

John Reily, 1802.
Wm. McFarland, 1813.
Matthew Nimmo, 1804.
Griffin Yeatman, 1805 and 1806.
John Mahard, 1807.

Until 1813, the Council does not appear to have preserved regular minutes of proceedings, or to have held its meetings at any fixed place. In 1813 and 1814, that body met at the Columbian Inn—the present Neff & Brothers corner of Main and Second streets.

In 1815, the town received an act of incorporation from the Legislature of Ohio. The council met at the house of Samuel McHenry.

Wm. Corry, Mayor and President; Oliver M. Spencer, Recorder; Wm. Ruffin, Clerk; David Kilgour, Treasurer; and James Chambers, Marshal.

By the charter of 1815, the Mayor was elected by the Trustees out of their own number.—On the 14th April, 1817, the board met at the Council chamber, the upper floor of a building which then stood on the public landing, just east of Main street, and opposite Bonte's cordage store. Wm. Corry was Mayor for 1815, 1816, 1817 and 1818; and O. M. Spencer Recorder for 1815 and 1816; and Martin Baum for 1818. Wm. Ruffin Clerk in 1815, Geo. P. Torrence in 1816, and Jesse Embree in 1817 and 1818.—David Kilgour was Treasurer for 1815 and 1816, as was Jacob Wheeler for 1817 and 1818. Jas. Chambers held the office of Marshal during these four years.

In 1819 the city was created, and divided into four wards. Up to this time the voting for the whole city was done at the Mayor's office. The Mayor was elected by the city at this date. Isaac G. Burnet held that office from 1819 to 1830, of which periods, from 1827 was by popular election. The successive Presidents of council from 1819 to 1834, were Jesse Hunt, Wm. Oliver, Samuel Perry, Calvin Fletcher, Lewis Howell, Dan Stone, E. S. Haines, & N. G. Pendleton. Recorders during the same period, Wm. Oliver, Sam'l. Perry, Thomas Henderson, Chas. Tatem, Oliver Lovell, Samuel R. Miller, and Ebenezer Hinman. Clerks, Rich. L. Coleman, Wm. Phillips, Wm. Ruffin. Thomas Tucker, Daniel Roe, John Gibson, John T. Jones and Charles Satterly, who still holds the post. Treasurers, Jacob Wheeler, Richard L. Coleman, Stephen McFarland, James Comly, & Samuel Scott. Marshals, Samuel R. Miller, John C. Avery, Wm. C. Anderson, Zebulon Byington, Wm. Doty, and Jesse Justice.

In 1831, Elisha Hotchkiss was elected Mayor, and in 1833 Samuel W. Davies to the same office, who held it by successive elections until 1843, when Henry F. Spencer became its incumbent.

The new Route East.

I had the pleasure on Monday, of seeing Mr. Winter, of the "Chemical Dioramas," who is just in from the Lakes, and have taken the following minutes from him on that interesting subject—travelling on the newly opened route via Toledo to the East.

Mr. W. says he came through from Toledo by the Canal, 247 miles, to our city, in 56 hours. Expenses from Rochester to Cin'ti, as follows. Rochester to Buffalo, by Canal boat 100 feet long and cabins to match, \$2; Buffalo to Toledo by steamboat Indiana, \$6. Canal boat to Cincinnati, \$7 50cts. Total from Rochester, \$15 50cts.—If we add \$2½ from Rochester to Albany, and 50cts from Albany to New York, we have the aggregate expense from Cincinnati to New York, \$18 50cts. Canal and steamboats, and rail road departures daily on the whole route.—Mr. W. who has been travelling of late years, all over the United States, gives this route eastward the preference for convenience and comfort over all others. Its speed and cheapness commend it equally to public notice and support.

Cincinnati Historical Society.

This Society has just issued a circular explaining its object, and inviting the co-operation of all who take any interest in collecting and preserving the various documents which are scattered through the community, shedding light on the early history, biography and antiquities of the west.

There must be much, within the reach of individuals, owned by them for which they cannot obtain as safe a depository as the society offers in its shelves and closets, much, that if not soon secured, must inevitably perish in the varied dangers to which it is exposed. I trust that the call of this Society will meet a ready and liberal response.

Building in Cincinnati.

The Louisville Courier of the 21st ult., offers a challenge by *James S. Speed*, bricklayer, on behalf of himself and brother-master bricklayers of that city, I presume, that they will lay more bricks there this season than any individual or firm in this city; and offer to bet a suit of the best that can be made in either city on the result. I am opposed to betting, and shall do nothing to secure them a bet here, the more so that I am conscious they would lose it, if made. I prefer stating facts to set Mr. Speed right, and refer him to any friend of his in Cincinnati, to verify the statement.

Mr. Lewis Todhunter, bricklayer, of our city, has now on hand, in various stages of erection,

nineteen buildings, in behalf of which bricks to the amount of 2,500,000 have been purchased or contracted for. Mr. John N. Ridgway has buildings, in progress and under contract, which will require 2,500,000 more. From the 15th March to the 10th June; a period of but three and a half months, he has actually laid 1,500,000 of these, and the residue will be put into the walls by September. Mr. Todhunter's engagements will also be completed by the same period, and there can be little doubt, judging by last year's work, that a million more bricks will be laid by these individuals before the year expires.—Here then will be six millions brick laid by these two alone. Will Mr. Speed say that he and his brother will lay in Louisville an equal quantity? When he does so I will furnish him with evidence that we have laid last year 80,000,000 brick, in and adjacent to Cincinnati, and there is every reason to believe we shall equal that amount this.

Our Common Schools.

I have said nothing on the subject of the late examination of our public schools, not that they do not interest me greatly, but because a weekly publication like mine, is not the proper vehicle for the record of matters occurring day by day successively, and because I have not room, consistently with other subjects requiring my notice, to do justice to our schools. By what I saw and what I learned, these institutions, popular in a double sense, are maintaining, and in some respects advancing their well earned reputation of past years. The public exhibitions, which on Tuesday last, crowned the labors of the past year, and brought the school sessions to a close for the summer vacation were crowded with deeply interested and admiring auditors and spectators. At the first district school, the following valedictory was sung by the scholars with marked effect.

A Parting Song.

Written for the Children of the First District Common School, Cincinnati; and sung at the Close of the Exhibition in that School, Friday, June 27th, 1845.

TUNE—*Lucy Neal*.

We meet, a band of children young,
And on this happy day
We join together in a song,
With voices light and gay;
No servile subjects of a King—
No slavish tyrant's tools—
We freely meet, and freely sing
Our noble COMMON SCHOOLS!
Oh! the Common Schools,
Oh! the Common Schools;

The pride of Cincinnati fair,
Are these, her Common Schools!

From day to day, throughout the year,
With faithful mind and heart,
Our teachers kindly meet us here,
Instruction to impart:

And this our sole tuition fee—
Obedience to the rules;

For still to all alike are free
Our noble Common Schools!

Oh! the Common Schools, &c.

And while we join the good to praise
That on our lot attends,
To God our thankful hearts we raise,
Who gives us home and friends:
We bless him for the gift of mind,
With all that gift controls;
For parents, friends, and teachers kind,
And for our Common Schools!

Oh! the Common Schools, &c.

And now we part—and all below
May never meet again;
For Life's a stage on which, we know,
Is many a changing scene:

But may each one around we see,
Life's lesson so improve,

That we shall all admitted be
To that great school above!

Oh! the Common Schools,

Oh! the Common Schools;

The pride of Cincinnati fair
Are still her Common Schools!.

L. J. C.

Cincinnati: Fifty Years Ago--No. 1.

It will be recollected that Wayne's treaty with the Indians was made in 1795. This gave a wonderful impulse to the growth of the whole west, especially to the region in the neighborhood of Cincinnati. I propose to sketch as accurately as possible, the appearance and condition of our city at that period, as that of a village of a few hundred inhabitants. At that date, the residents, men, women, and children, were all personally known to each other.

I shall make my statements from notes taken down from the lips of the early settlers here.

The river Ohio was a bluff bank, and the trees in front of the city had been partially cleared.

Two or three coves at various points between Main and Lawrence streets, afforded landing places for boats. One of these known by the name of *Yeatman's Cove*, from the circumstance that our old fellow citizen, Griffin Yeatman kept tavern at the head of it, indented the bank at the foot of Sycamore street. Here the river was let in as far up nearly, as the line of Front street.

Another cove afforded a landing, as well as protection for boats just above Ludlow street; this was called Dorsey's cove. Another still higher up, projected from the river not far below Deer Creek. The shore fell off to Second or Columbia street, Water street being then higher than Front. An extensive swamp filled up the ground rearwards until it struck the base of the hill.

I shall complete the residue of this number from notes taken down by me, two or three years since, as the recollection of the oldest settler in Ohio. He has since deceased.

Emigrants came down in every sort of craft. I came down in a flat, loaded with corn, and landed in Cincinnati, April 7th 1794, precisely six years from my first landing at Marietta, April 7th, 1788, having been one of the original 49 who made the first settlement in Ohio. The oldest building now in the city, is Liverpool's old log cabin, corner of Walnut and Front street. It was one of the original cabins. There was a pond at the corner of Main and Fifth streets, which extended into the southwest corner—Burdal's—of that block, a considerable distance. This was overgrown with alder bushes, and occupied by frogs. Main street above Fifth had to be causewayed with logs to pass it. I bought a lot of James Lyon, in 1794—100 ft. by 200, on Walnut below Fourth for 150 dollars, and the corner of Fourth and Walnut the same size, three years afterwards, for a stud horse valued at 400 dollars. I cultivated the square opposite the Cincinnati College from 1795 to 1800, as a corn field. I was offered the corner lot of Main and 4th, 100 ft. on Main by 200 on Fourth street—the Harrison drug store corner—in 1796 for 250 dollars. The same year, Francis Menessier, of Gallipolis, bought the lot 100 feet on Main, and 200 feet on Third Street—where the Trust Company Bank stands, for an old saddle, not as good as can now be bought for ten dollars. Governor St. Clair bought 60 acres at 50 dollars per acre. This included that part of the city from the Canal to Mrs. Mercer's line, and from Main to Plumb streets. The wagons used frequently to mire in getting to the hill. I have helped to get them out at Liverpool's corner, and on Main street opposite Jonathan Pancoast's, where we had to pry them out with rails. Corn sold at 37½ cents per bushel, Pork at 50 to 75 cts. per 100 lbs. When it rose to one dollar every body said it could not keep that price. Wheat flour, 75 to 100 cts. per 100 lbs. Wild Turkeys 12½ to 25 cts. each, according to quality. I have known wild turkeys shot, that were so fat that they would burst in falling. Rifle powder sold at 100 to 150 cts. per

lb. Salt 6 to 7 dollars per bushel. I bought at those prices, rock salt from M'Cullagh, who kept store on Main where Lawson's copper smith establishment now is. I was offered Conn's lot at the corner of Main and Lower Market street, 100 by 200, for 250 dollars, payable in carpenter work. St. Clair's house on Main street is the oldest permanent dwelling, & Hopple's on Lower Market street, the oldest building for business purposes in Cincinnati.

*Taken down in 1844.

Boston Wit.

The Bostonians, stimulated in water as well as railroads by New York City, have been for several months agitated by the question of introducing water from abroad for the supply of the article to that city. Handbills, addresses, pamphlets, and even caricatures on the subject abound. The following appears in the "Boston Courier" on the subject.

Examination of a Candidate for Water Commissioner.

"Mark me, — now will I raise the waters," — MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Q.—Are you in favor of pure soft water?

A.—I am in favor of whatsoever things are pure.

Q.—What water can be brought into the city successfully?

A.—Any that will run down hill.

Q.—But suppose the case of Taunton?

A.—It might be reinforced.

Q.—Do the people of Boston lack water?

A.—I know many who cannot boast of clean hands.

Q.—Where is the want chiefly felt?

A.—Among the "great unwashed."

Q.—How many straddling bugs to the bucket full does the water of Long Pond contain?

A.—Just enough to make it a lively drink.

Q.—What do you think of the tadpoles in Mother Brook?

A.—That they may turn to croakers in time.

Q.—What animalculæ are to be discovered in the water of the Boston wells?

A.—Chiefly dead cats.

Q.—Are they numerous?

A.—Almost as numerous as the pamphlets on the water question.

Q.—What proportion of a cat would a chemical analysis of the Boston water exhibit?

A.—I cannot say, but it is estimated that their united tails would reach the length of the proposed aqueduct.

Q.—Do you think a single-catted well affords water superior to one pretty well "stodged" with those animals?

A.—In general, I think it is not desirable that water for nice drinking should taste too strongly of cat.

Q.—Can you explain the reason why the water in Charles river is less catty now than formerly.

A.—It is supposed to have some connection with the increased manufacture of sausages.

Q.—What is your definition of "hard drinking?"

A.—Sitting on a rock and swallowing cold water.

Q.—What corporation bids the fairest to bring a certain and constant supply of water into the city?

A.—A corporation of milk men.

The Harvest.

The farmers in the west are in the midst of a harvest, which is equal in abundance and quality to the finest they have ever gathered into their barns. The early hay has been comparatively a failure, but the second crop, as such, is superior to any thing previously known.

What is most remarkable in this, is that two or three weeks since, there was a general, indeed, universal impression, that the crops this year would prove a failure, in some regions utterly so. Such was the effect of the dry and parching weather, through March, April and May, that hay rose in the Cincinnati markets to twenty dollars per ton. Every description of feed for horses and cattle threatened to become exhausted, and probabilities of partial famine, and extreme pecuniary pressure became matter of gloomy foreboding. Two or three weeks of copious rainy weather, have changed the whole face of things, and increased our faith in the glorious promise, that seed time and harvest should not fail on the earth as long as it stands. I am glad to find that individuals who had bought up certain necessities of life extensively, as objects of speculation, have been taught a valuable lesson on this score.

Bank Note Engraving.

A variety of Banks are now organizing throughout this State, and if we derive no other benefit from their issues, two points at any rate will be gained by the community. The banishment of the ragged and greasy notes now in circulation, and the establishment of a currency behind which we can look to the credit of the State, so far at least as to the value of bonds on which these issues are based. The engraving is doing and about to be done by *Rawdon, Wright & Hatch*, and *Toppan, Carpenter & Co.*, two engraving houses in Cincinnati.

It is the design of these banks to furnish portraits of the successive Governors of Ohio, as decorations for the three and one dollar issues.—Of these, I have seen those of Gov's. MORROW, VANCE and CORWIN, at the office of Messrs. Toppan, Carpenter and Co., and at Messrs. Rawdon, Wright, & Hatch, the portraits of Gov's. TIFFIN, M'ARTHUR and WORTHINGTON.

These are fine specimens of the proficiency to which Bank note Engraving has been brought

in the West, and evidences that Ohio is able to supply these as well as other wants, out of her own resources.

Wayne's expedition in 1793.

The following diary appears to have been kept by an officer belonging to the legionary corps of Gen. Wayne. Aside from the freshness of this species of narration, written down on the spur of the moment, which in the hands of an intelligent writer is sure to interest, there are some incidental remarks worthy of notice.

The first is, that distances are described by the 'five mile spring,' 'seventeen mile' and 'twenty-nine mile tree,' which serves to point out the little improvement which the Miami country at that period afforded, as way marks on the march. But the letter is especially valuable, as a testimony from beginning to end of the untiring vigilance, and press-forward spirit of ANTHONY WAYNE, which afforded a presage from the first day's march, of his peculiar fitness for the hazardous and responsible service on which he was detached by government.

Camp S. W. Branch Miami, Oct. 22d. 1793.

DEAR SIR:

Agreeably to promise I have seized the first opportunity of writing you, and to be methodical in the business, I shall give it to you by way of journal.

7th Oct. our first day's march was great, considering that the army had not got properly in their geers—I think it was about 10 miles. Our second, 8th, was greater, it reached Fort Hamilton. Many of the men were exceedingly fatigued, and it was pretty generally believed, hard marching—the General thought otherwise, and it must be so. 9th, our third day's march, was to the five-mile spring, advance of Hamilton. Observe, we fortified our camp every night and were very vigilant, or ought to be so. 10th, our fourth day's march, we encamped about the 17 mile tree, and nothing extraordinary happened, excepting that our line of march extended for near five miles, owing to the rapidity of the marching, and the badness of the roads for our transportation, superadding the straggling soldiers, worn down with fatigue and sickness, brought up by the rear guard whom they retarded considerably.

11th, we proceeded on to the 29 mile tree, fortified as usual, and occupied a fine commanding ground, and nothing of consequence happened here. 12th, the roads were very bad, and some of our waggons broke down, but as the General's orders declared there should be no interstices, the line of march, was not impeded,

and we made say ten miles, this day. 13th we advanced by tolerable quick movements, until we came within a mile or so of Fort Jefferson, and this day furnished a good deal of sport, for as the devil would have it, Col. Hamtramck was manœuvring his troops, and had a sham fight, which was construed by the whole army, as an attack upon our advanced guards or flankers—it really frightened a good many, but we all said, let them come, or, we are ready for them. We had marched hard this day, and I think not so well prepared; however it was at length discovered to be a sham fight, and every body knew it then. Oh, it was Hamtramck's usual practice! said they; but it was all in my eye—they never thought of Hamtramck. 14th, we marched past Fort Jefferson without even desiring to look at it; indeed some of us turned our heads the other way with disdain; and it has been threatened (as report says) to be demolished entirely. This day's march brought us to where I am now sitting, writing to my friend. We fortified our encampment very strong and feel very secure. 15th, the waggons were sent back to Fort St. Clair for stores, provisions, &c. and an escort of two subalterns, and between 80 and 90 men; and nothing happened extra this day. 16th, the devil to pay, Col. Blue, with near 20 of the cavalry went out to graze the horses of the troops, and after some time Blue discovered something crawling in the grass, which he at first thought was turkeys, but immediately found them to be two Indians, and ordered a charge; himself, two berjeants and a private charged, the rest ran away; the consequence was, the two Indians killed the two Serjeants—Blue and the private escaped. The leader of the rascals who behaved so cowardly was immediately tried and condemned, but pardoned the next day.—17th, Lt. Lowry, Ensign, formerly Dr. Boyd; with the escort of 90 men, guarding the waggons, were attacked by a party of thirty or forty Indians who rushed on with savage fury and yells which panic struck the whole party (excepting the two officers, and about 15 or 20 men, who fell a sacrifice to savage barbarity,) and they all fled, and have been coming into Fort St. Clair by twos and threes ever since. The Indians plundered the waggons, and carried off with them sixty-four of the best waggon horses in the army, killing six horses at the waggons in this defeat. Mr. Hunt has been a considerable loser; his wagon was plundered also. Col. Adair pursued the Indians, and found several horses dead, which he supposed had been tired and they killed them, a proof that their flight was very rapid. In this attack we have lost two promising, worthy and brave officers, and about twenty men, mostly of Capt. Shaylor's company

for his and Capt. Prior's formed the escort, and are both now rather in disgrace.

We have been led to believe that this place would have been made the grand deposit until this day; we now learn that there will be a *forward move* in the course of ten days, nine miles further into the Indian country, to a place called Still Water; the reason I can't surmise, but they say, they are very cogent ones, I have no business to pry, but if I should accidentally find it out, you shall be informed. In the meantime,

Believe me to be very sincerely,
your friend,
JNO: M. SCOTT.

Mill Creek Bridges.

MR. CIST:

Dear Sir—When I first knew Mill creek, and until the year 1822, the bed of that stream was not more than half of what it is at present. The creek banks, especially on the east side, were much bolder, and the creek extended further into the river than at present. Mill creek was deep and miry in that neighborhood, and we were compelled to cross at a ford about half a mile up. Even at this distance, so subject was the creek to back water, that many lives were lost in early days, at such times, of those who rode or drove in, ignorant of the depth.—The first effort towards a bridge was made in 1798, by Symmes and others, which failed for want of funds. In 1806, exertions were again made to put a bridge across, by subscription.—One Parker was the architect, who built it of yellow poplar which grew on the Mill Creek bottoms. This was a fragile affair which might have lasted a few years, if it had not been carried away by a flood in December, 1808. It cost about 700 dollars. This was the bridge alluded to in yours of the 11th inst. I knew Francis White very well. He was suspected by the neighbors of securing the gun boat under the bridge with the design of carrying it away, in the expectation of making money by the ferry he kept. In 1811 a new bridge was put up by Ethan Stone, under authority from the Legislature and of course was subject to toll. This remained eleven years, and was carried off in 1822 by the greatest freshet ever known on that stream before or since. Mill creek had been swollen by heavy rains at the head waters in the course of one night, and such was the effect at the mouth, that by morning the bridge and an immense pile, of masonry in the shape of abutments had disappeared, and the creek doubled in width to its present size. Such was the violence of the freshet, that it tore out of root two sycamore trees, adjacent to the bridge, of the largest description. Muddy creek which

puts into the Ohio, two miles above North Bend, was equally swelled, and on this occasion more than an acre of Judge Short's orchard was swept away, on the highest bank between the Great and Little Miamis. The river Ohio was then as low as it has been any time this season, which increased the power and injury of this freshet. As an evidence how much narrower the mouth of Mill creek has been, it may be stated that the bridge put up in 1811 was but one hundred and twenty feet in length. By virtue of the same authority, Mr. Stone again put up a bridge; this time built with arches, which the county purchased out of his hands, and made a free bridge. This was the one carried off by the great flood of 1832, brought back from near Louisville, and afterwards destroyed by fire three years since.

Yours respectfully,

J. MATSON.

North Bend, June 29th, 1845.

Churches in Cincinnati.

A correspondent corrects my last list of Churches, by stating that the church on College street, put down as under the pastoral care of Dr. Brisbane, is in reality a Welsh Calvinistic Methodist church, in charge of Rev. Edward Jones, which worships in Harrison street, having sold the house, now and formerly occupied by them for religious purposes, to the "Colored Disciples Church."

It is believed that this Welsh church applied for admission into the Presbyterian church general, by making an application to that effect to the late Gen'l Assembly, sitting in Cincinnati, and that their application was granted, although no public recognition of the fact has been made.

Dr. Brisbane's congregation, since they left their late church edifice, occupy the Doctor's parlors, which has been furnished with seats for that purpose.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Sunday the 13th inst., by Mark F. Taylor, Esq., by Mr. WILLIAM ALLEN to Miss MARY LOUISA WILCOX.

On Tuesday the 8th inst., by the Rev. D. Sheppardson, Mr. ANDREW GALLY to Miss CHARLOTTE FOUNTAIN.

On Wednesday the 9th inst, by Elder Wm. F. Stratton, Mr. JOSEPH T. VANSANT to Miss PHEBE DAVIS.

DEATHS.

At Bedford Springs, Pa., on the 3d inst, JAMES F. CONOVER, Esq., president of Cin. Gas Co.

In this city, on Monday the 7th inst, SARAH AMANDA, youngest daughter of Allen Goodrich and Harriet Elliot Kellogg; aged one year and eight months.

On Wednesday the 9th inst, CAROLINE VICTORIA, eldest daughter of John and Mary Bailey; aged 7 years.

On Thursday the 10th inst, Mrs. MARY CLARK, wife of John Clark, late of East Kensington, Pa.

Documents of last War.

ORDERS, CINCINNATI, Sept. 16th, 1813.

COL. HENRY ZUMALT:

Sir—You will on the receipt of this, march your regiment with as much expedition as possible to Dayton, and from thence to Franklinton, and report yourself to the commander in Chief or your superior officer, and obey such orders as you may receive as to the further march and disposition of the regiment under your command. The two companies from Lebanon, and the two companies from Hamilton, you must order to march, and join you at Dayton. The procuring music is essential, and the commander in chief has informed me some extra pay will be allowed if you can procure it—you will march this evening if possible. Two months pay will be advanced as soon as it can be procured, therefore the pay-master must be furnished with the muster rolls, that he may follow with the money. The Qrms &c. on your march will see that you are furnished with every necessary for men on march.

Attest

J. S. GANO,

Maj. Gen. Com'dt. 1st Div. O. Mi.

D. WADE, Aid.

This day gave an order on Maj. Morton for 50 stands of arms and accoutrements for Zumalt's regiment.

Extracts from a letter dated Sept. 18th, 1813, from Gen. Harrison to Gov. Meigs.

"Be pleased to send a full company of one hundred men to Fort Meigs—thirty or forty will do for Lower Sandusky."

"I am informed that the term of the Garrison at Fort Findlay, will expire on the 22d inst. will you be pleased to order there twenty or thirty men."

ROBT. C. BARTON,

Afddecamp.

Rec'd. the 24th.

Franklinton, Sept. 22d, 1813.

FRANKLINTON, Sept. 28th, 1813.

DEAR GENERAL:

I have to inform you the regiment from the first division left here yesterday for Sandusky, and from thence to Seneca, without receiving their advance pay as promised them. I was obliged to apply to the Quarter Master, at this place for some shoes, socks and blankets for them which I procured, on a statement made, and becoming responsible to that department, that I would procure your sanction—69 pair shoes—26 pair socks, and 68 blankets, which the men have received for as part of their pay, and will be deducted. I expect to leave this day for Sandusky, from which place I will again write you.

I am happy to inform you I have prevailed on Major J. Lawrence Lewis, a gentleman, and an excellent disciplinarian, to act as Brigade Major and Inspector to the Ohio troops. He certainly will be an acquisition to us, and to the service, and is very highly recommended by Gov. Meigs, and the first characters in the State. I have ordered a detachment to Fort Findlay, and there is also a company at Manares Blockhouse, &c. I have had no accurate return of the Ohio militia in service, except Col. Zumalt's regiment, which is near eight hundred strong, and Col. Delong's, which is about the same, though a number has been detached to the Quarter Master, and artificer's department; and I have had to leave some sick. The men that have marched are fine, robust, healthy men; and if they had some pay to purchase necessities, say they will be willing to march to any place where ordered. I have been obliged to be very rigid with the officers and men, and I find both want drilling—and that will never make some men officers. Any orders you may have to communicate relative to the Ohio commission shall be immediately attended to by your most Ob't. humble serv't.

JOHN E. GANO,

Maj. Gen. Com'dt. O. Mil. in service.

HEADQUARTERS, SANDWICH, }
CANADA, Oct. 1st. 1813. }

SIR:

Your dispatch of the 26th inst., was received last evening. You will leave a company at Upper Sandusky, and march all the rest of your command to Lower Sandusky, where also you will leave a company. With the balance of your command you will proceed to Fort Meigs.

You will be pleased to give Capt. Oliver, the commissary, every assistance in your power to get the provisions for the army. Upon your arrival at Fort Meigs, you will leave there about twenty effective men, and with the balance proceed to this place with the drove of cattle which is coming on for the use of the army.

Yours respectfully,

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

Col. DELONG, Com'dg. a Det. of O. Mi's,

A true copy, A. A. MEEK.

Growth of our cities.

I have been waiting to get the house building for 1844 in our principal cities, that I might compare their relative growth, and now present the results.

The number of houses put up in 1844, was in	
Philadelphia,	1512
New York,	1213
Boston,	1625
Cincinnati,	1228

Assuming the existing population as a basis, to keep up the Cincinnati ratio of improvement, Philadelphia should have put up 2763, N, York 4052, and Boston 2149. In other words, to equal our growth, Philadelphia should have increased 30, New York 230, and Boston 32 per cent, more than they have during the year referred to.

The actual increase of buildings in these cities brought to a scale common to them all, points out the present growth of New York 4, Philadelphia 7, Boston 10, and Cincinnati 13 per cent. annually, calculating on the existing condition of those cities, respectively.

March of Mind.

We are apt to boast of the refinement and intelligence of the nineteenth century. What with Phrenology, Etherology, and Clairvoyance, we seem retrograding to the dark ages, and it may be within the chapter of possibilities, that we shall yet revive "witch craft" panics. What is there in the superstitions of the past to surpass the following?

SALES' CELEBRATED MAD-STONE,

A well tried and sure preventive to HYDRO-PHOBLA, from the bites of Mad-dogs and other rabid animals.

THIS justly celebrated Mad-Stone, so long the property of the late Humphrey Sale, of Caroline county, Virginia, in whose hands it proved so successful in preventing that dreadful disease, the HYDROPHOBIA, in hundreds of cases, of persons who had been so unfortunate as to be bitten by Mad-dogs, or other mad animals, is now the property of the subscriber, who has it in his possession, and who resides at CHERRY GROVE, in the lower end of Caroline county, three miles from Sparta, and on the road leading from Port Royal to Newtown.

The subscriber begs leave to assure the public, that the good qualities and virtues of this Stone, in preventing bad effects from the bites and wounds made by Mad-dogs and other rabid and venomous animals and reptiles, have been so frequently and fully proven to the satisfaction of the community at large, that he deems it only necessary for him to say, that it is with the greatest confidence he recommends it to public patronage.

The terms of application of the Stone, are, for every patient Fifty Dollars, and Board, with the kindest attention given, free of charge.

He would also inform persons residing at a distance, who may require the services of the Mad-Stone, that his residence is about 12 miles from Milford Depot, on the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad, and about the same distance from Port Royal, on the Rappahannock river, where a steamboat passes twice a week.

SAMUEL ANDERSON.

'Tommy, my son, what is longitude?'

'A clothes line, daddy.'

'Prove it, my son.'

'Because it stretches from pole to pole.'

Value of a Lawyer's Opinion.

Cities, like men, have their peculiar characteristics. Industrious, maritime, wise or frivolous, they reveal by their physiognomy the nature of their inhabitants. Every thing that strikes your eye will be a revelation of the fates of the citizens, the history of each class of population will be found, so to speak, written in the streets.

One is especially struck with the truth of this remark, on visiting Rennes; on seeing its grand edifices and magisterial mein; its magnificent squares, with grass springing up between the paving stones; promenades traversed at long intervals by thoughtful students.

It happened that a farmer named Bernard, having come to market at Rennes, took it into his head, when his business was accomplished and there were a few hours of leisure, that it would be a capital use of that spare time to consult a lawyer. He had often heard people speak of M. Portier de la Germandie, whose reputation was so great that the people thought a suit already gained if he undertook it. Bernard asked for his address, and went immediately to his office in St. George street.

The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait for a long time. At length his turn came and he was introduced. M. Portier de la Germandie pointed him a chair, laid his spectacles upon his table, and asked what brought him there.

'Pon my word, Squire,' said the farmer, twirling his hat round, 'I heard so much talk about you, that finding myself at leisure in Rennes, I thought I would take advantage of the circumstance and come and get an opinion of you.'

'I thank you for your confidence, my friend,' said M. de la Germandie, 'but you, of course, have a law suit.'

'A law suit! a law suit, indeed!! I hold them in utter abomination; and more than that Peter Bernard never had a dispute with any man living.'

'Then you wish to settle some estate, or divide the property among the family.'

'Beg pardon, Squire, my family and I never had any property to divide; we eat from the same dish, as the saying is.'

'It is about some contract for the purchase or sale of something.'

'Not at all; I am not rich enough to purchase any thing, nor so poor as to sell what I have.'

'What, then, do you want of me?' asked the astonished lawyer.

'What do I want? Why, I told you at first, Squire, I came for an opinion for which I will pay of course, as I am in Rennes now at leisure, and it is necessary to profit by the circumstance.'

M. de la Germandie took pen and paper, and asked the countryman his name.

'Peter Bernard,' answered he; happy indeed that he had succeeded in making himself understood.

'Your age?'

'Thirty years or thereabout.'

'Your profession?'

'My profession? Oh, ah, yes—that is what I am. Oh, I am a farmer.'

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded up the paper and gave it to the client.

'Is it done already?' said Bernard. 'Very well, that's right. There is no time to get run-

ty here, as they say. How much do you charge for this opinion, Squire?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid without disputing, made a grand scrape with his foot; and went out delighted with having profited by the occasion.

When he arrived at home, it was already four o'clock. The jaunt had fatigued him, and he went into the house for repose.

Meantime, his grass had been cut four days, and was completely dried, and one of his lads came to ask whether he should get it in at once.

"Not this evening," said Mrs. Bernard, who had just joined her husband; "it would be too bad to set the people to work at so late an hour when the hay can be got in to-morrow just as well."

The lad urged that there might be a change of weather, that every thing was in order, and the people were doing nothing.

Mrs. Bernard said the wind seemed to be in the right quarter for fair weather, and they would not get the work done before dark that night.

Bernard listened gravely to these *advocates* without knowing how to decide between them, when he suddenly recollected the paper he had received from the lawyer.

"Stop a minute," cried he, "I have got an *opinion*. It is from a famous lawyer, and cost me three francs. This will settle the matter. Here, Therese, come tell us what it says; you can read all kinds of writing, even a lawyer's."

Mrs. Bernard took the paper, and with some little difficulty read these lines:—

"Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's it," said Bernard, as if he had received sudden light upon the subject. "Make haste with the wagon, the girls and the boys, and let us get the hay in."

His wife offered some more objections, but Bernard declared that he was not going to pay three francs for an opinion, and then not follow it; so he set the example, and led all hands to the field, and they did not return to the house until all the hay was in the barn.

The event seemed to prove the sagacity of Bernard's movements, for the weather changed in the night. A terrible storm came on, and the next morning the streams had overflowed their banks, and swept off every particle of new mown grass. The hay harvest of every other farmer in the neighborhood was utterly destroyed.—Bernard alone saved his hay.

The first experiment gave him such confidence in the *opinion* of the lawyer, that ever after he adopted it as a rule of conduct, and became—thanks to his order and diligence—one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service which M. de la Germanie had rendered him, and he brought every year to that lawyer, a pair of good fat chickens; and he was in the habit of saying to his neighbors, when they were talking of the lawyers, that next to the commands of God and the church, the most profitable thing to the world was a lawyer's opinion.

New Mayor of New York:

The New Mirror gives the following republican anecdote of the new municipal first magistrate.

"Mr. Havemayer was educated at Columbia College, where he took his degree with great credit to himself. The day after his release from Alma Mater, he was standing with his father, on the steps of the sugar bakery, and the old gentleman took the opportunity to inquire into his choice of a profession, "I suppose, now you have finished your education," said he, "you will be a lawyer or a physician?" "Neither," said the son. "And what then?" exclaimed the father, a little surprised at his son's decision.—"In the first place, sir, I'll drive that cart?" was the firm reply, and when I have been through all the subordinate steps of your business, I'll share in the direction of it, with your leave?" He "suited the action to the word," for calling to the man who was about leaving the door with a load, he jumped upon the cart, took the reins and commenced his apprenticeship.—He *drove cart for a year*, and rose gradually, through all the stations of his father's employ, till he finally became a partner, and an able one, in the business.

Science of Sounds.

The following hints will be of much utility to some of our readers,—and especially to those whose duty calls them to speak often in public.

"It is a curious fact in the history of sounds, that the loudest noises perish almost on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical tones will be heard at a great distance. Thus if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but most distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement. If a Cremona violin, Amati, be played by the side of a modern, the latter will sound much the louder of the two, but the sweet brilliant tone of the Amati will be heard at a distance the other cannot reach. Doctor Young, on the authority of Durham, states, that at Gibraltar the human voice was heard at the distance of ten miles. It is a well known fact, that the human voice is heard at a greater distance than that of any other animal. Thus, when the cottager in the woods, or in an open plain, wishes to call her husband, who is working at a distance, she does not shout but pitches her voice to a musical key, which she knows from habit, and by that means reaches his ear.—The loudest roar of the largest lion could not penetrate so far. "This property of music in the human voice," says the author, "is strikingly shown in the cathedral abroad.—Here the mass is entirely performed in musical sounds, and becomes audible to every devotee, however placed in the remotest part of the church; whereas, if the same service had been read, the sounds would not have travelled beyond the precincts of the choir." Those orators who are heard in large assemblies most distinctly, are those who, in modulating the voice, render it most musical. Loud speakers are seldom heard to advantage. Burke's voice is said to have been a sort of a lofty cry, which tended, as much as the formality of his discourses in the house of Commons, to send the members to their dinner. Chatham's lowest whisper was distinctly heard, "his middle tone was sweet, rich and beautifully varied;" says a writer describing the orator, "when he raised his voice to its high pitch, the house was completely filled with the volume of sounds; and the effect

was awful, except when he wished to cheer and animate; and then he had a spirit-stirring note, which was perfectly irresistible. The terrible, however, was his peculiar power. Then the house sunk before him; still he was dignified, and wonderful as was his eloquence, it was attended with this important effect, that it possessed every one with a conviction that there was something in him finer even than his words; that the man was infinitely greater than the orator."

Fancy Drinks.

The following are ONLY a few of the fancy drinks manufactured at Concert Hall, Boston:—

Clay and Huyseu, Polk and Dallas, Race Horse, Ching Ching, Tog. Rappee, Tip and Ty, Fiscal Agent, I. O. U., Tippiena Pecco, Moral Suasion, Vox Populi, Ne Plus Ultra, Shambrö, Pig and Whistle, Silver top, Poor Man's Punco, Split Ticket, Deacon, Exchange, Stone Wall, Virginia Fence, Floater, Shifter.

Who says that Boston, with all its boasted temperance, can't come the "fancy touches" in the spirituous way, over all other cities.

Irish Friars.

In Ireland a warming pan is called a friar.—Not many years ago, an unsophisticated girl took service in a hotel in the town of ——— Poor thing—she had never heard of a warming pan in her life, though she regularly confessed to a friar once a year.

It so happened, on a cold and drizzly night, that a priest took lodgings in the inn. He had travelled far, and being weary, retired at an early hour. Soon after, the mistress of the house called the servant girl.

"Betty, put the friar into No. 6."

Up went Betty to the poor priest.

"Your reverence must go into No. 6, my mistress says."

"How, what?" asked he, annoyed at being disturbed.

"Your reverence must go into No. 6."

There was no help for it, and the priest arose donned a dressing gown and went into No. 6.

In about fifteen minutes the mistress called to Betty.

"Put the friar into No. 4."

Betty said something about disturbing his reverence, which her mistress did not understand. So she told the girl, in a sharp voice to do always as she was directed, and she would always do right. Up went Betty, and the unhappy priest, despite his angry protestations, was obliged to turn out of No. 6, and go into No. 4.—But a little time elapsed ere the girl was told to put the friar into No. 8, and the poor priest thinking that every body was mad in the house, and sturdily resolved to quit it on the next morning, crept into the damp sheets of No. 8. But he was to enjoy no peace there. Betty was again directed to put the friar into No. 3, and with tears in her eyes she obeyed. In about an hour, the landlady concluded to go to bed herself, and the friar was ordered into her room.—Wondering what it all meant Betty, roused up the priest and told him that he must go into No. 11. The monk crossed himself, counted his beads, and went into No. 11. It so happened that the husband of the landlady was troubled with the greeneyed monster. Going up to bed,

therefore, before his wife, his suspicions were confirmed by seeing between his own sheets, a man sound asleep. To rouse the sleeper and kick him into the street was the work of a moment; nor was the mistake explained till the next day, when the priest informed the innkeeper what outrages had been committed upon him, and he learned to his amazement, that he had been serving the whole night as a warming pan.

Hiram Powers.

Late letters from Hiram Powers to his friends in Cincinnati, afford us some interesting information of that distinguished artist's progress and prospects.

Since the exhibition of his *GREEK CAPTIVE* at *Pall mall*, which was attended by the whole world of fashion and influence in society, Mr. Powers has received three orders for duplicates of that statue. He has also an order for a duplicate of the *Eve*, the original being destined for this country, which it will no doubt reach by spring, in company with copies of the *Greek Slave*, *Fisher boy*, &c. These may be expected, in Boston by June next. Lord Francis Egerton, the owner of the well known Stafford gallery of Sculpture and paintings, has transmitted Mr. P. an order for a work from his chisel, giving the artist a *carte blanche* as to the subject.

The high eminence and distinguished success of *Powers*, reflect great credit on the judgment of his early friends, and the discriminating liberality of one of our citizens, who afforded him the means of establishing himself in Italy, where surrounded by all that is excellent in Art, ancient or modern, his wonderful productions are creating an era in Sculpture.

Property Investments in Cincinnati.

As the central parts of our city fill up, its outside is of necessity taken up for improvements; and garden, and even farming lots are becoming rapidly absorbed in the demands for building purposes which are growing out of our constantly increasing population and business. On Monday morning the owner of a three acre lot on Eighth street, near Mill creek who purchased it in 1829, at \$700 per acre, was offered, *forty thousand dollars* for the premises! After reflecting an hour or two, he refused it.

On Friday last, a kitchen garden property of sixteen acres just across Mill creek, exchanged owners, at the price of 22,000 dollars, one half cash down—the residue one and two year payments. The purchasers in this case have bought it as an investment, having heretofore never laid out money in property. I state this to indicate that these prices are not speculative values. In connexion with these facts, it may be well to remark that Eighth st. is now paved, or

in process of paving from Main street west, more than two miles, and will require and maintain a communication to Delhi, Greene, and other townships which must constitute it shortly one of the main avenues of Cincinnati.

Wm. Penn and John Cleves Symmes.

These men were wonderfully alike in some things, while greatly dissimilar in others. The same intelligent views of dealing with their savage neighbors, actuated both. It is true that Symmes cannot compare with Penn in the enlarged benevolence which shut out the sale of rum to the aborigines, but it must be recollected that Penn had been enlightened on that subject before he left his native country, and that Symmes merely conformed to the almost universal practice of the region and the age in which he lived. Both were men of comprehensive views, who looked to and lived for the future, conscious that they were laying foundations for commonwealths of greater consequence than the States they left. Wm. Penn when about taking possession of his new purchase, directed this letter to his Indian neighbors. Its authenticity may be relied on.

ENGLAND, 2mo. 21st, 1682.

The Great God, who is in the power and wisdom that made you and me, incline your hearts to righteousness, love and peace. This I send you to assure you of my love, and to desire you to love my friends: and when the Great God brings me among you, I intend to order all things in such manner, that we may all live in love and peace, one with another, which I hope the Great God will incline both you and me to do. I seek nothing but the honor of his name, and that we who are his workmanship, may do that which is well pleasing to him. The man which delivers this unto you, is my special friend, sober, wise and loving, and you may believe him. I have already taken care that none of my people wrong you; by good laws I have provided for that purpose; nor will I ever allow any of my people to sell rumme to make your people drunk. If any thing should be out of order, expect when I come it shall be mended, and I will bring you some things of our country that are useful and pleasant to you.

So I rest in the love of our God that made us.

I am your loving friend,

WM. PENN.

I read this letter to the Indians by an interpreter, the 6th mo, 1682.

THO. HOLM.

After SYMMES had completed his contract with the United States for the Miami purchase he despatched the following letter, from Lime-

stone, now Maysville, Ky., to the Indians in possession of the territory.

"Brothers of the Wyandots and Shawanese! Harken to your brother, who is coming to live at the Great Miami. He was on the Great Miami last summer, while the Deer was yet fed, and met with one of your camps; he did no harm to any thing which you had in your camp; he held back his young men from hurting you or your horses, and would not let them take your skins or meat, though your brothers were very hungry. All this he did, because he was your brother, and would live in peace with the Red people. If the Red people will live in friendship with him, and his young men who came from the great Salt ocean, to plant corn and built Cabins on the land between the Great and Little Miami, then the White and Red people shall all be brothers and live together, and we will buy your Furs and Skins, and sell you Blankets and Rifles, and Powder and Lead and Rum, and every thing that our Red Brothers may want in hunting and in their towns.

Brothers! A treaty is holding at Muskingum Great men from the thirteen fires are there, to meet the Chiefs and head men of all the nations of the Red people. May the Great spirit direct all their councils for peace! But the great men and the wise men of the Red and White people cannot keep peace and friendship long, unless we, who are their sons and warriors, will also bury the hatchet and live in peace.

Brothers! I send you a string of white beads, and write to you with my own hand, that you may believe what I say: I am your brother, and will be kind to you while you remain in peace! Farewell!

JNO. C. SYMMES.

January the 3d, 1789.

The Western Farmer and Gardener.

This is a periodical, devoted, as its title purports to the cause of the cultivation of the soil, that grand and sole basis of worldly prosperity to the whole community. It is now in its fifth volume, struggling along through the precarious and inadequate support which almost every publication beyond a newspaper seems doomed to, in this banknote world of ours.

The Farmer & Gardener is however, a work of great merit, and of peculiar value, as a register of observations and facts communicated by many of its intelligent subscribers. It is embellished monthly with lithographs of our best fruits and fairest flowers, and at two dollars per annum, affords the cheapest vehicle of communicating or obtaining much interesting matter of great interest to the Farmer and Horticulturist.

The names of those who are engaged con-

tributing original articles from time to time as may be seen by looking them over, are such as would confer credit upon any periodical of the kind, while they inspire confidence in the views they express, or facts they communicate.

The Jewish Pilgrim at Jerusalem.

Are these the ancient, holy hills,
Where Angels walked of old?
Is this the land our story fills
With glory yet not cold?
For I have passed through many a shrine,
O'er many a land and sea,
But still, Oh! promised Palestine,
My dreams have been of thee.

I see thy mountain cedars green,
Thy vallies fresh and fair;
With summers bright as they have been
When Israel's home was there:
Tho' o'er thee sword and time have passed,
And cross and crescent shone,
And heavily the chain hath pressed—
Yet still thou art our own:

Thine are the wandering race that go
Unblessed through every land,
Whose blood hath stained the polar snow,
And quenched the desert sand!
And thine the homeless hearts that turn
From all Earth's shrines to thee,
With their lone faith for ages bourned
In sleepless memory.

For thrones are swept and nations gone
Before the march of time.
And where the ocean rolled alone
Are forests in their prime;
Since Gentile plowshare marred the brow
Of Zion's holy hill—
Where are the Roman eagles now?
Yet Judah wanders still.

And hath she wandered thus in vain
A pilgrim of the past?
No! long deferred her hope has been,
But it shall come at last;
For in her wastes a voice I hear,
As from some prophet's urn,
It bids the nations build not there,
For Jacob shall return.

Oh! lost and loved Jerusalem!
Thy pilgrim may not stay
To see the glad earth's harvest home
In thy redeeming day;
And now resigned in faith and trust,
I seek a nameless tomb;
At least beneath thy hallowed dust—
Oh! give the wanderer room!

A Legend of Kentucky.

NORTH BEND, July 12th, 1845.

MR. CMT:

Your friend *John Hindman* is in error, alleging that *Tanner's Creek*, Indiana, derived its name from young *Tanner* being killed by the Indians on its waters. *Tanner* was not killed at all, although doubtless believed to be by the neighborhood, at the time *Hindman* left the *Great Miami*, which was soon after *Tanner* had been carried away by the savages. I knew the whole family well—the old man *Tanner* being the first clergyman, I ever heard preach at *North Bend*, and for some time the only one.

Tanner the father, owned the land, where *Petersburg*, Kentucky, is now built, and resided on it, being about three miles below the *Miami*, and opposite the creek which derived its name as the station also did, from *Tanner* who was the principal man settled there. *Hogan*, *Tanner's* son-in-law, who lived with him, and was a first-rate hunter, gave name to the creek just above *Aurora*.

In May, 1790 *John Tanner*, the youngest boy, and nine years of age, was out in the woods gathering walnuts, which had been lying over from the previous season among the leaves, when he was made prisoner by a party of Indians, and carried to the *Shawnee* towns, in the first place, and afterwards taken away to the head waters of the *Mississippi*. Nothing was heard of him by his friends for 24 years, except that in 1791, the next year, a party of Indians, composed partly of the same individuals, prowling in the neighborhood, captured *Edward Tanner*, a brother of *John*, and nearly fifteen years old. After travelling two days journey in the wilderness, the boy appearing contented, and supposing that he would be discouraged from attempting to make his escape, at such a distance from home, his captors relaxed their vigilance, and the boy watching his opportunity regained his liberty, being obliged in the hurry to leave his hat, which was of undyed wool, behind, and which the Indians carried to their home. They had told him on their way out, that they had carried a boy off from the same place the year before. *John Tanner* recognized the hat as soon as he saw it as his brother's.

Nothing was known of *John*, as already stated, for many years, although *Edward* attended the various treaties for successive years, and travelled to distant points, even west of the *Mississippi*. The Indians with whom *John* was domesticated, had been for years settled on the Upper *Mississippi*, and traded with the *Hudson Bay Company*, which of course baffled the search thus made. In 1798, the *Tanner* family left

Kentucky for *New Madrid*, where old Tanner died, after marrying in the mean time a third wife.

In 1817, soon after the close of the war, Tanner, who by this time had married an Indian wife, and had six children by her, with a view of learning something about his relations, and expecting to receive a share of the family property came down the chain of lakes to Detroit, and there reported himself to Gov. Cass, as an Indian captive, taken from opposite the mouth of Big Miami, in Kentucky, in 1790. He gave the family name as Taylor, which was as near as he could recollect or probably articulate it. Cass gave notice of the fact through the medium of the press, adding that the individual would be present at a treaty to be held with the Indians at St. Mary's, formerly *Girty's town*, and now the county seat of Mercer County, Ohio. The Tanner family had removed years since to New Madrid, and with the exception of Edward Tanner, was composed of the widow and children, born of the later marriages, since John's capture. But a nephew by marriage of the young men named Merritt, who lived where *Rising Sun* has since been built, having seen the notice, was firmly persuaded, that the individual, although improperly named, was his long lost and long sought uncle Tanner, and under that conviction went to the treaty ground, and found the case as he supposed it to be. The two started off for the Miami region together. Tanner, although in feeble health, having fever and ague at the time, was with difficulty persuaded to sleep in the cabins which they found on the route, preferring to camp out, and to gratify him, one fine night, Merritt, having selected a suitable spot for repose, went to a neighboring house, got coals, and attempted to kindle a fire, which as the leaves and brush were wet, burned with difficulty. Tanner who had become thoroughly Indian during his long residence among them, now got up in a pet, kicked the fire to pieces, and flashing powder from his rifle made his own fire, remarking, *White man's fire no good. Indian fire, good!* They stopped all night at my house on their way to the lower country, and there I obtained these particulars. When they reached New Madrid, it so happened that Edward was out on one of his excursions to hunt up his brother, and John after waiting a few days, became impatient to get back, and left for home without even seeing his brother, who had sought him so anxiously for years. Soon after reaching his Indian home, Tanner had a quarrel with an Indian and was badly shot, but after lingering a great while, recovered so far as to set out with Col. Long, and a party who were

on their way to Detroit. His strength gave way on the journey, and they were obliged to leave him on the road. He finally recovered and was employed by the United States authorities as interpreter among the Indians at the Sault St. Marie at the outlet of Lake Superior, which is the last I heard of him.

Tanner's life was published years ago, but I never saw a copy of it, and do not know whether it is now extant.

Respectfully yours,

J. MATSON.

Problem in Physics.

Every miller is familiar with the fact; that the velocity of water wheels is greater by night than by day, and that, of course, he can grind in the same proportion more, in an equal period between sun-set and daylight, than from daylight to sun-set. At a saw mill, also, a greater quantity of lumber can be cut by night than by day, in the same number of hours. So a flat or keel boat floats further in an equal space of time by night than by day. And there are many more facts of the same class, well attested, which present an interesting problem in natural philosophy. I can conceive of but two causes to produce these results; and they do not, even unitedly, seem to me sufficient to account for the effect. The first is, that water, at a temperature of 60 deg., weighs 61 lbs. per cubic foot, while at 40 degrees, it weighs 62 lbs. If these temperatures represent the ordinary difference between day and night, the specific gravity of the water is 1-62nd part greater by night than by day, and the same ratio will indicate the difference of power applied to the wheels during the same periods.

Another and weightier cause, is that vapors held suspended in the upper regions of the atmosphere by day, descend by night, and rest upon the water, and by their weight and density, increase the action of the water, in the same degree of difference that exists between air heated by the noon day sun, and the same air chilled by the dews of night.

I have said that a boat will float further in the same number of hours by night than by day, but the fact on this point of the subject, as determined by my own experience, is, that a keel boat will float as far in the twelve hours of night as she can be rowed during the twelve hours of day. I came down the Ohio in 1826, on a keel boat, during an uncommon rise, and the last two days of our passage to Cincinnati, we rowed forty-eight miles each day, and floated forty-eight miles each night, commencing both periods from six o'clock, and of course, allowing to each twelve hours.

I should feel gratified to receive a better solution of the problem involved in the case, than I am conscious, is furnished in this article.

A Law Student in Alabama.

An exchange says, that Mr. C., who studied law in the office of a senior member of the bar in some town of some State, emigrated to Alabama for his examination.

'Judge P.,' said Mr. C.'s friend, 'is now in the village; will you go and stand your examination.'

Of course C. consented. He had been several days anxiously waiting for the Judge at the Exchange, alias grocery, alias dog-gery. After the formality of an introduction, the Judge said:

'Well, Mr. C., you want to be examined for admittance to the bar.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, sir, let's take something to drink—Bar-keeper, give us two juleps.'

'Mr. C., can you swim?'

'Yes sir, I can,' said C., greatly surprised.

'Well, sir, let's take another drink—bar-keeper, two cocktails.'

The cocktails vanished, and the Judge said—

'Mr. C. have you got a horse?'

'Certainly sir,' said C.

'Very good,' said the Judge, as soberly as though charging a Grand Jury. 'Mr. C., if you please, we'll take a drink. Barkeeper, two toddies.'

The toddies disappeared, and C. owns he began to feel rather queer.

'Mr. C.' said the Judge, 'can your horse swim?'

'Yes, sir,' he can—'for I have tried him from necessity.'

'Then sir,' said the Judge with increased gravity, 'your horse can swim—and you can swim, and by —, I think you are well qualified for an Alabama lawyer. Give me your commission, and I will sign it. Meanwhile, bar-keeper, give us two punches for my friend Mr. C., and myself.'

Mr. C., continued the Judge, 'I drink success to your admission to the Alabama bar.'

Powers of Music.

In the "Gossip with Readers and Correspondents" we find the following illustration on the power of music.

'Oblige us, reader, by confessing that the following anecdote forcibly illustrates the power of simple, plaintive music, a theme upon which we have often dwelt in these pages. Would that we could relate it to you in the inimitable manner of our friend B——: if we could, by the by, the manner *would not* be inimitable:—Some years since, a well-known military gentleman and musical amateur of Philadelphia, being on a visit to his numerous friends to New York, was delighted to encounter here the band of the far-famed Frank Johnson. He forthwith engaged the "colored troupe" to accompany him, together with two or three vocalists, on the following evening, on a serenading tour to the residences of his distinguished friends, in various quarters of the town. They every where met with the most rapturous reception, and were often invited in, to partake of the hospitalities of the families whom they serenaded. Between two

and three o'clock in the morning, they arrived opposite to the residence (as they supposed) of a most lovely lady, to whom the leader of the serenade movement had well nigh lost his heart, upon a very casual acquaintance. Here was poured forth the wealth of their instrumental and vocal powers. But not the slightest sign of appreciation or approbation was manifested; all was silence; no outward blind rattled, no inner curtain rustled. At length, while the prime mover of the entertainment was singing in a most tender style the closing stanza of 'Home, sweet Home,' a light suddenly gleamed through the fan-lights of the entry; steps were heard approaching; the door was unbolted, and a cadaverous 'male human,' in night gown and night cap, the latter surmounted by a broad brimmed Quaker hat, stepped out upon the door stone, and holding the candle above his head, that he might better survey the rather 'mixed' company of performers, addressed the last singer with: 'Friend, thee seems to think there is no place like home—like thy 'sweet, sweet home,' I think thee said: now, *why doesn't thee go to thy home?*' Thee surely is not wanted *here*—neither thee nor thy friends!" and the door was closed behind the speaker. Perhaps no wetter blanket ever enveloped a 'water-cure subject at Graffenburgh,' than was felt to come down upon that corps of musicians and their employer, when the white skirts of that vanishing Quaker disappeared along the hall.

CHARACTERISTIC.—The Pittsburg Chronicle, whose editor has just returned to the city, after an absence of a month, notices the new buildings and the increased business in the same squares where smoke still ascends from the smouldering ruins. It says, *Our people are like their own steam engines—the more fire that is applied to them the faster they work.* Their energy and perseverance is like their iron—it was not made to be burnt."

MARRIAGES.

At Lebanon, on Tuesday the 8th inst, by W. Eulass, Esq., Mr. JAMES KNIGHT to Miss EMILY CROSS, all of this city.

In this city, on Saturday the 19th inst, by the Rev. James Hill, Dr. G. B. STEWART of Ross county, Ohio, to Miss SOPHIA F. daughter of Capt. John Newton, of Cincinnati.

On Sabbath the 12th inst, by the Rev. G. W. Maley, Mr. LEWIS D. ASKEW to Miss MARGARET SPARKS, of Colerain Township.

On Monday the 14th inst, by the Rev. W. Schon, J. B. CLARK SMITH of N. J., to Miss ELEANOR CROWELL, of this city.

DEATHS.

On Thursday the 10th inst, Mrs. MARY CLARK, aged 32 years.

Tuesday the 15th inst, NATHANIEL PENDLETON, son of Robt. B. and Susan S. Bowler; aged 22 months.

Same day, Mrs. MARGARET CONKLING, consort of Richard Conkling; aged 44 years.

Same day, JOHN ALEXIS, only son of Francis and Eliza Hardie; aged 20 months.

Thursday the 17th inst, HELEN, daughter of Thomas R. and Susan I. Raymond; aged 17 months.

Saturday the 19th inst, JAMES R., son of Thomas A. and Catharine Conway; aged 15 years.

Monday the 21st inst, Wm. AUGUSTUS, son of Nathan M. and Mary Ann Florer; aged 3 years.

Same day, Mrs. SUSAN A., wife of Alexander Williamson.

Cincinnati Fifty Years Ago.

It seems wonderful at this brief lapse of time, to contemplate the rise of property in our city. Major Ferguson, who fell in St. Clair's defeat, in 1791, a short time before, bought lot No. 113, on the original town plat, for eleven dollars. This is the property one hundred feet front on Broadway, by two hundred feet on Fourth street, being the south-west corner of those streets. The property, if divested of improvements, would now command at Sheriff's sale, twenty thousand dollars.

At this time there was but one large dwelling in Cincinnati, which belonged to Israel Haddock, and stood at the lower end of Main street. The room in front was occupied as a store. Matthew Witson kept a store on Front street, nearly opposite to David E. White, rather to the west. Ezekiel Sayre exactly opposite. Wadsworth John Battle kept the first store in Cincinnati. This was the site of the present Cincinnati Hotel and a hipped roof frame house. A German named Bicker had a dram shop opposite Plum street, between Front street and the river bank. John S. Wallace, resided on Front street, below Race. Joel Williams kept tavern at Latham's corner. There was a great flood in 1792, which flooded the entire bottom to the depth of five feet. The original timber on the town plat was beech, sugar tree and walnut, with poplar on some spots, many of the trees of large growth. The improvements went gradually up Main and Sycamore streets towards the hill, which was so steep, the ascent was almost too much for a horse. Corn was raised here in 1790 and 1791. The men worked in companies, and kept a guard on the lookout. In a large field up Western Row, John S. Wallace and several others were shot at by Indians. The party fired back, and drove off the savages, who left fifteen blankets on the field, but succeeded in carrying off the horses belonging to the party, which were in the enclosure. The Indians were still more troublesome in 1792, although their mischief was confined to destroying cattle, and conveying off horses. They shot three arrows into a large ox, with such force as to make marks on the opposite side. The arrows had stone heads. Provisions were very scarce, and dear on the first settlement. I saw ten dollars given for a barrel of flour, and eight dollars for a bushel of wheat. Our meat was got principally from the woods. A great share of the hunting was done in Kentucky, where the game was more abundant, and less danger of being surprised by the Indians. My husband killed two bears and an elk, as late as 1794. The game was so abundant as to form the principal support of the army, at Fort Wash-

ington. Turkeys were so plentiful that their breasts were salted down, smoked, and chipped for the table as dried beef in later days.

Antiquities.

A few years since Mr. E. Childs of Canfield, Trumbull county, in this State, in felling an oak tree on his father's farm, discovered undoubted marks of an axe, which by the later growth of the timber, as indicated by its annual circles must have been impressed on it some two hundred years since. This remarkable circumstance attracted many visitors and close scrutiny, but the opinion was universal, that the tree had been cut into cantines before. The incision had been made, apparently when the tree was fifteen inches diameter, doubtless with the view of cutting it down, as the chip had gone to the center, when a small hollow appearing at the heart of it, the tree had been abandoned. The entire space cut away was filled with new and solid wood in which was distinctly preserved each mark of the instrument. Nothing peculiar was observed until the tree fell, when the appearance of a stump within a stump was observed in the inthrashery hall, which was the spot on which the cutting had been made. The tree was a remarkable specimen of the growth of several species, plainly establishing the above facts, and deep for considerable length of time. Outside of the old tree one hundred and sixty concentric circles of growth in sound wood were apparent. These trees had been dead some years, and the sapwood and pith adjacent were so far decayed as to present a certain cavity, perhaps five or six inches in diameter. This, with the time the tree had been dead, being over six years, indicated that it was cut down about the year 1690, or thereabouts, the first time civilized men explored Ohio. Whether these were the remains of the French, Spanish or English explorers, is a question for antiquarians to discuss, although the origin is probably beyond former imagination. In connection with this remarkable circumstance, I will add the statement of one of the oldest settlers here, who records what fell under his own notice at the time, and have it direct from their own lips. In 1791, an old poplar tree nearly seven feet in diameter, was cut down in the process of clearing, growing in those early days. It stood some distance west of White Row, a foundry is built. On the opposite side of the river, a few feet from the outside of the upper canal, where it had been before cut, and grown over solid again, the old mark being full broader than one made by a common axe. I found an old chip there which had not been cleaned out and took

ed much discolored. Judging by the circles of the tree, the first chopping must have been done more than one hundred years since, say in the neighborhood of the year 1680."

Documents of last War.

HEAD QUARTERS, OHIO MILITIA,
LOWER SANDUSKY, Oct. 6th, 1813.

DEAR GENERAL:

I have the honor to inform you by Major Vance, that I arrived here yesterday with the 2nd regiment; the 1st will be here from Seneca to-day; the 3rd is on the left and centre lines of communication. These two regiments are considerably reduced, having detached one company at Upper Sandusky, two companies to Fort Meigs, and three small companies to Detroit; who start to day as an escort to the beef cattle. And there is a number engaged in the employ of the Quarter Master, by special request of Col. Bartlet, and a number sick. The effective force in the two regiments at this place, is about one thousand. The garrison here will be loved as the Chillicothe Guard's time has nearly expired. I found the garrison of Upper Sandusky in a dirty miserable state. I have ordered the company of militia there to build a small hospital, to cleanse the fort and put the rooms in repair, with safe and comfortable fire places, which must be done at this post. If you think proper, I am anxious to receive your orders to know how the troops are to be disposed of. We are all willing to cross into Canada or go to Detroit, or where you may think proper. The men are very orderly good militia, and willing to do their duty, but are badly clothed for the winter in this northerly climate, on account of their not receiving the pay that was promised in advance, which was attended with great murmuring and complaint. Many were not able to buy a blanket or pair of shoes, and actually marched from the neighborhood of Cincinnati to Franklinton, without shoes, blankets, tents, or camp kettles. I there got a partial supply, and some companies marched to Seneca without more than two tents, and 2 camp kettles to a company. They are all now supplied with camp equipage, so that they are more comfortable. Brigade Major Lewis I expect up to day, and will have the two regiments again inspected and make report.—Major Vance, one of my aids, can give you every information in detail, whom I highly recommend to your excellency, and beg that he may be despatched back as soon as practicable.

I am sir, with great respect and esteem,

Your humble servant,

JOHN S. GANO.

Maj. Gen. Com'dt. O. Mil. in service.

GEN. WM. H. HARRISON, Detroit.

HEAD QUARTERS, DETROIT Oct. 12th, 1813.

DEAR SIR:

Your favors by Major Vance were duly received. He will return by water as soon as the wind is fair for him, I will give you further instructions. In the mean time, you will be pleased to send a detachment to repair and open the road to portage on Lake Erie. One or two bridges must be built or the road will be impassable for waggons. If there should be any old boats at Sandusky, please to repair them for the purpose of transporting all the provisions and clothing at Sandusky down to the portage on the bay, and give to the Quarter Master and Commissary all the assistance in your power. If Capt. Oliver is yet at Sandusky; tell him that it is important that all the salt provisions which may be at Fort Meigs, should be immediately sent to this place.

Yours with great respect,

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN S. GANO.

Lower Sandusky.

HEAD QUARTERS, DETROIT, Oct. 14, 1813.

SIR:

You will furnish Lt. Col. Croghan, with two of your smallest companies, amounting in the whole to not less than one hundred men, for the purpose of a guard to the prisoners under his direction to Chillicothe. Upon the arrival of these companies at Chillicothe, they will be discharged.

I am very respectfully,

your humble servant,

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN S. GANO.

Lower Sandusky.

UPPER SANDUSKY, Oct. 12th, 1813.

DEAR SIR:

The large quantity of commissary stores now at McArthur, for which I am required to furnish immediate transportation, requires that considerable repairs should be made on the road to enable me to comply with the requisition. I do not feel myself authorized without special instructions from a superior officer to employ men for this purpose, the less so as it has been the custom generally to have the roads and bridges repaired by the troops in service. The object of this is to know, if it be practicable to obtain a detachment from your command to open the road and repair the bridges between this and Lower Sandusky. A bridge will be necessary across Wolf creek, between Seneca and Lower Sandusky, and a number of smaller ones between here and that post. Capt. Welsh is now engaged in erecting one across Tymochtee. He is at work under an order of Gov. Meigs. I find it impossible for the teams to get on until

the road is opened wider, and the bad place bridged. Will you have the goodness sir, to inform me if you can give me any aid in this business—repairs must be made on it, and this appeared to me the most proper mode.

I am sir, with much respect.

your most ob't. serv't.,

B. HUGHES, A. D. Q. M. &.

Maj. Gen. J. S. Gano, L. Sandusky.

Bicknell's Patent Planing Machine.

I feel highly gratified in learning that the U. States District Court, at its late session at Columbus, decided the case of Brooks & Morris vs. Bicknell & Jenkins, in favor of the defendants, ruling that the invention of Bicknell's was no infringement of Woodworth's patent, and leaving it free for the public to *rule*, as it undoubtedly will, that Bicknell's *buckeye* invention is vastly superior in merit to that of his New York competitor. The case has resulted, as I said in one of the early numbers of this paper, that it must. It is gratifying to find that all the array of influence enlisted on the part of the plaintiff failed to crush the ingenious and public spirited inventor of this valuable improvement.

Sugar Mills and Engines for Louisiana.

I had occasion to refer last week to a notice in the Pittsburgh "Spirit of the Age," on the subject of the manufacture of sugar mills &c. for the southern markets. For want of time, and yet more, owing to the incompleteness of my information at the moment, the correction I made was neither explicit nor minute enough to do our Cincinnati mechanic establishments justice. I will now upon undoubted authority go into specifications.

The Pittsburgh article stated, as an evidence of the thriving condition of the foundries and machine shops of that place, that seven sugar mills and engines had been made at one establishment, and five at another there during this season.

Let us contrast our city manufactures in this line with these results. Messrs. Niles, & Co., have put up twenty-five; David Griffee, eight; James Goodloe, seven; Anthony Harkness, six, of these Sugar Mills and Engines this season. J. Holabird and Bevan, Scott & Co., who have just engaged in the business have, put up one each, making forty-eight manufactured in Cincinnati to twelve in Pittsburgh.

This difference, great though it be, does not cover the whole case. All the larger class of Sugar Mills and Engines for Louisiana are made in Cincinnati. These cost from four to seven thousand dollars, and will average all of five thousand dollars each. The article supplied from Pittsburgh, is of the second class, and for

second rate sugar estates, costing thirty-five hundred dollars.

Let me exhibit the difference in figures.

12 Mills and Engines made at Pitts-

burgh, 3500

42,000

48 do do at Cincinnati, 240,000

There is a large amount besides of repairing and refitting Mills and Engines for Louisiana, done here, of which this season's bills will exceed 30,000 dollars, making an aggregate of \$70,000. It is an under estimate, to say that twelve more will be built in the course of the current year, at least ten of that number being already under contract.

I have been thus at once, full and minute on this subject, because an impression prevails abroad, that our manufacturing interest is of less weight than that of Pittsburgh, and in fact many of our own citizens are ignorant of the real state of facts. Abstract the rolling mills, glass and cotton yarn factories of Pittsburgh from the manufacturing comparison, and in every other description of mechanical industry and product, Cincinnati is far in advance of that place.

Documents relative of War of 1812.

HANCOCK, OHIO MILITIA,

Lower Sandusky. Oct. 15th.

His Excellency Gen. HARRISON:

Sir—I dispatched my acting brigade, Major Vance to you for orders on the 6th inst.—he has not returned. I have made several details of detachments since he left this. I have furnished the Quarter Master and Commissary with a number of men for extra duty, and have sent a company to Fort Findlay—I will send another detachment with beef cattle to Detroit as soon as they can be collected in sufficient numbers for an escort. I have directed the commanders at the different posts on the left centre and right lines of communication, to afford every assistance to the Quarter Master and Commissaries in protecting the public stores, and escorting provisions &c., and have rendered considerable service with the waggon I brought on to these departments, and have twelve now loading with provisions for the Kentucky troops at Portage. If you calculate on retaining the Ohio troops, I will be much obliged by your informing me of their probable destination, as I wish to make some arrangements for my winter quarters; and if to be discharged, the sooner I am to be informed the better. I will always take pleasure in rendering my country and yourself all the service in my power, and most sincerely congratulate you upon your glorious victories and success.

With respect, &c.,

J. S. GANO.

10 o'clock P. M. I this moment received yours

of the 12th inst., and have in some measure anticipated your orders by sending on a detachment to repair the road to portage, which I expect them to complete to-morrow, and have had a detachment at work on the road between McArthur and Upper Sandusky, and are building a bridge across Tymochtee &c.

Head Quarters, Detroit, Oct. 16th, 1813.

DEAR SIR:

You will take the command of all the posts upon the frontier of the State of Ohio. You can establish your quarters at Fort Meigs, Lower or Upper Sandusky. You will afford all the security possible to the frontiers as well by repelling any invasion of the savages as by preventing any depredation upon them.

You will as expeditiously as possible, order to this place such a number of men from your command, with a due proportion of officers, as added to the number already sent, will make five hundred men. It is all important that beef cattle should be forwarded to this place with as much expedition as possible, you will use every exertion to forward them, and take care that they are furnished with suitable escorts from the troops under your command.

I am with great regard,

your humble servant,

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

Major Gen. JOHN S. GANO,

L. Sandusky.

Head Quarters, Buffalo, Oct. 20th, 1813.

DEAR SIR:

I arrived here yesterday with a detachment of the army, and will proceed immediately to Fort George. Nothing of consequence had taken place, when the last accounts came from Gen. Wilkinson's army. He has certainly however, before this, entered Canada at the head of a very large force which he had assembled at, and in the neighborhood of, Seneca's Harbour.

There was a man by the name of Crandall, in custody at Lower Sandusky; on suspicion of being a spy—there is no positive proof against him; be pleased therefore to release him. I will thank you also to deliver the three Mingo or Delaware Indians which you have in your possession to the Delaware Chief, Anderson, who has promised to be responsible for their good behaviour. Indeed I believe that they never intended any harm. If Anderson has returned home, you can send them to him, or to Mr. Johnston at Piqua.

Yours very respectfully,

WM. HENRY HARRISON.

Major Gen. GANO.

Upper Sandusky, Nov. 4th, 1813.

SIR:

Major Thompson informed me this morning, that you were much in want of forage at Lower Sandusky. I expected a supply would have been sent from Cleveland some time since, and am astonished that it has not come on. Capt. Reed, the Quarter Master at that post, wrote me about the 15th ult., that he would in a few days send on a supply. I have not at this time one team to command, all the public teams fit for service, being in advance. Four private teams came in this morning with oats; I offered them two dollars per bushel to go on to Lower Sandusky, but they refused; I would have impressed them, but they were so poor and weak they would not have been able to get through. The fact is the roads are impassable for loaded wagons. A brigade of ox-teams were about six days getting from here to Fort Ball, where finding it impracticable to proceed, they deposited their load and returned, after having left a number of their oxen on the way, and this not in consequence of mismanagement or neglect of the wagon master, but in consequence of the extreme badness of the roads, and the worn out situation of his oxen.

Capt. Catterlin favored me with a copy of your general order of the 16th ult, relative to having the roads repaired by the troops, stationed at the different Garrisons, which I enclosed to the commanding officer at Fort McArthur, at the same time trying the necessity of his detaching a part of his company to open the road from that to this post immediately. Mr. Smith, the commander at that post wrote me, that the Captain and Lieutenant, and a number of the men had gone home sick, and that the ensign, did not think proper to comply with the requisition. This information I requested Capt. Oliver to give you.

By the first wagons I will send you a small supply of grain, if you should not get it from Cleveland, every exertion has been made to get a stock on hand here for the winter, but the heavy draft made on it by Gov. Shelby has left us but little; it was always contemplated to supply the post at Lower Sandusky from the settlements on the Lake.

I will send the blacksmith (Figg) on to-morrow by the day after. The flour &c. left at Fort Ball shall be taken on as soon as teams can be had to do it. Major Thompson informs me that the commandant at Seneca has sent a corporal and six men to guard it until it can be removed.

With great respect, Your obedient servant,

B. HUGHES,

Major Gen. J. S. GANO,
Lower Sandusky.

A Legend of Kentucky.

Sixty-three years have passed away since the disastrous battle of the Blue Licks, where Kentucky valor was betrayed by its characteristic impetuosity into the ambush of the savages, and the most gallant settlers of the west, became the victims of Indian barbarity. Hardly a family in the settlements escaped the loss of one or more valuable members. Cols. Todd and Frigg, Lieutenant Boone—son of Daniel Boone, and more lamented than any other one, the noble spirited Capt. Harland, with numbers of less note, fell in that bloody field. No adequate idea can now be formed of the grief and despondency which followed the catastrophe of that unfortunate day.

On the long roll of the reported slain were the names of a few, who had in fact been captured, and after surviving the ordeal of the gauntlet had been permitted to live as captives. Among these was an excellent husband and father, who, with eleven other captives, had been taken by a tribe, painted black, as the signal of torture and death to all. The night after the battle these twelve prisoners were stripped and placed in a line on a log, he to whom we have specially alluded being at one extremity of the devoted row.

The cruel captors, then beginning at the other end, slaughtered eleven, one by one; but when they came to the only survivor, though they raised him up also and drew their bloody knives to strike under each uplifted arm, they paused, and after a long pause, spared his life—why, he never knew. For about one year none of his friends, excepting his faithful wife, doubted his death; she, hoping against reason, still insisted that he lived and would return to her. Wooed by another, she from time to time postponed the nuptials, declaring that she could not divorce herself of the belief that her husband survived. Her expectulating friends finally succeeded in their efforts to stifle her affectionate instinct; she reluctantly yielded, and the nuptial day was fixed. But just before it dawned, the crack of a rifle was heard near her lonely cabin; at the familiar sound she leaped out like a liberated fawn, ejaculating as she sprang, "that John's gun." It was John's gun, sure enough, and in an instant she was once more in her lost husband's arms. But nine years afterwards, that same husband fell in "St. Clair's defeat," and the same disappointed but persevering lover renewed his suit, and at last the widow became his wife.

Total abstinence testimony.

Indisputable and valuable as are the direct benefits of the modern Temperance movement,

the indirect effects are hardly less so. It is not merely that confirmed inebriates have been rescued from wretchedness and disgrace, and their families saved from want, but individuals are in various ways withdrawn from the fascinating influence of conviviality before habitual drinking has created an appetite which can no longer be restrained within bounds. Fifty years ago, it was as much a matter of course to invite a guest to take a glass of wine, or brandy, or whiskey, as to offer a plate at the dinner table. The following document from the pen of WILLIAM EATON, in early life a subaltern in Wayne's army, and holding in later years, a General's commission in the United States service, affords a striking because a condensed view of the effects of such customs.

AN INSTRUCTIVE RECORD.—In August, 1793, a court martial was convened on the spot where Cincinnati now stands, by order of General St. Clair, for the trial of one ensign Morgan; who was found guilty and executed. Three years thereafter, the late Gen. Wm. Eaton, (a member of the court,) then consil to Tunis, thus recorded the fate of his associates:

Brig. Gen. PERRY	Resigned and dead.
Major D.	" " " "
" H.	Damned by brandy.
Capt. P.	Dead per do.
" R.	Dead.
" Eaton,	At Tunis.
" P.	Damned by brandy.
" M.	Dead.
" F.	Dead.
" P.	Dead.
" J.	Damned by brandy.
" C.	Killed.

Eaton's own fate, although delayed, was sealed by the same habits. He died in 1811, consumed in intemperance.

Among orders filed away in 1792, by a merchant of that period, and now lying on my table, the whole number being twelve, ten are for spirituous liquors, as follows: "Twenty Gallons whiskey,—half a gallon more—ten gallons whiskey—three gallons whiskey—one gallon madeira—two gallons cognac—whiskey—whiskey—whiskey—whiskey. These were all for officers in the United States army. Some of whose initials correspond with Eaton's list.

Howard, the Philanthropist.

He was a singular being in many of the common habits of life; he bathed daily in cold water; and both on rising and going to bed, swathed himself in coarse towels, wet with the coldest water; in that state he remained half an hour or more, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the

coldest countries; nor was he ever a minute under or over the time of an appointment for 23 years. He never continued at a place, or, with a person a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his life; and he had not, for the last ten years of his experience, ate any fish, flesh or fowl, nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rucks; all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison; from one group of wretched beings to another, night and day; and when he could not go in a carriage he would walk. Such a thing, as an abstraction was out of the question.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the plague at Constantinople, he favored me with a morning visit to London. The weather was so very terrific, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up the hope of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock struck, he entered my room; the wet—for it rained in torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from its washing. He would not have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and began conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes. 'Yes,' said he, smiling, 'I had my fears. As I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehension about a little rain water, which though it does not run off my back as it does that of a duck, does me as little injury, and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing.—The coat that I have on has been as often wetted through as any duck's in the world, and indeed gets no other cleaning. I assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloth. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships, with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who being familiar with storms, necessity, and nakedness, are a thousand times (so forcible is habit) less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebling refinements of feathers by night and fires by day, are taught to shiver at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friends; nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgences from the moment we come into the world. A soft dress and soft cradle begin our education in luxury, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified; on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, and fear the least change in the weather. 'You smile,' said Mr. Howard, after a pause; 'but I am a living instance of the truth I insist on. A more puny youngster than myself was never seen. If I wet my feet I was sure to take a cold. I could not put on my shirt without its being aired. To be serious, I am convinced that what emaculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions which are of such use to social beings. I therefore entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapors, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Formerly mulled wines, and spirits, and great fires, were to comfort me, and to keep out the cold, as it is called; the perils of the day were to be baffled by something taken hot on going to

bed, and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed to fortify the stomach! 'Believe me,' said Mr. Howard, 'we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe for ourselves. Thus we are forever giving hot things when we should administer cold. We bathe in hot instead of cold water, we use a dry bandage when we should use a wet one, and we increase our food and clothing, when we should, by degrees, diminish both.' 'If we would trust more to nature, and suffer her to apply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of maladies would be reduced to one-half, at least, of their present number.'—*Pratt's Glances.*

☞ The Rev. Sydney Smith had a talent for dressing salad as well as repudiators. See his poetical recipe, so pat:

Recipe for Dressing Salad.

BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

Two large potatoes passed through kitchen sieve, Smoothness and softness to the salad give; Of mordant mustard add a single spoon— Distrust the condiment that bites too soon— But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault, To add a double quantity of salt; Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown, And twice with vinegar procured from town; True flavor needs it, and your poet begs, The pounded yelow of two well boiled eggs. Let onions' atoms lurk within the bowl, And, lastly, in the flavored compound toss A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce, O! great and glorious: O! herbacious treat! 'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat, Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul, And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl.

Lightning Rods.

As the summer advances, I feel it my duty to call public attention to providing lightning rods to our various buildings, public and private.—Probably there are not one in twenty of the edifices in Cincinnati protected by these important preservatives.

This may be ascribed partly to the general disposition in mankind to undervalue dangers which are not immediately at hand, and to neglect, therefore, proper precautionary measures, but is principally owing to the fact, that there has hitherto been no person here engaged in the manufacture, and putting up of electric rods as a distinct business. Mr. J. SMART, I observe by his advertisement to that effect, has gone into that business, and puts up conductors at the extremely low price of ten cents per running foot, which will enable most persons to have themselves protected from lightning, at an expense not exceeding five dollars to a building. Mr. Pratt has abandoned the insecure and inefficient plan of linking iron joints, and connects his rods by screwing one length into another which preserves the connecting parts from oxidation, and the building from the injury which must result from that circumstance.

Marriage Licenses.

A statement of Marriage Licences issued by Arthur St. Clair, Gov. to wit.

1795.

Nov. 14th, Isaac Bates and Nancy Duval.

" 16th, John Smith and Phebe Van Nuys.

1796.

Feb. 9th, Robt. Mitchell and Frances Cox.

" 21st, Miles Morfoot and Mary Alter.

" 22nd, Wm. Sloan and Elizabeth Prickett.

" 24th, Stephen Wood and Cath. Freeman.

" 25th, Ian Gregorach and Temperance Young.

April 16th, Daniel Symmes, Esq. and Elizabeth Oliver.

May 9th, Nicholas Johnston and Sarah Ferris.

" 10th, Geo. Morfoot and Ruth Lowry.

Scites for Country Seats.

I cannot understand why it is, that while city lots command a higher price here than at Pittsburgh, that scites for country seats are much more expensive in that neighborhood than at an equal distance from Cincinnati. I have under my notice several desirable spots for the purpose around our city, of which I shall refer to one merely, and to that, principally, because it is in the market. Six miles west upon the Cheviot road, a macadamised public road, and within a short distance of that place, is a ten acre lot. It lies beautifully, faces the South and is susceptible of being made a country seat, such as can hardly be seen outside of the valley of the Miami. Such a spot at an equal distance from Pittsburgh, and possessing equal natural advantages, could hardly be bought there for less than 300 dollars per acre, and this whole tract is offered for 1200 dollars.

The solution of the difficulty I referred to is probably that much of the immediate adjacency of Pittsburgh is composed of hills, too high for pleasant or convenient residences, and that the business parts of the city are too restricted in space, to allow of residences there, to the extent they exist here.

Our City Solons.

At the adjourned meeting of the city council on Friday evening, a debate sprung up on a proposition that B. F. Greenough, who is supplying a portion of the city with light by camphine, or chemical oil, be allowed to take back his lamps, in other words, that the existing arrangement with him should terminate.

Great complaints were made by members on the subject of the lamps. One member alleged that he could not walk the streets in peace on account of the various objections made by his

constituents. Mr. Decamp said that Greenough appeared disposed to do as he pleased with the lights, lighting and putting out as he pleased.—Some of them burned by night, and some by day, and some were not lighted at all, the light going out as soon as the lamp-lighter left them.

The whole secret of the business seemed to be, that Mr. Greenough furnished lamps which were not adapted to the burning any other kind of oil, and thus compelled the use of the camphine. Finally Mr. Greenough was directed to take back his lamps by a vote of 13 to 7.

Some interesting facts were developed in the discussion of a motion made by Mr. Meader, to equalise the compensation of the wood measurer at the Fifth street market, and those at the river. It seems conceded, that 46 feet wood at the river measure 58 feet at Fifth street market, and that what was a cord of wood at the landings becomes a cord and a quarter after being drawn up hill. This is equal to the ancient process in Cincinnati of killing cattle for the fifth quarter i. e. the hide and tallow; or the coinage here in 1806 of quarter dollars by dividing a spanish dollar into five equal parts, the fifth paying the expense of the Mint.

S. B. Star Spangled Banner.

The building of the Steamboat Yorktown, a few months since, has formed an era in steam boat architecture, and nearly all the vessels since built are indebted to that splendid boat, more or less, as a model, in which they have gained nothing by departing from its proportions or arrangements, so far as it has been done. In the opinion I thus express, my judgment and taste are amply sustained by professional men fitter qualified to decide on such subjects than I pretend to be.

Our latest specimen of modern boat-building the STAR SPANGLED BANNER, left our city the beginning of the week. I subjoin her measurements and specifications.

Hull built by Litherbury & Lockwood. Joiner work, Robert Canfield. Engine builder; James Goodloe. Length, 183 feet. Breadth of beam, 31 feet. Water wheels, 27 feet in diameter; length of buckets, 10 feet, and 23 inches wide. Hold 7 feet 9 inches. She has four boilers 23 feet in length, 42 inches diameter, double engines, and two 24 inch cylinders, with 9 feet stroke. She draws 4 feet water light, and hardly more than 8 feet with 500 tons, her full cargo. She has 36 state rooms, and of course 72 berths, all appropriated to cabin passengers, the boat officers being provided with state rooms in the pilot house. This arrangement affords the officers an opportunity to attend to their appropriate duties without the annoyance and interfer-

ence of others, and dispensing with the *luxury* of a **SOCIAL HALL**, protects the gentlemen, and especially the ladies on board, from the effluvia of cigars, which ordinarily taints the whole range of the cabins. As respects the berths, I notice as an improvement, that the lower berth projects over the line of the upper one, in this respect affording facilities for reaching the higher range without the usual inconvenience. The cabin seats are armed chairs, two feet in breadth, which supply a degree of comfort and protection to the aged or the invalid in assigning them space at the dinner table, which cannot be encroached on, and enabling them to take their meals as pleasantly as at home.

The *Star spangled Banner*, is in short built for convenience, comfort and speed, and I doubt not will prove a popular boat in the New Orleans trade for which she is designed. A speedy return with full freight and passengers to our public landing will I trust, justify all I expect, from the business capacities of the boat.

Her engines built by *J. Goodloe*, judging by her trial trip on last Thursday, work with unsurpassed ease and efficiency, and are highly creditable to the shop where made.

The *Star spangled Banner* is owned by *Richard Phillips & Elmore Bateman*, who are also Captain and clerk to the boat.

Tricks of the Trade.

Great Bargains! Immense Sacrifices! Selling out at cost! Selling out at 25 per cent. below cost! These are notices to be found occasionally placarded over the windows and adjoining the floors of certain dry goods houses in Cincinnati, as profusely as space permits, to catch the eye and clean the pockets of a class of customers who are not up to the tricks of trade.

In all this, however, if we examine the subject, there is no deception on the part of the sellers. "Selling off at cost", and at 25 per cent below cost are modifications of the same thing, the article being sold at the purchaser's cost or expenses, varying never less than 25 per cent advance from what it can be bought at regular houses. This also explains the "immense sacrifice" which is what the buyer, not the seller loses. As to the "bargains," if we look to the derivation of the word—*bar-gains*,—there is no deception also, the word itself expressing the idea of haggling or excluding profits or advantages.

Occasionally, however, the seller finds in the purchaser a nut too hard for his jaws to crack. Not long since a couple of hoosiers stopped into a store on Fifth street, which held out the usual bait, "Goods for sale, 25 per cent below cost." One of these supplied himself with a coat pat-

tern, a piece domestic sheeting, calicoes, &c. taking care to inquire, "what does this cost?" article by article as he bought. His bill being made out amounted to 20 dollars. He made up a bundle of the goods, by tying them in a large handkerchief, and opening a leather pouch, counted out and handed over fifteen dollars in payment. "Five dollars more if you please," said the storekeeper, as he found no more shelling out, and bowing politely. "Five dollars more," said the hoosier. I guess you have got your full pay, when you take the 25 per cent off." The storekeeper tried to explain, but to no purpose. "Did you not tell me what these things cost?" "Yes." "Well, where is the 25 per cent less, or discount? The dry goods man with his clerks blustered and threatened very hard, but it was no go. The hoosiers were prepared for action, either at a magistrate's office or on the spot, and marched off finally, carrying their point.

City Building Operations.

Our city building operations for the last week or two have been partially checked by excessively hot weather, and are delayed now by the diminishing supply of materials. Shingles have advanced fifty per cent, and in the article bricks the demand and consumption has taken up the whole supply. At this time last year there were ten millions of bricks on hand. Now there are none in market, the current manufacture being required to fill existing engagements. A much larger quantity of bricks has been laid, up to the 15th July last, than for the corresponding period of the past year, so that there can be no doubt our erections of 1845 will equal those of 1844.

Portrait Painting.

A portrait painter in large practice might write a pretty book on the vanity and singularity of his sitters. A certain man came to Copley, and had himself, his wife, and seven children, all included in a family piece.

"It wants but one thing," said, "and that is the portrait of my first wife, for this one is my second."

"But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know sir; what can I do? She must come in as a woman; no angels for me."

The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; when he returned, he had a stranger lady on his arm.

"I must have another cast of your hand, Copley," he said, "an accident befell my second wife, this lady is my third, and she is come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter complied—the likeness was introduced—and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Now the lady; she remonstrated, never was such a thing heard of—out her predecessors must go.

The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.

A Legend of North Bend.

In the month of August, 1791, a man named Fuller, with his son William, a lad of 16 years of age, or thereabouts, was in the employ of John Matson Sen, and in that capacity, the Fullers accompanied Matson, a brother of his, and a neighbor, George Cullum to the Big Miami, to build a fish dam in its waters, at a place about two miles from North Bend. Old Fuller sent his son towards night to take the cows home, but the boy did not reach home, and for several days, the neighborhood turned out to hunt him up, suspecting that he had been taken by Indians. No trace of him was however obtained, nor any thing heard of him for nearly four years, when Wayne's treaty afforded an opportunity for those who had relatives captured by the Indians to ascertain their fate. Old Fuller, under the hope of learning something respecting his son, accompanied a party to Fort Greenville, and spent a week making inquiry among the Indians present, but to no purpose. One day being in conversation with *Christopher Miller*, one of Wayne's spies, and who had been taken captive himself in early years, and brought up among the Indians; he was describing his son's personal appearance, as being heavy built, cross eyed, and a little lame, when Miller exclaimed, "I can tell you where he is." He then went on to say, that he had himself made him a prisoner, that he knew where he was, and if he would come back in three weeks, he would produce him there. Fuller returned accordingly, and obtained his son, who accompanied him home. The statement of Miller was, that he was out on a scout on the Miami with two Indians, and the youth being intent on hunting the cows, had got quite near before he observed Miller. When he saw him, he attempted to run, fearing that Miller might be an Indian. Miller called out "don't run." The boy spoke up and said, "who are you?" "My name is Miller." Young Fuller supposed it to be a Thomas Miller at North Bend, and stood still waiting the other's approach. As it was now dusk, it was not until Miller had got nearly up to him, that the boy perceived his mistake, and endeavored to make his escape. Being somewhat lame, he was however soon overtaken and captured. Miller then gave a whistle on his powder charge, when two Indians appeared. They hurried the boy across the Miami, the waters of which were quite low at the time. After traveling some distance, they encamped for the rest of the night. In the morning, the Indians discovering that Fuller was lame, and defective in his eyes, were for tomahawking him, alleging they could never make a good Indian of him.

but Miller objected, saying he was his captive. He was taken to one of the Indian towns, where he remained until the treaty of 1795. He had been a bad boy hitherto, and his residence among the savages, made no improvement in him. He did no good after getting home, and associating with a gang of horse thieves, lost his life not long after in a marauding expedition, made by the party into Kentucky.

Progress of Cincinnati.

In speaking of the growth of Cincinnati, present and probable, I take care so to present the subject as to invite a scrutiny into my statements. I do not wish to sustain these merely by what reputation for judgment or veracity I may possess.

When persons abroad allege that Cincinnati claims to have built 12,000 houses within the last twelve years, as a correspondent of the Louisville Courier asserts, I deny their right to hold the city or any respectable part of it, responsible for guesses, or for any thing but statements of alleged fact, vouched by men of fair standing. I do not assume to know more of Cincinnati, than any one may, who will make it a business to watch and record its progress.

I have registered the actual increase of buildings during the last twelve years, by which I refer to dwelling houses, business offices, and

store houses and work shops alone, as follows:			
1833	321	1839	394
1834	300	1840	406
1835	340	1841	806
1836	365	1842	852
1837	306	1843	1003
1838	334	1844	1220

In 1840, 35 millions brick were made, as per the census returns of that year. In 1845 this quantity was increased to 80 millions. The manufacture of 1845, will shew no decrease. If this seem incredible to any of my readers, let me call their attention to the following list of public buildings now in course of erection or finishing off, which have all been commenced since January 1st, 1845, with the quantity of bricks they will consume.

Cincinnati College,	1,000,000
Masonic Hall,	680,000
Roman Catholic Church,	600,000
Odd Fellows' Hall,	400,000
Central Presbyterian Church,	395,000
Third do do	393,000
Seventh St. do do	400,000
Tabernacle do	400,000
Seven smaller Churches.	1,750,000
	<hr/> 6,000,000

Of private buildings, Niles' Foundry alone,

will require 500,000, the block of stores at Loring's corner, not short of 1,000,000, & the block at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, at least 500,000 more. The great aggregate of brick used is made up of 1500 buildings, which will complete the erection of 1845, and are not hereinafter referred to.

First Church in Cincinnati--No. 2.

The first religious Society formed in Cincinnati, I have said, was of the Presbyterian order. This was organized into a congregation by Rev. David Rice, of Kentucky, who visited the place for that purpose in 1790. The lots constituting the south half of the block bounded by Fourth, Fifth, Main and Walnut streets had been dedicated to the use of this society, which being at that day too feeble, even with such aid as they could obtain in the town to build a church edifice, the only use made of the premises was as a grave yard, where repose to this period some of our oldest citizens. Meetings for worship were held at a *Horse Mill* on Vine street, below where Third street, has since been opened, being then the foot of the hill, and also, occasionally, at private houses. *John Smith* of Columbia, then a Baptist preacher, better known since as one of the early Senators from Ohio in the U. S. Senate, and implicated in Aaron Burr's memorable project, occasionally preached to this society.

In 1791, Rev. Peter Kemper, who deceased but a few years since, was invited to take charge of this church, and was escorted from Kentucky where he resided by a number of the citizens to Cincinnati. In 1792, as already stated, the first church edifice was built. This was a plain frame about 30 by 40, roofed and weather boarded with clapboards, but neither lathed, plastered, nor ceiled. The floor was of boat plank laid loosely upon sleepers. The seats were formed by rolling in the necessary number of logs which were placed at suitable distances, and covered with boards, whipsawed for the purpose, at proper spaces for seats. There was a breast work of unplanned cherry boards which served for a pulpit, behind which the clergyman stood on a plank supported by blocks.

The congregation were required to attend with rifles, under penalty of a fine of 75 cts., which was actually inflicted upon *John S. Wallace*, formerly auditor of this county, who had left his rifle at home through forgetfulness.—Others also, doubtless, incurred fines on this account.

As a specimen of the manner in which the clergymen of that day were sustained, I annex an original receipt which I have before me.

"Received February the 14th, 1794, of Mr.

Millen, Esq., the sum of three dollars, it being for Mr. Kemper's Salary for the year, 94 as an unsubscribed.

Received By me

CORNELIUS VAN NUYS."

The building referred to above was finished in the year 1799, so as to be rendered comfortable, and stood till about 1814, when being found too small for the congregation worshipping there, it was sold, and now occupies a part of Judge Burke's lot on Vine street, being the oldest edifice, public or private, a part of Mr. D. E. Wade's house, on Congress street excepted remaining at this time.

In 1797 Rev. Peter Wilson, also from Kentucky, succeeded Mr. Kemper as pastor to the congregation, and occupied that relation until July 30th, 1799, when he deceased. He preached dressed in Kentucky jeans, and a much coarser article than bore that name at a later date. *Elijah Davis* was the first appointed Sexton or "Saxon," as he is called in the church minutes, to be paid at the rate of fifteen dollars per year, the salary to be raised by contributions of the Congregation. At a later date Rev. M. G. Wallace, now of Terre Haute, Indiana, was Pastor of the church, and Rev's. J. P. Campbell and John Davies were stated supplies. This state of things lasted until May 27th, 1808, when Rev. Joshua L. Wilson having accepted the charge of that church, entered on his pastoral duties.

Columbus.

There seems to be an unaccountable degree of ignorance in the American public, as to the birth place as well as the final burial place of Christopher Columbus. It is well known he was born in the State of Genoa, and has usually been considered a native of the City itself. A dispute on this point has however long existed. All debate on the subject has been lately put to rest. M. Isuardi, a Piedmontese archæologist, has discovered among the archives of Genoa, authentic proof that the illustrious navigator was born at Colognetto, a village in the republic of Genoa. It consists in a letter written by the government, dated 5th November, 1585, to their ambassador Doria, at Madrid, in which the following passage occurs: "Christopher Columbus of Colognetto, an illustrious man, as you ought to know, being in Spain, has ordered by his will, that a house shall be built at Genoa, which shall bear his name, and has instituted a fund for the preservation of this building etc. etc." A party of South Americans, on a tour upon the Continent, happening to be in Genoa when this fact was ascertained, made a pilgrimage to the palace, entered the house in which

he was born, with their heads uncovered, regarding the birth place of the grand discoverer of the new world as one of the most interesting scites on their route.

Columbus died at Valladolid, in Spain, in 1506, aged 70 years. In 1513 his remains were transported to Seville, whence they were removed in 1536 to the city of St. Domingo, and in January 1776, two hundred and sixty years after, were taken with great pomp by a Spanish squadron to Havana and placed in the wall of the Cathedral there, on the west side of the great altar. A white marble tablet has since been set in the wall to designate the spot which contains these relics. On the tablet is a medallion likeness of Columbus in profile, and beneath, the following inscription.

O! restos e ymagen del grande Colon!
Mil siglos durad guardados en la Orna,
Y en la remembranza de nuestra Nacion.

Fecit Habana, 1832.

Which may be translated thus:

O rest the image of the great Columbus!
May it endure a thousand ages, guarded in this
Urn,

And in the remembrance of our nation.

I have always wondered why Columbus should have been so extensively called in Spain and Italy, *Colon*, his name being in Italian *Columba*, as in Latin, *Columbus*, or in English *Dove*.—Nor is *Colon* the equivalent name in the Spanish language. This discovery serves to explain the difficulty, *Colon* being doubtless a name which he derived from the city of his nativity. Every one familiar with the literature of the 15th and 16th centuries is aware that it was a common appellative for a distinguished man to bear a name which he derived from the place of his birth or long residence. *Colon* would be the diminutive of *Colognetto*; the *g* in Italian and Spanish being thrown on to the third syllable.

A Chapter on Dunning.

In this bank note world of ours, where selling on credit, and collecting debts form so large a share of the active business of life, a good salesman, and a good collector, are two of the most valuable qualifications for employment.

Indeed, excellence in dunning, is a sure passport in the mercantile world, to patronage. I have not the design, however of lecturing on the subject, although it is worthy of a lecture, and content myself with a few anecdotes, which may interest some of my readers. They will furnish hints by which ingenious men may profit in studying the science.

Mr. G. of our city sold a pair of horses for 150 dollars to Col. ———, and after applying again and again for the money to little purpose, sent

his black fellow, *Jim*, with positive instructions not to let him see his face again till he had got the money out of the Colonel. "Wait at his house till you get it, no odds how long he keeps you." *Jim* accordingly went on his mission, met the Colonel at the door, just about to leave home, applied for the money, and was put off as usual, the debtor walking away as he made his excuse. After being absent two or three hours, the Colonel returned and found *Jim* sitting at the door, took dinner and supper, and kept all that day ensconced in the house to escape dunning as he should come out. *Jim* slept at the door, and was the first object the Colonel glanced at, as he threw open his casement in the morning. "What do you want?" he abruptly inquired. "Dat money, massa,—Massa G. say mussent come home to I get it." The Colonel paused a moment; there was no dodging such pertinacity, and no telling how long *Jim's* visit or rather *visitation* might last. So putting the best face on the matter, "Come in *Jim*," said he "and get something to eat in the kitchen, and by that time I shall be ready for you." As soon as *Jim* had dispatched his meal, he received the money and departed with rejoicing, still further heightened when Mr. G. gave him a five dollar bill for his collecting commissions.

Mr. C——, of our city was in the dry goods business in 1836–7, and with many a worthy man went to the wall during that period. Having no means to get again into business, his financial affairs went from bad to worse, and finding it hard to scratch up as much out of his old city debts as would pay his boarding bills, he borrowed a horse, and taking along his outstanding *hoosier* accounts, set out on a collecting tour. At *Connerville* he found one of his old debtors, almost as hard up as himself. "He had nothing, was sorry to say so, would do any thing in his power to assist his friend C——. If he had had notice in time or if Mr. C—— could have called in the course of a week or two, he might have done something, he believed."—"Well," said C——, "I have never been in your place before, it seems a pleasant like neighborhood, suppose I board with you a week or two, and we will look round and see what can be done." No objection of course could be made to this under the circumstances of the case. C——, who, as a son of the emerald isle, was fond of the ladies, had licked the blarney stone besides, fastened on the girls, the daughters of the host, and became as constant as their shadow, palavering them to death. In short, by the time the first week was through, the young ladies were thoroughly tired of their company, whose engrossing character kept every body

else at a distance, and they signified to the father that Mr. C—— must either leave the house or they should. Finally, the hoosier had to turn out, and between borrowing and collecting, he made up the bill, C—— generously forgiving the interest. C——, in telling his own story, added, "If he had not paid me, I should have boarded it out, for it was no use for me to come back without the money. I don't know who would have boarded me here."

I heard *Jonathan Young* once complain to *Engr. Mahard*, of a person who had been employed to collect subscriptions to some benevolent object to which Young had subscribed ten dollars. "Would you believe it Squire, he called on me every day last week, and some days twice or three times. Such dunning is outrageous, don't you think so?" "Yes," said the Squire drily,—"he must have had a particular apite at you, he only called *once* upon me."

During one period of my employment with *Macalester & Co.*, the collecting fell into my hands. P——, a debtor, who kept a drug store on Main Street, was one of our dilatory customers. It was a constant trial of skill between us, he in getting into our debt, and I in getting him out of it. On one occasion I had made out and presented his bill. He glanced it over and said he would call and settle it. After the lapse of a week I presented it again. He then set the next Monday to pay it. On Monday he had not the money; call on Thursday. On Thursday again delinquent, and so forth from the beginning of the week to the middle of it, and from that middle to the beginning of the next, and so on for six weeks. I grew very tired, but as I was determined neither to lose my temper, nor fail of my purpose, I changed my battery.—If, when I passed by his store I found him alone, or occupied behind the counter, I kept on, but if, as was often the case, he was engaged talking with his neighbors, I made it my practice to stand within sight, my file of bills displayed in my hands, and as if waiting upon others for my turn to be attended to. After tantalizing him thus for a few minutes, I would say, "Ah, I see you are busy, Mr. P——, I will call again." After doing this four or five times P—— called on my employers, and complained to Mr. Buchanan that he could not stand such dunning as his man Cist's. "Ah!" said Mr. B. in his quiet way, "I hope he is not rude to you." "No," said P——, "but he haunts me to death; he is there from Monday morning till Saturday night." "Well," said Mr. Buchanan, in a tone which mingled seriousness with pleasantry. "I would not be plagued that way by any body. I think you ought to pay him off, and send him about his business."

Another hard case I had in L——. His avowed principle, was to owe his creditor as long as he could, and as we were personal friends, acknowledged to me, that he considered the four thousand dollars, he kept open on his neighbor's books, just so much capital in his business.—At one time he had owed a balance on our books for nearly a year, six to nine months of which, I had been dunning him for the amount, and finally got him to set a day for payment. "Call," said he "next Monday, and I will pay up." As this was Tuesday, a week more was staved off. On Monday morning the first thing I did in the way of business was to call according to appointment. "You are very punctual," said he, "I generally am in business matters," I replied. "In this case however, I had another reason for being so." "Ah," said he, "what was that."—"Why," said I "if a person were to set a day to pay me money, and I did not call; it would look as though I doubted whether he meant to give it me, which," added I, "on the footing of friendship, you and I are, would be absolutely an insult; don't you think so?" He opened his eyes and stared at me, to ascertain if I was quizzing him. But I was perfectly serious and doubtless looked so. He paid the debt, and I have not a shadow of doubt, I should have had to call twenty times more for it, if I had not hit him so close.

Vine Street Hill.

As our building operations in Cincinnati, and its northern liberties have enlarged last year and the present to an extent of 1500 houses, it may be of some interest to examine their features. I take building materials for my present subject. Eighty millions of bricks were laid within those bounds in 1844. An equal if not larger quantity will be laid the current year.—Within a trifle these are all made in Cincinnati, principally within the 8th Ward. As our cellars are walled with stone, a vast amount of that article, is of course requisite for foundations of various sorts. There is no accurate means of reaching the quantity annually hauled into our city for that purpose, but it may be estimated as correctly as suffices for all practical purposes, at 150,000 perches. The number of perches hauled per day for the season compared with the actual cellar measurements establish this conclusion. As to lime, it requires 120,000 bushels for laying the brick alone, referred to above.—Probably an equal quantity of stone is required for paving and macadamizing the streets in the same bounds.

A visit I made a few days since to the hill at the head of Vine street, has enabled me to witness the operations by which our city is built up

and beautified. Through Mulberry street which connects Main street with Vinc, along the edge of our northern hills, part of it having been cut down seventy feet for the purpose of obtaining a proper bed for it, stone has been, and still is quarried extensively, and the surplus earth cut down and carted across towards Vine street, so as to fill up the chasm between that street as it ascends the hill, and the heights to the east.—Grading and paving to the value of sixteen thousand dollars have been made in this region already, a large proportion of which has been expended upon Mulberry street. On the scite of these improvements an extensive lime kiln has been erected, which holds fifteen hundred bushels, and is capable of supplying three hundred bushels lime every twenty four hours. The kiln is filling and emptying all the time, cooling neither by day nor night. This is but one among the many kilns outside of the city which furnish us with building lime. The building stone furnished us is all taken from the hills to our north, from quarries belonging to Messrs. Torrence, Graham, Reeder, Slack and Price.

The effect of the cutting down and filling up to which I have referred, is to prepare for the connection of Cincinnati with the hill region to the north, which at no distant day must take place. Twenty years hence, additions for miles to the north will be made to Cincinnati, as a means of providing for the enlargement of the city, in the only direction in which there is room for it to extend. Spacious streets and rows of dwellings will then occupy hills and hollows, which as they now stand, seem to bid defiance to the ingenuity and resources of man in providing the means, of bringing them to a suitable level and practical grade for ascent.

Documents of last War.

HEADQUARTERS, O. M.

Lower Sandusky, Nov. 6th, 1813.

SIR:

I received yours of the 4th inst.; the information given as to the want of forage at this place is correct; my horses and those of my staff, and horse teams here, have had no forage for a long time, and in consequence have had to discharge or send back teams much wanted at portage, as I am erecting a fort there, and store and block house on the other river. Capt. Reed promised sending some grain on here but could not procure the transportation until I sent three boats round to Huron river, and I expect one will be here in five or six days. My horses have failed much, and I fear will die. Flour will soon be very scarce here, and beef also—a boat load is now preparing for Bass Island, and

they only have it as they can catch it, at portage. Troops passing and re-passing so frequently makes the issues very uncertain.

I have ordered a small guard to Fort Ball, and the property must and shall be protected. I shall have the balance of the British prisoners sent on from Seneca to-morrow, 76 men, women and children, under a militia escort. I am pleased with your regular exertions in your department as far as came within my notice. I thank you for the information as to the men and officers at McArthur, and will certainly call them to account for their conduct. I am glad you are sending on some artificers, provided they have tools. I wish you to inform Capt. Catterlin, as I have not time to write him, that he must be ready to send on a detachment of a subaltern and about twenty men &c., as he will receive orders to receive the detachment from here with the prisoners to go to Franklinton, and mention this to you that they may be ready and not detain the prisoners at Sandusky, as it is an object to take them to provision, instead of transporting it to them.

I am sir, yours with esteem,

JOHN S. GANO.

B. HUGHES, A. D. Q. M. G.

HEADQUARTERS, O. M.

L. Sandusky, Nov. 18th, 1813.

CAPT. B. HUGHES, Upper Sandusky:

Capt. Carlinton has in charge three British officers, prisoners of war, and who are on their parole. You will afford them all the accommodation in your power, and facilitate their march to Chillicothe as much as possible.

By command of Maj. Gen. Gano.

JOSEPH VANCE,
Aid-de camp.

HEADQUARTERS, O. M.

L. Sandusky, Nov. 27th, 1813.

DEAR GENERAL:

I received your letter from Buffalo on the 20th inst. Crandall that you ordered released, I am informed was released shortly after you left this place. The three Delaware Indians, and one Potawatomee, I have sent to Upper Sandusky, with directions to Mr. Stickney to deliver them as you directed. They appeared much pleased, and made very fair promises. I have been much engaged in forwarding provisions and clothing to Detroit, sending escorts with prisoners to Chillicothe, giving orders to the different posts, and erecting a small fort at Portage, and a store and block house at the landing at the crossing place of the peninsula from this river. The weather has been so very bad I am afraid they will not be completed.

Chillicothe, Jan. 29th, 1814.

until spring. I will use every exertion to accomplish it. There have been several droves of cattle sent on to Detroit, and I presume they are well supplied as to beef. The militia have been sickly at every post, and as must be expected, some have died. I shall get the men into quarters this day, and will soon have them comfortable—they have had much fatigue and exposure, but I presume not to be compared to that of your immediate command.

My militia have been near three months in service, and have not received a cent of pay.—An idea has occurred, which I think proper to communicate, for your consideration, that is, as soon as a company, or a subaltern command is recruited of regulars, that they should be sent out to some of those posts under proper officers, relieve the militia and do garrison duty. It would bring them into a state of subordination and discipline by the time the spring campaign opens, it would in some measure inure them to a soldier's life, and prepare them much better than raw troops for the field, and be a saving to the United States. These observations have not arisen from sinister motives, therefore you will excuse the liberty I have taken. I have made this place my headquarters, in consequence of the large quantity of public property that was at this post, but it is now principally sent off, and as soon as the works at portage that I have laid off are in a state of forwardness that I can leave this, I wish to visit the posts, and spend some time at Urbana, where I can communicate to the left and centre line with more facility, and if permitted would make a short visit to my troops at Detroit, though I will at all times strictly conform to your orders, and do my duty, and have, and will exact it from those under my command, which has convinced them I am not seeking popularity. I have appointed as I before informed you, Major J. Lawrence Lewis my brigade Major and Inspector, from whom I have received essential service in the discipline and arrangement of my troops, and as I find Judge Huntington alias pay master and Hunt very scrupulous in their duty. I wish him or some regular officer appointed by you to muster and inspect the troops at the different posts under my command, and if it is necessary, to forward to your adjutant general my monthly reports.

I am extremely anxious to hear from you, and the lower army.

Accept Sir, the assurance of my esteem, and respect and sincere wishes for your success and happiness.

JOHN S. GANO.

Maj. Gen. WM. H. HARRISON.

DEAR GENERAL:

I received yours of the 16th. Gen. Harrison has authority to arm, supply and employ all the Indians against the enemy. He is at Cincinnati. Gen. Howard goes to Detroit. Col. Campbell will in a few days send on to L. Sandusky about two companies of recruits. By direction of war department, I have ordered a detail of 1450, to be organized and held in readiness to march at a moments warning. All this will be too late to aid if the British attempt Detroit or Put in Bay. If you have no name for the new fort, and have no objections, as it was erected by you and Ohioans, and laid out by you, you may by my order call it "Fort Gano."

I shall return to Marietta on my way to Hull's trial, having been summoned; unless the Court Marshall will admit of my deposition as I have proposed. I much wish I could see you, and hope to, in the spring.

I am with much esteem,
your obt^d servant,
R. J. MEIGS.

Major Gen. GANO.

HEADQUARTERS, *Cincinnati*, Jan. 16th 1814.

DEAR SIR:

I have directed Major Todd Ass't. Inspector General, to proceed immediately to you to muster your whole command. Give him such directions as you may deem proper, and send in your paymasters immediately with their estimates, to receive money for their pay which shall be ready for them.

It is possible that the enemy may make an attempt to recover Detroit. We must be in readiness to fly to its relief. You will therefore be pleased to concentrate your whole force at Lower Sandusky and Fort Meigs excepting an officer and 12 or 15 men in each of the other forts, and have every thing in readiness for a forward move. Gov. Meigs will hold in readiness an additional number of militia.

If Capt. Oliver as Deputy Quarter Master General is near you, give him the necessary orders for any provision you may want. Ascertain what supplies of ammunition you have, and direct any deficiency of cartridges to be supplied. I believe there are materials some where near you.

Let me hear from you as soon as possible upon every subject connected with your command.

Conciliate the Indians as much as possible. The government have determined to employ them extensively against the enemy.

Yours with great respect,
WM. HENRY HARRISON.

Major Gen. GANO,
Com'g. the O. Militia in service.

Perseverance.

"The most extraordinary and the best attested instance of enthusiasm existing in conjunction with perseverance, is related of the *founder* of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler, living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labor and loss of time caused by dividing the rods of iron necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting, in works called splitting mills, was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufactures of iron about Stourbridge. Foley the fiddler was often missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting of bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron-port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron-foundries, where, after a time he became a universal favorite with the workmen; and, from the apparent entire absence of intelligence or any thing like ultimate object, he was received into the works, to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations and all the combinations, he disappeared from among his kind friends, as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither.

"On his return to England he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighborhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected and machinery provided. When at length every thing was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act,—at all events, it did not answer the sole end of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron.

"Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away forever. Not so; again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron-works, where he was received most joyfully, and, to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting mill itself. Here was the very aim and end of his life attained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works, and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings or rude tracings and, having abided an ample time to verify his observations, and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and benefited the country. I hold this to be the most extraordinary instance of full and resolute purpose on record."

Raising the Wind.

Wind is an element necessary to vitality.—While it is thus an indispensable agent of nature, art and the progressive intelligence of the times have adapted it to innumerable valuable purposes. The difficulty, in many cases, is to "raise the wind," which, in a great measure, and in many instances, depends on the operator.—The last means resorted to for this purpose of which we have heard, is the following:

A fellow disguised as a gentleman, so far as good dress and address favored the personation, rode up a few days since on a high-blooded and well conditioned charger, to the door of one of those accommodating gentlemen who are always willing to lend money on deposit, and who look on laws against usury as being first among the "superfluities of legislation. The equestrian alighted and addressed the comparatively obscure Rothschild in the most familiar terms, calling him by name, and briefly and frankly telling him he came to borrow money from him—a small sum—just fifty dollars, which he wanted for immediate use, and which he could not otherwise procure, the bank in which he deposited not being yet opened. He would pay it in the course of the day, and give ten dollars as a bonus, and five dollars a day so long as it might remain unpaid.

"All very fair," said Discount, "but what security?"

"My watch," said the man in search of money.

"It won't do," said Discount.

"Well, then, take my riding mare for the time being," said the individual who was hard up—"I suppose that will satisfy you?"

"I can accommodate you," said Discount; "but mind you, I shall put the mare to livery till you settle up, and you will be in for the expenses."

"Very well," said the other—"it can't be much even if they charge by the hour; because, as I have said already, I'll be in funds when the bank opens."

The terms of the transaction were drawn up and mutually signed, the fifty dollars were paid over to this modern Jeremy Diddler, and Discount took his pledge to the livery stable.

"Hallo, there," said he, on reaching the stable door.

"Hallo," said the master of the horse.

"Have you got room in your stable for this mare?" said Discount.

"We'll endeavor to accommodate her, said the other coolly."

"Well, give her the very best in your stable," said Discount, "and charge your price, I like to pay well and be paid well: 'live and let live is my motto.'"

"You are extremely liberal and disinterested," was the remark in reply; "but, pray, give yourself no uneasiness about the mare. She is mine; and I trust I shall never treat her in a manner that will draw on me the displeasure of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Yours!" said Discount, his lip quivering with surprise and astonishment.

"Mine—yes, *mine*!" said the dealer in horse flesh. "I gave her to a gentleman to ride not more than half an hour ago, and like a good customer, he paid me five dollars in advance."

"I have got an idea," said Discount.

"So have I," said the other—"I have got an idea that some person has been fooling you."

"Fooling me, sir," said Discount—"I shouldn't care about being fooled; but to be diddled—done clean out of \$50—d— me, sir, it's too bad; but I'll offer a reward of \$50 more to find the fellow, and if I catch him he goes to Baton Rouge, where the State will furnish him board and lodging 'free gratis' for seven years. But never mind: when I take a deposite in live

stock again, I'll be sued for usury, that's all." Our readers by this time will see that the sharper hired the mare to make the raise, and that Discount, who had been himself for years shaving, was, for the first time in his life, shaved.

N. O. Pizzone.

Rise of Eminent Men.

The following extracts are taken from an interesting article, to be found in the *Edinburgh Review* for January last, upon *Twiss's Life of Lord Eldon*.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT ON GREAT MEN.—"It is a curious coincidence that the two greatest Chancery Lawyers of their day should both have been forced into the profession by incidental circumstances. Romilly says that what principally influenced his decision was, the being thus enabled to leave his small fortune in his father's hands, instead of buying a sworn clerk's seat with it. At a later period of my life, after a success at the bar which my wildest and most sanguine dreams had never painted to me—when I was gaining an income of \$8,000 or \$9,000 a year—I have often reflected how all that prosperity had arisen out of the pecuniary difficulties and confined circumstances of my father."

"Wedderburn (Lord Loughborough) began as an advocate of the Scotch bar. In the course of an altercation with the Lord President, he was provoked to tell his lordship that he had said as a judge what he could not justify as a gentleman. Being ordered to make an apology, he refused, and left the Scotch for the English bar. What every one thought his ruin, turned out the best thing that could happen to him:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we may."

"Lord Tenterden's early destination was changed by a disappointment. When he and Mr. Justice Richards were going the Home Circuit, they visited the cathedral at Canterbury together. Richards commended the voice of a singing man in the choir. 'Ah,' said Lord Tenterden, 'that is the only man I ever envied!—When at school in this town we were candidates for a chorister's place, and he obtained it.'

"It is now well known that the Duke of Wellington, when a subaltern, was anxious to retire from the army, and actually applied to Lord Camden (then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland) for a commissionership of customs! It is not always true, then, that men destined to play conspicuous parts in the world have a consciousness of their coming greatness, or patience to bide their time. Their hopes grow as their capacity expands with circumstances; honors on honors arise, like Alps on Alps; in ascending one they catch a glimpse of another, till the last and highest, which was veiled in mist when they started, stands out in bold relief against the sky."

Human Nature.

One of these weaknesses of humanity which seems almost universally prevalent, is a dread of acknowledging ones age. It is not confined to the female sex or the single life, although most abundant in these relations of society.

Mr. Alexander, our worthy city collector, called the other day on Mr. ———, a merchant on Pearl street, for his capitation tax.—The merchant was busy in the warehouse cellar, and being called up, presented a head nearly bald, and a remnant of hair white as snow. with other personal appearances which satisfied the collector that the subject was over sixty years of age, and of course exempt from further taxes. He therefore apologised for disturbing him, alleging that he had obtained his address from his lady, and had inferred him from the age of the wife to be a younger person. "Who says I am sixty?" exclaimed the merchant with great vehemence, "I calculate to pay that tax for fifteen years to come!"

Another of his domiciliary visits was paid to Mr. Jacob W———, one of our old and respectable citizens. "What do you want with me?" said Jacob to the collector, "I am beyond your limits: I am over sixty!" "There!" said his wife, to whom he had been married only a few weeks. "Mr. W———, what did you mean by telling me not two months ago, that you were not fifty?"

I remember, in taking the census of 1840, I obtained the necessary statistics of one family of high respectability, from the lady. She gave me the column, "between 20 and 30" for her husband, and the same on the female side for herself. She leaned over my shoulder while I put the figures down, and not understanding my method of entry, observed, "you are not putting me down older than my husband." "No madam, I put you down both simply between 20 and 30." "But I want you to put him down older than me." I took some pains to explain that this was out of my power, every column giving its range often years. I left her less than half satisfied, and on asking a mutual acquaintance for the explanation, was told "She is older than her husband, and was afraid you would put her down so."

DEATHS.

DIED—On the 22nd inst., after a protracted and painful illness, **MARY ANN**, infant daughter of Rev. Samuel and Frances W. Lynn, of Boone County, Ky. aged one year, five months, and fifteen days.

Thou hast fled, dear Spirit—to the world of repose—
Thy crown to inherit, where the Tree of Life grows;
Where the weary find rest—where the captives go free;
Where the Martyrs are blest, and thou, Jesus shalt see.
Fare thee well, dear Spirit! we remain here with those
Who, no crown inherit, where no Tree of Life grows—
Where the weary rest not, nor the captives go free—
Till with Mary Ann, blest—their Redeemer they'll see.
L.

On Thursday, the 24th inst., **Rufus C.** son of Robert C. and Emeline Florer, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On Sunday the 20th inst., **George M. Bryarley**.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST, 1845.

The Changes of human life.

Not long since I made a visit to an old friend who resides about three miles out of town, on one of those beautiful farms of high rich lands, which in almost every direction surround the city. The road for some distance lies along the line of the Whitewater canal, immediately upon the banks of the Ohio river, and from the number of steamboats, canal boats, carriages, &c. constantly passing and repassing, a person might almost fancy himself in the vicinity of London or Dublin, or some of the oldest cities of Europe.

On passing out of the city I observed an old man whom I recognized as a soldier of the revolution. I had met with him several years ago in the "far West." He returned to Cincinnati about four years since, and has resided with his son. He is eighty-four years of age, enjoys good health, and seems very happy.—These men of the revolution, whether poor or rich, always appear cheerful and happy—neither unduly elated nor depressed by circumstances, they seem to enjoy that independent, peaceful state of mind, which the world can neither give nor take away.

My friend in the country, though not a soldier of the revolution, was one of the early pioneers of the West—a race of men who suffered great privations and hardships, in the first settlement of Kentucky and Ohio. Mr. T. removed with his father and the family, from Virginia to Kentucky in 1779. He was then very young, but remembers how greatly the first settlers were harassed and perplexed; and many of them butchered by the Indians. He has seen as many as three hundred of these savages make an unsuccessful attack upon a station defended by only six men. He was in Gen. St. Clair's defeat, where nine hundred of his fellow soldiers were left dead upon the ground. He is now upwards of three score years and ten, has resided in this county for more than half a century, and witnessed the growth of Cincinnati from its very infancy. He owns a large and valuable tract of land, which twelve years ago was supposed to be worth about fifty dollars an acre: now it is worth two hundred, and some portions of it, desirable building sites, would command from three hundred to five hundred dollars per acre. I spent the summer of 1832 with my family, at this delightful place. Every thing was changed since then. Oh what changes time and death can make! Only a few

years have passed away, and where are all the members of that large and interesting household, and those who sojourned with them?—Only two remain. Six have descended to the narrow house. Some have removed from the United States, and all are scattered like the leaves in autumn.

It is a singular coincidence, that another numerous and interesting family, with whom a few years previously, I and my family had spent a very pleasant summer in the city—have all passed away but two. The father and the sons are all numbered with the dead. Mr. B. was my early and constant friend, and one of the best of men—benevolent, kind and hospitable—a worthy, good citizen, and a man of excellent taste and judgment. His old family residence, with its recent improvements by the present worthy proprietor, is one of the most splendid and beautiful mansions in this or any other city. But the men of that day will soon all have passed away, and with them much that is intimately connected with the early prosperity and history of Cincinnati. The friends who loved them, will soon follow them. It is of very little consequence where men pass their days—whether in town or country—in log-cabins or in splendid palaces. This world is not our rest. Our days are as a shadow that passeth away. Without the hope of the gospel, this would be a dark world indeed. But this blessed hope we have; it shines upon the tomb of our friends, and casts a heavenly light over the darkness of the grave.

"Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,

That we shall meet again in future days:

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear.

Together hymning our Redeemer's praise,

In such society, yet still more dear;

While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Our North-West Territory.

There is nothing in Cincinnati exhibits a growth as vigorous as the north-western part of our city, popularly called Texas.—What constituted originally the Seventh Ward was, only seven years ago, interspersed here and there with dwellings, but consisted principally of brick yards, cattle pastures and vegetable gardens, for the supply of our markets. Such was the unimproved condition of this region, that nearly two hundred and fifty acres occupied as pasturage, were owned by four or five individuals alone. Two hun-

dred and fifty acres of pasturage in a city, and that city as thriving as Cincinnati! The whole number of dwellings, at that period, within the bounds of that Ward, were short of three hundred and fifty, and its whole population could not have reached to twenty-five hundred souls, and these the buildings and inhabitants of a section of Cincinnati more than a mile square!

Now, what a change! Eleven hundred new buildings, most of them of a character for beauty, permanence, and value equal to the average of the main body of our city improvements.—The streets graded and paved to a great extent, churches and public school houses going up in its midst, and well paved sidewalks, adding to the general finish and convenience. With all these improvements, too, space has been left at the sides and in the fronts of the buildings, for that free introduction of shrubbery and flowers, which render our city so attractive to strangers, and so airy and pleasant to ourselves. It is, in short, completely *rus in urbe*, abounding in spots which combine the comfort of a country villa, with the convenience and advantages of a city residence.

It may serve to give a striking view of the magnitude and extent of the improvements in this region, to state that London street has been graded from Fulton or Mound st. west, which extent, some 1,200 feet in length, is now dug down from five to ten feet, to fill up 1,000 feet farther west and the entire width—sixty feet—of the street. The stupendous character of the work may be inferred from the volume of earth filled in, which, at the intersection of Baymiller street, measures sixteen feet in depth. The greater part of this is also paved, and progressing as fast in paving as is prudent, the graded ground being covered with stone as fast as it settles to its permanent bed. This must become one of the finest entrances to our city.—The population of this section of Cincinnati is now, doubtless, eleven thousand, the inhabitants having quintupled since 1838.

A new and important avenue to trade and marketing has been opened through this part of the city, by extending Freeman street to the Hamilton road. The effect of this will be to direct a large share of the travelling to the city, to the intersection of Fifth and Front streets, and to bring the pork wagons into direct communication with the pork-houses which must be put up on the line of the Whitewater Canal.

This avenue will also become a formidable rival to Western Row, as a connection between the adjacent parts of Indiana and Cincinnati, owing to the scandalous condition into which the upper part of that street has been suffered to

dilapidate, which renders it impassable in winter, and unpleasant at all times.

What good one man may do.

The following remarkable statement forms the basis of a petition to the Massachusetts Legislature. Why may not good in this department be as extensively done here.

In the summer of 1841, JOHN AUGUSTUS, a man in humble life, now well known to the friends of temperance in Boston, and who deserves to be through the State, visited the Police Court in Boston, and, being very much interested in the case of a poor man, who, for the vice of drunkenness, had been sentenced to the House of Correction, stepped forward and offered to become bail for him. His proposal was accepted. He paid out of his own pocket, the fees of court, amounting to a few dollars, and took the condemned man with him out of the court room. He persuaded him to sign the pledge, furnished him with food and lodgings, and at last secured employment for him, and from henceforth the rescued drunkard became an industrious and sober citizen.

Mr. Augustus, inspired by the success of his first attempt, and impelled by the yearnings of his noble heart, continued his visits to the Police Courts, and from August, in the year 1841, to February of the present year, has rescued from the jaws of the House of Correction, and from the fellowship of convicted felons, one hundred and seventy-six men and fifty-six women—in all, *two hundred and thirty-two human beings*—a large portion of whom, but for the vice of intemperance, would have enjoyed an unquestionable right to the general regard of society. Fortunately for his benevolent attempt to stand between the drunkard and the customary course of law, Mr. Augustus has preserved a careful record of every case in which he has interested himself, and he is thus enabled to furnish an intelligent account of a large portion of the persons, who by his means, have been saved from confinement in South Boston. Full three-fourths of the number, or about one hundred and seventy-five, are now temperate and orderly citizens, and are gaining a livelihood. About one half of the whole number were residents of Boston, and the other half were temporary visitors to the city from the country and from neighboring States. The proportion of foreigners was much larger of the men than of the women.—The amount of costs paid by Mr. Augustus, for the release of the persons, is \$976.61. This amount has nearly all been paid back to him, by the persons thus rescued. Of course, this amount of costs has been saved to the towns liable for it. It will be readily seen, however, that a much larger sum has been saved, by so many intemperate persons having become useful citizens; instead of being shut up in prison at the public charge. To those towns in the country which occasionally receive large bills for the support of drunkards in the House of Correction in South Boston, this point is not unworthy of notice. These considerations are glanced at, because, indeed, they should not be overlooked; but they are of little moment in comparison with the tears which have been dried up, the hearts which have been ~~galled~~ ^{gladdened}, and the families which have been made happy.

by the restoration of so large a number of the human brotherhood, to temperance, usefulness and respectability. By the minute and unquestionable records kept by Mr. Augustus, rising eight-tenths of all the persons sent to the House of Correction are sent there for drunkenness. — Through his Samaritan efforts, the number of commitments, for this dreadful vice has been largely reduced—and besides the diminished expense, consequent upon reduction, the community has been incalculably blessed by the change.

The following statement will show the actual reduction in the commitments to the House of Correction, for drunkenness, since the Washingtonian reform commenced in Boston, but, especially, as resulting from the efforts of Mr. Augustus. In 1841, they were 605; in 1842, they were 551; in 1843, 459; in 1844, 407. On the first of January, of the present year, the number of persons remaining in the House of Correction, committed by the Police Court, was only 123; of which number 110 were committed for drunkenness, viz: 47 males and 63 females, other offences being but 13. During the first year, Mr. Augustus has saved 120 persons from the House of Correction; 20 of whom have since been sentenced to the House of Correction, the remaining 100 are doing well. It would be easy to show the actual amount, in dollars and cents, saved to the State, by a result like this, but not so easy to exhibit the blessings resulting to the rescued men; or to their families, many of the members of which would, doubtless, otherwise have become outcasts, or have found their way to our almshouses.

It is impossible to enter, in detail, into the formidable difficulties which a humble mechanic, like Mr. Augustus, has had to encounter, in order to proceed in his beneficent work. To say nothing of the formalities and liabilities which belong, alike, to all courts of law, he has, in most cases, provided a temporary home for his fallen brother, and allowed no rest to his head, until he has done his utmost to procure for him employment. It should be added, that, within a few months, a number of the 'merchant princes,' and other eminent philanthropists, of Boston, have given Mr. Augustus a substantial testimonial of their respect for his unwearied and invaluable services. Previous to this liberal act, Mr. A. had relied upon his own scanty resources, and had found it exceedingly difficult to carry into effect his praiseworthy labors.

Hint.

There is a mode of conveying ideas, of admirable efficiency, which for want of a more appropriate name, may be called *hinting*. Its brevity, which is sure to arrest attention, its obscurity, which unites it with the sublime, its irresistible energy, all render it a powerful and efficient weapon for its appropriate employment. A few examples will illustrate.

"If your honor should lose your purse before you get home," said a bar-keeper to a magistrate attending a county Court, who was leaving the house, without settling off a score which he had run up during the past week or two, "I hope you will recollect you did not pull it out here."

"Have you found your watchdog which was stolen?" was a question asked a gentleman on the doorstep of a certain provision store. "No, not exactly, but I know where they sold the sausages" was the reply.

A miller, meeting of one of those boys (of which most villages have one) called an "idiot," asked him a question, which Jock was unable to answer. "Jock," said the miller, "you are a fool." "Yes, sir," said Jock, "every body says so; but," continued he, "here are some things I know; and some things I don't know." "Well, what do you know, then?" "I know millers always have fat pigs." "Well, and what don't you know?" again asked the miller. "Why," replied Jock, "I don't know whose meal they eat."

The best instance of the kind perhaps is the following:

"During the discussion of a ministerial measure in the House of Commons lately, Sir Robert Peel made some pungent allusion to those who, without having the power actually to defeat his policy, were yet very successful in causing delay. Referring to the leaders in this sort of work, he reminded the House that "when travellers in the East do not want to go too fast they put a *jackass* in front!"

Former Prices of Cotton.

In 1828, ten bags of Sea Island Cotton, produced 90c. a lb. The same planter, for his two succeeding crops received \$1 and \$1.50 a pound. For two bags of extra kind in 1798 \$2 a pound was received, the highest price ever paid for cotton. The Sea Island Cotton is superior to the best cotton produced in any part of the world. While a pound of the best produced elsewhere can be spun into a thread of only 115 miles, making 350 hanks to the pound, a pound of Sea Island from South Carolina has been spun at Manchester, in England, into a thread of over 238 miles.

An Indian Adventure in Maine.

Among the early settlers of what was then the province of Maine, a man named Smith was for many years the object of dread as well as hatred to the Indians who occupied portions of that region. He had lost several relations by their hands, and had vowed eternal enmity to the whole race. He had been twice taken by the savage tribes, but had contrived to escape from them, and had killed several of their number. He sought every opportunity to do them mischief in any way. By this course he had become so exceedingly obnoxious to the red men, that they would not even kill him directly if they could, but were constantly on the watch to take him alive for the purpose of satisfying their vengeance by the infliction of the utmost torture that barbarity could invent. Smith being aware of this disposition of theirs, was the less

afraid of their bullets, and being at one period engaged splitting fence rails, in the ardor of his employment, had neglected his usual lookout, and not once thought of his antagonists, the savages, until he found himself suddenly seized at the arm by an Indian named Wahsoos, and looking around found himself surrounded by five others. Now Smit! now Smit! we got you, exclaimed the leader of the party. Smith saw it would be vain to resist, and assuming an air of composure, thus addressed his captor: "Now, Wahsoos; I will tell you what I'll do; if you will now help me to split open this log, I will then go with you without any resistance, otherwise I will not walk a step, and you will have to carry or kill me." The Indians now having him safe in their possession, and willing to save themselves trouble, agreed to split the log, if he would tell them how. Smith had already opened the end of the log with a large wooden wedge, and renewing his blows on the wedge with a beetle, he directed them to take hold of the separated parts of the log, three on each side, and pull with all their might, while he should drive in the wedge. The red men were not without their suspicions, but kept their eyes on Smith's motions, while they pulled at the sundered parts of the log. Every blow of Smith opened the crevice wider, which enabled the Indians to renew their hold by inserting their fingers deeper into the crevice, when Smith, slightly changing the direction of the beetle, struck on the side of the wedge, knocking it out of the log, which closing with great force, caught every foe by the hands, save one, who seeing the predicament of his companions, took to his heels; but was soon brought down by Smith's long barrelled gun; which he had kept near him. The other five expected no mercy, and were not disappointed. Five blows from Smith's axe, silenced their death-song.

A year or more after this affair, Smith was returning from an excursion, and passed near a bend of the Androscoggin river, about a mile above the falls on which the Lewiston Mills are now located. It was nearly dark, and he discovered an Indian making a fire on a rock by the river bank. Smith saw through the business at once: the fire was for a beacon, to guide the landing of a strong party. With unerring aim, he shot the lone savage, who pitched into the water, and Smith quickly threw the fire and fire-brands after him; and then proceeded down to the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire on a projecting rock; and then retiring up the river bank a short distance, awaited the result. He soon heard the songs of a company of warriors, who had discovered the fire, and

were steadily paddling towards it in high glee. Smith could hardly refrain from laughing aloud, as they neared the fatal beacon. Their songs were suspended by surprise, as the rapid motion of their canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls revealed too late the dreadful truth. A brief death song uttered in savage yells; and the cries of several squaws and papooses, were all that preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the perpendicular falls.

To the Point.

We find the following in an obscure exchange. We do not remember of ever before seeing it in print, and it is too good to be lost. All the German logic or profound metaphysical research ever displayed, cannot so satisfactorily demonstrate the existence of the soul.

The Rev. James Armstrong preached at Harmony, near the Wabash, when a doctor at that place, a professed deist or infidel, called on his associates to accompany him, while he attacked the methodist, as he said. At first he asked Mr. Armstrong, "if he following preaching to save souls?" who answered in the affirmative. He then asked Mr. Armstrong "if he ever saw a soul?" "No." "If he ever heard a soul?" "No." "If he ever smelt a soul?" "No." "If he ever tasted a soul?" "No." "If he ever felt a soul?" "Yes, thank God," said Mr. Armstrong. "Well," said the doctor, "there are four of the five senses against one to evidence there is no soul." Mr. Armstrong then asked the gentleman "if he was a doctor of medicine?" and he was also answered in the affirmative. He then asked the doctor, "if he ever saw a pain?" "No." "If he ever heard a pain?" "No." "If he ever tasted a pain?" "No." "If he ever smelt a pain?" "No." "If he ever felt a pain?" "Yes." Mr. Armstrong then said, "There are also four senses against one to evidence that there is no pain; and yet, sir, you know there is pain, and I know there is a soul." The doctor appeared confounded and walked off.

Woman's Earnings.

The inadequate prices at which female labor is compensated, is a prolific source of evil in our cities. There are in Cincinnati, alone, five thousand women who sew for a living, most of them for the extensive clothing shops on Main and Front streets. Besides this, there are numbers more who reside in Fulton, Newport, Covington, and in our northern suburbs, who depend upon similar employment for a livelihood. I am not aware how low competition for employment, has reduced this description of it, but shirts have been made heretofore as low as ten to twelve and a half cts. each. What a scandal to a christian community are such wages!

A project has been started in a New York print, by a Mr. Goin of that city, which would at once relieve the distresses of these unfortunate women, without prejudice to the interests

of any class of people. It is this. To have a piece of land set apart, of government property, a good and convenient building erected thereon, and there to have all the clothing, even down to the knitting of suspenders, required for the supply of the army and navy of the United States, made by females, under female arrangement. The government would pay to such an institution no more than it now pays to capitalists who monopolize the business of furnishing clothing for the War and Navy Departments. Large fortunes are annually made by these contractors; the articles in which they speculate are the produce of these women who are now destitute. Why not let them retain, not only their wages, but the profit of the third person. Mr. Goin does not enter into the details of this plan; these he leaves to the Secretaries of the army and navy department.

I goin for this plan, and do hope that it may engage the attention of some public spirited member of Congress—Mr. Pratt of New York, for example—to press the measure into existence.

Covington and Newport.

Let those who are in doubt what is the cause why Lexington does not improve like Dayton, Cleveland, or Columbus; and Louisville, progress in the same degree with Cincinnati. Observe the progress of Newport and Covington during the last five years, and the relative decrease of the slave population in those places.

In 1840, the population of Covington was 2026
 " 1845, do do 4383

Colored population in 1840, 111
 do do 1845, 203

In 1840, the population of Newport was 1916
 " 1845, do do 1710

Colored population in 1840, do do 1845, 76.

In 1840 the blacks of these places were as 1 to 20.

In 1845; as to the whites 1 in 22. This is the present proportion of blacks to whites in Cincinnati. In Lexington and Louisville I presume the blacks form more than one third of the community.

I have little doubt Covington will have a population against the next census of nine thousand individuals; and Newport three thousand. They are as much one as Pittsburgh and Allegheny City, divided merely by a water course, and are both mainly built up out of Cincinnati's business and improvement. They will be in five years as populous as Lexington, probably the wealthiest city in the State; and by 1875, will surpass Louisville in population, unless the intervening period of time shall witness the extinction of slavery, within the very limits of Kentucky.

Cemeteries.

Before the establishment of Rural Cemeteries near the Eastern cities, the custom prevailed of burying the dead under the churches. They were crowded in so revolting a manner, as to render the air in the churches unwholesome, considerable discussion ensued, and finally the custom was prohibited, and Cemeteries established a few miles out, in all the Atlantic cities. While the matter was in agitation, Mr. PIERCE published in the Boston papers, the following translation of an

EPITAPH,

On a celebrated French Physician.

Here lies,

Under the pure and breezy skies,

The dust

Of SIMON PETER, the devout and just,

Doctor of Medicine,

At his request.

He sleeps in Earth's sweet, wholesome breast,

Rather than in a noisy cemetery

Under a church, where all the great they bury,

It were, he said, a sin

Past all enduring,

A sin, which to commit, he was unwilling;

Should he, who, while alive, got fame and bread,

The sick, by curing,

Entirely change his hand and go, when dead,

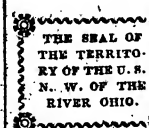
The well to killing.

Fort Washington Reserve.

The following proclamation is an interesting and valuable document, as it gives the history of the reservation along side of Fort Washington. I had supposed; heretofore that Congress had exempted this spot at the period of granting *Symmes* his million of acres, but it seems to have been a movement of St. Clair himself. It may be worthy of notice, that the seal of the "Territory north west of the river Ohio" presents the Territorial coat of arms, the device being a *Buckeye* tree with timber in the foreground cut up into logs. The motto "*meliora lapsi, locavet.*" This is doubtless the origin of our state appellation "*Buckeye.*"

Proclamation.

By his excellency, Arthur St. Clair, Major General in the Service of the U. States, and Governor and Commander in Chief of their Territory north-west of the river Ohio.



WHEREAS, it has been represented to me, that certain persons generally known by the name of the proprietors of the Miami Purchase, have taken it upon themselves to sell and dispose of divers tracts and parcels of land, the property of the United States, lying and being to the east-

ward of a line to be drawn from a place upon the bank of the Ohio river, exactly twenty miles, following the several courses of the same, above the great Miami river, parallel to the general course of that river; whereby many unwary persons have been induced to make settlements upon the same, contrary to the authority of the United States, and in defiance of their proclamation, against the making settlements on any of the public lands without due authority for so doing. It is hereby made known that the lands contracted for by the honorable John Clevess Symmes and his associates, or their agents, is bounded in the manner following, viz: All that tract or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the Western country adjoining to the Ohio river, beginning on the bank of the same river, at a spot exactly twenty miles distant along the several courses of the same, from the place where the great Miami river empties itself into the great river Ohio, from thence extending down the said river Ohio along the several courses thereof, thence up the said Miami river along the several courses thereof, to a place from whence a line drawn due east will intersect a line drawn from the place of beginning aforesaid, parallel with the general course of the great Miami river, so as to include one million of acres within those lines and the said river, and from that place upon the great river Miami, extending along such lines to the place of beginning, containing as aforesaid, one million of acres. That the land lying to the eastward of the said parallel line, from the Ohio to where it may intersect the little Miami river, and from thence down the line to the Ohio river, and along the Ohio river to the place before mentioned, where the parallel line begins, is as yet, the property of the United States, and has not been aliened or sold to any person whatsoever. That the settlements which have been made upon the same, are entirely unauthorized, and the persons who now occupy them are liable to be dispossessed as intruders, and to have their habitations destroyed; and that they are not treated in that manner immediately, is owing only to the circumstance, that they were made to believe the said proprietors of the Miami purchase had a right to the land, and to give them an opportunity to represent their case to Congress: And I do hereby strictly prohibit all persons to extend the settlements they have already made, or to form new settlements to the eastward of the aforesaid parallel line, and with that line the little Miami and the Ohio river, until the pleasure of Congress in the premises shall be made known—as they shall answer the contrary at their peril.

AND WHEREAS, It is necessary, that a certain

tract of land adjacent to and lying round Fort Washington, should be set apart and reserved for public use. I have ordered the same to be done, and it is bounded in the manner following, viz: Beginning on the Banks of the Ohio river at the middle of the street,* which passes to the westward of the house where Bartle and Strong now live, and running from thence with the said river to the east side of Deer Creek, from thence running north fifteen degrees, thirty minutes west and hundred and twenty perches, and from thence by and with a strait line to be drawn at right angles from the same until it reaches the middle of the street aforesaid, thence down the middle of the said street to the place of beginning, and all the land lying and being within these boundaries, is hereby set apart and reserved for public use until Congress shall determine otherwise—and all persons are hereby strictly forbidden to cut down, carry away or otherwise destroy any timber, trees or wood that may be growing, standing or lying upon or within the same.

AND WHEREAS, There are houses and lots at present occupied by certain persons which are included within the boundaries of this reserved tract: It is hereby made known to them, that they will be allowed to possess the same until the present crop is taken off, and no longer, unless they shall obtain permission for the same under the hand and seal of the officer commanding the Garrison or General commanding the troops upon the Ohio, and shall voluntarily submit themselves to the military laws as followers of the army.

IN TESTIMONY, whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the territory to be affixed this 19th day of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-one, and in the year of the Independence of the United States the sixteenth.

By his excellency's command,

WINTHROP SARGENT, Secretary.

ARTHUR ST. CLAIR.

*Broadway.

The Herring Pie.

A STORY FOR MARRIED FOLKS.

It was a cold winter's evening; the rich bachelor Brounker had drawn his easy chair close into the corner of the stove, and sat smoking his long clay pipe with great complacency, while his intimate friend Van Grote, employed in exactly the same manner, occupied the other corner. All was quiet in the house, for Brounker's wife and children were gone to a masked ball, and, secure from fear of interruption, the two friends indulged in a confidential conversation.

"I cannot think," said Van Grote, "why you should refuse your consent to the marriage."

Berkenrode can give his daughter a good fortune, and you say your son is desperately in love with her."

"I don't object to it," said Brounker. "It is my wife who will not hear to it."

"And what reason has she for refusing?"

"One which I cannot tell you," said his friend, sinking his voice.

"Oh! a mystery—come out with it. You know I have always been frank and open with you, even to giving you my opinion of your absurd jealousy of your wife."

"Jealous of my wife? nonsense! Have I not just sent her to a masked ball?"

"I don't wonder you boast of it. I should like to have seen you do as much when you were first married. To be sure, you had reason to look sharply after her, for she was the prettiest woman in Amsterdam. Unfortunately she has taken such advantage of your love, that the gray mare has become the better horse, and you refuse an advantageous match for your son, to gratify her caprice."

"You are quite wrong, my good friend. I never allow any one to be master here but myself; and in the present instance I cannot blame Clotilda. The secret of her refusal lies in a herring pie."

"A herring pie?" exclaimed Van Grote.

"Yes, a herring pie. You may remember it was a favorite dainty of mine, and that my wife could not endure even the smell of it. Well, during the first years of my marriage, I must confess that I was a little—a very little—jealous of Clotilda. My situation obliged me to keep open house, and among the young sparks who visited us, none gave me more uneasiness than the handsome Colonel Berkenrode. The reputation that he had already acquired for gallantry was enough to create alarm, and the marked attention he paid my wife convinced me it was well founded. What could I do? It was impossible to forbid him the house, for he had it in his power to deprive me of the government contracts; in other words, to ruin me. After pondering deeply on the subject, I decided on doing nothing until the danger should become imminent; all that was necessary was to know how things really stood; having just purchased this house, I caused a secret closet to be made behind the stove here. It communicates with my private room, and from it I could overhear every thing that passed in this apartment without risk of being discovered. Thank God I have had no use for it for the last twenty years, and, indeed, I do not know what has become of the key. Satisfied with this precaution, I did not hesitate to leave Clotilda, when any of her admirers paid her a visit, though I promise you that some of the Colonel's gallant speeches made me wince."

"Upon my word," interrupted his friend, "you showed a most commendable patience. In your place I should have contented myself with forbidding my wife to receive his visits."

"There spoke the old bachelor. But as I did not want to drive her headlong into his arms, I went a different way to work. Day after day I was forced to listen to the insidious arguments of the seducer. My wife—I must own made a stout defence—at one time tried ridicule, at another satirize, to deter him from his pursuit of her. He began to lose hope in proportion as I gained it, till one day he bethought himself of

threatening to blow out his brains, if she would not show compassion. Moved at this proof of the strength of his passion, she burst into tears, and pleaded that she was not free—in short, she gave him to understand that I was the obstacle to his happiness. Berkenrode was too well skilled in the art of seduction not to see that he had gained a point. He raved, cursed me as the cause of his misery, and tried to obtain a promise from her, in case she should become a widow. She stopped him peremptorily; but I never closed an eye that night, and Clotilda, though she did not know that I watched her, was as uneasy as myself. On the following day a circumstance occurred that increased her agitation. While at breakfast, a message came from the cook asking to see me alone. I desired him to come in, as I was not in the habit of interfering in domestic affairs, and communicate his business in my wife's presence. When the man entered he was pale as a ghost, and scarcely seemed to know what he was about. At last he told me that he had received a packet containing a small bottle, three hundred guildens, and a note, in which he was requested to put the contents of the former into the first herring pie he should prepare for me. He was assured that he might do it without fear as the contents of the bottle were quite harmless, and would give a delicious flavor to the pie. An additional reward was promised if he complied with the request and kept his own counsel. The honest fellow, who was much attached to me, said he was convinced there must be something wrong in the affair, and should not be happy till bottle and money were out of his hands. I poured a few drops of the liquid on a lump of sugar, and gave it to my wife's lap dog. It fell into convulsions, and died in a few minutes. The case was now plain; there had been an attempt to poison me. Never shall I forget Clotilda's pale face as she threw herself weeping into my arms—"Poison! A murderer!" she exclaimed, clasping me as if to shield me from danger: "Merciful Heaven, protect us both!" I consoled her with the assurance that I was thankful to my unknown enemy, who was the means of showing me how much she loved me. That day Berkenrode came at the usual hour; but in vain did I take my seat in the hiding place; he was not admitted. I afterward found that she had sent him a letter, threatening that if ever he came again that her husband should be informed of all that had passed. He made many attempts to soften her resolution, but to no purpose, and in a year after he married. No acquaintance has ever existed between the families; and now you know why my wife refuses her consent to our son's marriage with Berkenrode's daughter."

"I cannot blame her," said Van Grote. "Who would have thought that Berkenrode, a soldier, and man of honor, could have been capable of such a rascally deed?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Brounker; "and do you really think it was the general who sent the poison?"

"Why, who else?"

"Myself to be sure! The whole was my own contrivance, and it cost me three hundred guildens in a present to my cook; but was money well laid out, for it saved my wife, and got rid of her troublesome lap dog at the same time."

"Do you know, Brounker, I think it was

rather a shabby trick to leave Berkenrode under such an imputation; and now that your son's happiness depends on your wife's being undeceived—"

"I am aware of all that, but to undeceive her now is not so easy as you think. How can I expect her to disbelieve a circumstance in which for the last twenty years she has put implicit faith?"

He was interrupted by the entrance of Vrow Brounker. Her cheeks were flushed, and she saluted Van Grote rather stiffly.

"What! not at the ball, Clotilda?" asked her husband.

"No! I had a bad headache," she replied and Maurice has promised to take charge of his sister. But I have come to tell you that I have been thinking over his marriage with Mina Berkenrode, and have altered my mind on that subject. In short, I shall withdraw my opposition to the match."

The friends looked at each other in astonishment.

"By the by," she continued, "here is a key I found some time ago; I think it must belong to you."

"Well, Clotilda," said her husband, striving to hide his confusion as he took the key, "this is good news about the marriage—"

"Suppose you and your friend celebrate it by a supper. There is a herring pie in the house, and you need not fear that it is poisoned."

She left the room. Brounker looked foolish, and Van Grote rubbed his hands as he exclaimed, "Caught in your own trap! He who digs a pit for his enemy shall fall into it himself."

"Nevertheless," replied Brounker, "I think I have got well out of mine."

Thomas Hood.

Hood whose death may be noticed in our late papers, was one of the wittiest writers of the age. His candle burned bright to the last. The following is one of his latest.

"Mrs. Gardiner is a widow, devoted to the cultivation of flowers in her door yard garden, who has the peculiarity of identifying herself with each variety. Hood, standing at the little gate, compliments her on the appearance of her carnations; to which she replies,

"Yes, I've a stronger blow than any one in the place, and as to sweetness, no body can come nigh me. Would you like to walk in, sir, and smell me?"

Accepting the polite invitation, I stepped in through the little wicket, and in another moment was rapturously sniffing at her stocks, and the flower with the sanguinary name. From the walls I turned to a rose-bush, remarking that there was a very fine show of buds.

"Yes, but I want sun to make me bust. You should have seen me last June, sir, when I was in my full bloom. None of your wishy-washy pale sorts—[this was a fling at the white roses at the next door]—none of your provincials or pale pinks. There's no maiden blushes about me. I'm the regular old red cabbage!"

And she was right; for, after all, that hearty, glowing, fragrant rose is the best of the species—the queen of flowers, with a ruddy *embonpoint*, remaining one of Rubens' beauties.

'And there's my American creeper. Miss Sharp pretends to creep, but Lord bless ye! be-

fore ever she gets up to her first-floor window, I shall be running all over the roof of the villa.— You see I'm over the portico already."

Dueling.

I am glad to perceive that this senseless as well as wicked practice is falling silently into contempt. A man who in Ohio were to challenge another to a combat of this nature would expose himself to general ridicule.

The duel still lingers in some parts of the country, and certain neighborhoods, which afford facilities to evade the laws on fashionable murder, are much annoyed with the evil. The neighborhood in Delaware which adjoins Philadelphia, or rather Pennsylvania, is a retreat of this species. A late meeting of the young bloods from Philadelphia at this spot has furnished the Governor of Delaware with a plea, and a motive to demand the offender from the Governor of Pennsylvania for the purpose of being tried for the violation of the laws of the State.

They have a punishment in Delaware that is just the thing for duelists. They mount the offender on a platform 20 feet high, with his wrists and neck fastened in holes in a board. After remaining in this position an hour for the amusement of the bystanders, he is fastened to a post and receives thirty-nine lashes, well laid on.

One or two administrations of this discipline would probably guard against a repetition of the offence. It would lower a peg or two the dignity of broadcloth offenders against the laws to receive "forty stripes save one," at the hands of the public hangman.

They manage this subject admirably in Mexico. There, the man who kills his antagonist in a duel is bound for his debts. Hence it is a valid reason, as well as a cogent one, to refuse a meeting, where the challenger cannot show that he is clear of pecuniary obligations. It would soon put down dueling in the United States, if no one was privileged to fight a duel unless he was out of debt.

MARRIED.

On Tuesday the 29th ult., by the Rev Mr. GURLEY, Mr. THOMAS FARIS to Miss RACHAEL DOERRER.

DEATHS.

At Wooster, Ohio, July 10th ult., Rev. THOMAS G. JONES, aged 67 years. Mr. Jones was a Pioneer in Ohio and formerly took an active part in the public business of the State.

In this city on Monday August 4th, MARGARET, consort of Peter Bell, Esq., in the 79th year of her age.

On Sunday 3d EUNICE wife of Jas. Myrack, aged 55 years.

At Cummingsville July 30th, of Congestive Fever, Miss RACHAEL RUHANAH CLOPPER youngest daughter of Nicholas Clopper, deceased.

The Buckeye.

Mr. Cist.—The remarks made in your paper of 6th August, on the Seal of the Territory of the United States, northwest of the Ohio River, suggests an origin much too respectable for the offensive nickname of Buckeye, now fastened on our State.

You say that "the seal presents the Territorial coat of arms,—the device being a *buckeye* tree, with timber cut up into logs. The motto, *Meliorum lapsa locavis*," which you consider as doubtless the origin of our state appellative of Buckeye.

My copies of the seal are less perfect than yours, being impressions after ten years longer use, and I have never been able to decipher the motto. The device is distinct, but I find no buckeye tree. In the foreground is a forest tree full of the axe, the trunk yet resting on its stump, and the branches all cut off. In the rear and close by is a fruit tree, which, from its shape and the large round fruit, is doubtless the apple tree, and to this the motto alludes: "A better than the fallen takes its place;" or, more literally, "He (the pioneer) has set a better than the fallen." The motto is without meaning if the tree be considered a buckeye, as it certainly would be without truth, for it is the most worthless of all trees.

The buckeye served to indicate the existence of good soil, but to the early settlers it was a most useless tree: it could not be used in building, nor for fences, nor even for fuel. As a tree it consequently stood very low in the estimation of early settlers, and by a figure of speech very forcible to them, it was applied to lawyers and doctors, whose capacity and attainment were of a low grade. If some of the juveniles of your bar had laboured in their profession only thirty years ago, they would have been little apt to covet the name of Buckeye, as some of them have done in later time, and had it been conferred on them by others they would have repelled the name.

The first I ever met with the name in any other than an opprobrious sense was in 1823, when reading Long's Expedition to the Yellowstone. In speaking of Cincinnati, he says (as I remember now, for I have not seen the book since) that the natives were called Buckeyes, in contradistinction to emigrants, who were generally called Yankees. This was laughed at then as a piece of amusing information, entirely new to the inhabitants. But, *tempora mutantur*, the mistake spread, and in a few years more the art and talent of your city were combined to assume the name of Buckeyes or Leatherheads, and to elevate the opprobrious epithet into dignity. In the fostering of the name they have been sufficiently successful, and if they will persist in being Buckeyes it is to be hoped that they will cause the

name to be duly honoured; meantime their elder denizens will concede the name to the native born!

J. H. J.

August 14, 1845.

My correspondent who furnishes the proof of his being a professional gentleman, in the ability with which he presents one side of a subject, seems not to have read, or if he has, appears unconvinced by, the able and witty argument of Dr. Drake, presented at our Pioneer Celebration of 1833, in favour of the Buckeye. In order that both sides may be heard, I present that article. It is of some length, but none the less valuable on that account, and deserves a more general perusal than its original publication allowed.

MR. PRESIDENT AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN:

Being born in the East, I am not quite a native of the valley of the Ohio, and, therefore, am not a BUCKEYE by birth. Still I might claim to be a greater BUCKEYE than most of you who were borne in the city, for my BUCKEYISM belongs to the country, a better soil for rearing Buckeyes than the town.

My first remembrances are of a Buckeye cabin, in the depths of a cane brake, on one of the tributary brooks of Licking River; for whose waters, as they flow into the Ohio, opposite our city, I feel some degree of affection. At the date of these recollections, the spot where we are now assembled was a Beech and Buckeye grove; no doubt altogether unconscious of its approaching fate. Thus, I am a BUCKEYE by engrafting, or rather by inoculation, being only in the bud, when I began to draw my nourishment from the depths of a Buckeye bowl.

The tree which you have toasted, Mr. President, has the distinction of being one of a family of plants, but a few species of which exist on the earth. They constitute the genus *Æsculus* of the botanists, which belongs to the class *Heptandria*. Now the latter, a Greek phrase, signifies *seven men*; and there happens to be exactly seven species of the genus—thus they constitute the seven wise men of the woods; in proof of which, I may mention that there is not another family of plants on the whole earth, that possess these talismanic attributes of wisdom. But this is not all. Of the seven species, our emblem-tree was discovered last—it is the youngest of the family—the *seventh son*! and who does not know the manifold virtues of a seventh son!

Neither Europe nor Africa has a single native species of *Æsculus*, and Asia but one. This is the *Æsculus Hippocastanum*, or Horsechestnut. Nearly three hundred years since, a minister from one of the courts of Western Europe to that of Russia, found this tree growing in Moscow, whither it had been brought from Siberia. He was struck with its beauty, and naturalized it

in his own country. It spread with astonishing rapidity over that part of the continent, and crossing the channel, became one of the favourite shade trees of our English ancestors. But the oppressions and persecutions recounted in the address of your young orator, compelled them to cross the ocean and become exiled from the tree whose beautiful branches overhung their cottage doors.

When they reached this continent did they find their favourite shade tree, or any other species of the family, to supply its place in their affections? They did not—they *could* not—as from Jamestown to Plymouth the soil is too barren to nourish this epicurean plant. Doubtless, their first impulse was to seek it in the interior; but there the Indian still had his home, and they were compelled to languish on the sands of the sea board. The Revolution came and passed away: it was a political event, and men still hovered on the coast; but the revolving year at length unfolded the map of the mighty West, and our fathers began to direct their footsteps thitherward. They took breath on the eastern base of the Allegheny Mountain, without having found the object of their pursuits; then scaled its lofty summits—threaded its deep and craggy defiles—descended its western slopes—but still sought in vain. The hand of destiny, however, seemed to be upon them; and boldly penetrating the unbroken forests of the Ohio, amidst savages and beasts of prey, they finally built their “half-faced camps” beneath the Buckeye tree. All their hereditary and traditional feelings were now gratified. They had not, to be sure, found the Horsechestnut, which embellished the paths of their forefathers; but a tree of the same family, of greater size and equal beauty, and, like themselves, a native of the New World. Who, of this young assembly has a heart so cold, as not to sympathize in the joyous emotions which this discovery must have raised? It acted on them like a charm,—their flagging pulses were quickened, and their imaginations warmed. They thought not of returning, but sent back pleasant messages, and invited their friends to follow. Crowds from every state in the Union soon pressed forward, and, in a single age, the native land of the Buckeye became the home of millions. Enterprise was animated; new ideas came into men’s minds; bold schemes were planned and executed; new communities organized; political states established; and the wilderness transformed, as if by enchantment.

Such was the power of the Buckeye wand; and its influence has not been limited to the west. We may fearlessly assert, that it has been felt over the whole of our common country. Till the time when the Buckeye tree was discovered,

slow indeed had been the progress of society in the New World. With the exception of the Revolution, but little had been achieved, and but little was in prospect. Since that era, society has been progressive, higher destinies have been unfolded, and a reactive *Buckeye* influence, perceptible to all acute observers, must continue to assist in elevating our beloved country among the nations of the earth.

Every native of the valley of the Ohio, should feel proud of the appellation, which from the infancy of our settlements, has been conferred upon him; for the Buckeye has many qualities which may be regarded as typical of a noble character.

It is not merely a native of the West, but peculiar to it; has received from the botanists the specific name of *Ohioensis*, and is the only tree of our whole forest, that does not grow elsewhere. What other tree could be so fit an emblem of our native population?

From the very beginning of emigration, it has been a friend to the “new comers.” Delighting in the richest soils, they soon learned to take counsel from it, in the selection of their lands, and it never yet proved faithless to any one who confided in it.

When the first log cabin was to be hastily put up, the softness and lightness of its wood made it precious; for in those times labourers were few, and axes once broken in harder timber, could not be repaired.

When the infant *BUCKEYES* came forth to render the solitary cabins vocal and make them instinct with life, cradles were necessary, and they could not be so easily dug out of any other tree. Thousands of men and women, who are now active and respectable performers on the great theatre of western society, were once rocked in Buckeye troughs.

In those early days, when a boundless and lofty wilderness overshadowed every habitation, to destroy the trees and make way for the growth of corn, was the great object—*hic labor, hoc opus erat*. Now, the lands where the Buckeye abounded, were from the special softness of its wood, the easiest to clear, and in this way it afforded valuable though negative assistance to the first settlers.

Foreign sugar was then unknown in these regions, and our reliance for this article as for many others, was on the abounding woods. In reference to this sweet and indispensable acquisition the Buckeye lent us positive aid; for it was not only the best wood for troughs, but every where grew side by side with the graceful and delicious sugar maple.

We are now assembled on a spot, which is surrounded by vast warehouses, filled to overflowing, with the cotton and iron domestic

utensils of China, Birmingham, Sheffield, and, I should add the great western manufacturing town at the head of our noble river. The poorest and obscurest family in the land, may be, and are, in fact, adequately supplied. How different was the condition of the early emigrants! A journey of a thousand miles, over wild and rugged mountains, permitted the adventurous pioneer to bring with him little more than the Indian or the Arab carries from place to place—his wife and children. Elegances were unknown, even articles of pressing necessity were few in number, and when lost or broken could not be replaced. In that period of trying deprivation, to what quarter did the first settlers turn their inquiring and anxious eyes? To the Buckeye—yes, gentlemen, to the Buckeye tree; and it proved a friend indeed, because, in the simple and expressive language of those early times it was “a friend in need.” Hats were manufactured of its fibres—the tray for the delicious *pons* and *johnny-cake*—the venison trencher—the *moggin*—the spoon—and the huge white family bowl for mush and milk, were carved from its willing trunk; and the finest “boughten” vessels could not have imparted a more delicious flavour, or left an impression so enduring. He who has ever been concerned in the petty brawls, the frolic and the fun of a family of young Buckeyes around the great wooden bowl overflowing with the “milk of human kindness,” will carry the sweet remembrance to his grave.

Thus beyond all the trees of the land, the Buckeye was associated with the family circle—penetrating its privacy, facilitating its operations, and augmenting its enjoyments. Unlike many of its loftier associates, it did not bow its head and wave its arms at a haughty distance; but might be said to have held out the right hand of fellowship; for, of all the trees of our forest, it is the only one with *five leaflets arranged on one stem*—an expressive symbol of the human hand.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I beg you to pardon the enthusiasm which betrays me into continued trespasses on your patience. As an old friend of the Buckeye tree, I feel, that to be faithful I must dwell still longer on its virtues.

In all our woods, there is no tree so hard to kill as the Buckeye. The deepest girdling will not deaden it, and even after it is cut down and worked up into the side of a cabin, it will send out young branches—denoting to all the world, that Buckeyes are not easily conquered, and could with difficulty be destroyed.

The Buckeye has generally been condemned as unfit for fuel, but its very incombustibility has been found an advantage; for no tree of the forest is equally valuable for backlogs, which are the *sine qua non* of every good cabin fire. Thus

treated, it may be finally, though slowly, burned; when another of its virtues appears, as no other tree of our woods affords so great a quantity of alkali; thus there is piquancy in its very ashes!

The bark of our emblem-plant has some striking properties. Under a proper method of preparation and use, it is said to be efficacious in the cure of ague and fever, but unskilfully employed, it proves a violent emetic; which may indicate that he who tampers with a Buckeye, will not do it with impunity.

The fruit of the Buckeye offers much to interest us. The capsule or covering of the nut, is beset with sharp prickles, which, incautiously grasped, will soon compel the aggressor to let go his hold. The nut is undeniably the most beautiful of all which our teeming woods bring forth; and in many parts of the country is made subservient to the military education of our sons: who, assembling in the muster field (where their fathers and elder brothers are learning to be militia-men), divide themselves into armies, and pelt each other with Buckeye balls; a military exercise at least as instructive as that which their seniors perform with Buckeye sticks. The inner covering of the nut is highly astringent. Its substance, when grated down, is soapy, and has been used to clean fine fabrics in the absence of good soap. When the powder is washed, a large quantity of starch is obtained, which might, if times of scarcity could arise in a land so fertile as the native soil of this tree, be used for food. The water employed for this purpose holds in solution an active medicinal agent, which unwarily swallowed, proves a poison; thus again admonishing those who would attempt to use up a Buckeye, that they may repent of their rashness.

Who has not looked with admiration on the fine foliage of the Buckeye in early spring, while the more sluggish tenants of the forest, remain torpid in their winter quarters; and what tree in all our wild woods bears a flower which can be compared with that of our favourite? We may fearlessly challenge for it the closest comparison. Its early putting forth, and the beauty of its leaves and blossoms, are appropriate types of our native population, whose rapid and beautiful development, will not be denied by those whom I now address, nor disproved by reference to their character.

Finally, the Buckeye derives its name from the resemblance of its nut to the eye of the hawk, the finest organ of our noblest wild animal; while the name itself, is compounded of a Welsh and a Saxon word, belonging, therefore, to the oldest portions of our vernacular tongue, and connecting us with the primitive stocks, of which our fathers were but serious planted in the New World.

But, Mr. President and Gentlemen, I must dismiss this fascinating topic. My object has been to show the peculiar fitness of the Buckeye to be made the symbol-tree of our native population. This arises from its many excellent qualities. Other trees have greater magnitude, and stronger trunks. They are the Hercules of the forest; and like him of old, who was distinguished only for physical power, they are remarkable chiefly for mechanical strength. Far different is it with the Buckeye, which does not depend on brute force to effect its objects; but exercises, as it were, a moral power and admonishes all who adopt its name, to rely upon intellectual cultivation, instead of bodily prowess.

Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

In the "Advertiser" of the 23d ultimo, after quoting a statement in the Pittsburgh "Spirit of the Age," that as many as twelve sugar mills and engines had been manufactured in that city this season, I remarked that we had made of those articles in Cincinnati, this year already, forty-eight, and that twelve more would be completed during the current season, making sixty in all; and that, in comparing these widely different results, full justice would not be done to our business operations without adverting to the fact, that the Pittsburgh made mills and engines were of a smaller description, which at \$3,500 each, were worth \$42,000; while those of Cincinnati manufacture averaged \$5,000 each, and made an aggregate of \$240,000. My comparative statement was made for the purpose of disabusing our citizens of the impression which prevails to some extent here, that the manufacturing interest of Cincinnati is inferior in magnitude to that of Pittsburgh. I added, "abstract the rolling mills, glass and cotton yarn factories of Pittsburgh from the comparison; and in every other description of mechanical industry and products, Cincinnati is far in advance of that place."

The editor of the *Spirit of the Age* makes this statement the subject of a long article, which, as I have not room to give the whole, and dislike, on a subject of this sort, to make extracts, lest I invite suspicion of garbling the article, I shall merely say that he does both the subject and myself injustice—unintentionally, as I believe. For instance, although he quotes my closing remark correctly—the same that I have placed in this article in quotations—yet he slides, in less than six lines, from "rolling mills" to manufactures of iron, and appears throughout the article to suppose that I was desirous to exclude the entire iron manufacture of Pittsburgh from the comparisons I made. I am well aware of the magnitude of the rolling mill operations there, and

freely acknowledge that in bar iron as well as in cotton yarns, our Cincinnati manufacturers are left in the background. As to glass, we do not manufacture it. And in saying that if these articles were excluded from the comparison, we were far in advance of Pittsburgh, I did not mean to concede that our general mechanical and manufacturing operations did not surpass those of Pittsburgh. The statistics of the census of 1840, I thought, had settled that question; for, if our manufacturing and mechanical products exceeded those of Pittsburgh in 1840, the disparity must be heightened by the lapse of later years.

After all, the true way in debates of this sort, is to furnish the statistics. If Mr. Riddle, of the Spirit of the Age, will make out a statement of the manufactures of iron and other metals, wood, leather, cotton, wool and linen, drugs, paints, chemicals, paper, food, &c., classifying it under different heads, giving the details which make up the aggregate, in short, affording the means of furnishing a corresponding statement for Cincinnati, I will pledge myself to furnish a statement in similar form of our operations, and let the figures determine the dispute. Each party holding himself liable to prove any part of the statement which may be required.

By Pittsburgh, I include all the adjacent parts, across both rivers, within one mile, and the like distance in other directions. By Cincinnati, I include the like circular distance.

The Beaten Path.

BY L. J. CIST.

"We are born—we live—we die—we are buried!"

I.

THAT BEATEN PATH! THAT BEATEN PATH!

It goeth by the door;
And many a tale to tell it hath,
Of the days that are no more!
For o'er that path, in weal and wo,
Earth's weary ones have trod;
And many a hurried step, or slow,
Hath press'd its time-worn sod;
Here Childhood's mirth and Youth's glad shout
Have each its merry peal rung out;
Oft, gentle Woman's graceful tread,
In fairy motion o'er it sped;
And Manhood's care surcharged breast
A weightier step upon it press'd;
While Age's palsied footsteps, slow,
Here last, perchance, abroad
Have feebly tottered forth, to show
Three-score-and-ten prepared to go,—
Life's journey trodden now below—
To stay its steps with God!

II.

See'st thou yonder smiling boy,
 Just escaped his mother's arms?
 With what eager, gushing joy—
 Heedless of her fond alarms—
 Out upon THAT PATH he springs,
 Light as bird with feathered wings;
 Running now a frolic race,
 Walking then with sober pace,
 And, anon, with childish grace,
 Casting down his wearied form,
 With untused exertion warm,
 On the grassy margin, green,
 Of the pathway he is in;—
 Of that path which thus, a child,
 Treads he first, with spirits wild;—
 Of that path which he *shall* tread,
 Oft in manhood's darker day,
 When his weary, aching head
 Gladly would he seek to lay
 With the care-forgetting dead,
 'Neath its grassy turf for aye!

III.

Ring out! Ring out! A joyous shout
 For the fair and gentle Bride!
 Make room! make room! for the gallant Groom,
 In his dashing and manly pride!
 For his Bridal's done!—he hath woo'd and won
 The flower of the country rare;
 And worthy he of his Ladye—she,
 The fairest of England's fair!
 Ring out! Ring out! A pealing shout!
 Let Vassal to Vassal call,
 Each servant gay, in his best array,
 Attend in the ancient Hall:
 For the Bridal train rideth on arpain,
 And the Lord of that Hall doth come;
 By THAT PATH where, a boy, first he wandered in
 joy,
 He bringeth his fair Bride home!

IV.

A toll!—A sad and a muffled toll
 Of the deep Church-bell, for a parted soul!
 The Child that in glee o'er that pathway sped—
 The Youth that in beauty and manhood wed—
 The Aged Lord of the Castle is dead!
 Hath rested his body in solemn state,
 And now 'tis borne from the Castle gate;
 Sad its retainers, as mournfully slow,
 Over that BEATEN PATH they go—
 That path through which, when a child, he sped,
 That path by which his fair Bride he led,
 That path o'er which they now bear him—dead!
 Pause they now at yon Churchyard's door,
 And now—'tis entered—the pathway o'er;
 THAT BEATEN PATH HE WILL PASS NO MORE!

One Day and a Half in the Life of a Tobacco Chewer.

[BY A SUFFERER.]

Saturday, July 22, 1843.—Took my hat for a walk; wife—as wives are apt to—began to load me with messages, upon seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to call at Cousin M's, and borrow for her the "Sorrows of Werter." Hate to have a wife read such namby-pamby stuff, but must humor her whims, and concluded that I had rather she would take pleasure over Werter's Sorrows, than employ her tongue in making 'sorrow' for your humble servant.

Got to Cousin M's door. Now, Cousin is an old maid, and a dreadful tidy woman. Like tidy women well enough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy ones, because I am always in dread while on their premises, lest I should offend their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel on the sole of my boot or such matter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and seated myself in one of her cane bottom chairs, while she rummaged the bookcase. Forgot to take out my cavendish before I entered, and while she hunted, felt the tide rising. No spitbox in the room, windows closed, floor carpeted, stove varnished. Looked to the fireplace—full of flowers, and hearth newly daubed with Spanish brown: here was a fix. Felt the flood of essence of cavendish accumulating. Began to reason with myself whether, as a last alternative, it were better to drown the flowers, re-daub the hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the mean time pretty well filled. To add to my misery she began to ask questions. "Did you ever read this book,

—?" "Yes, ma'm" said I, in a voice like a frog from the bottom of a well, when I wished book, aunt, and all, were with Pharaoh's host, in the Red Sea. "How do you like it?" continued the indefatigable querist. I threw my head on the back of the chair, and my mouth upward to prevent an overflow. "Pretty well," said I. She at last found the Sorrows of Werter, and came toward me. "O! dear, Cousin Oliver, don't put your head on the back of the chair, now don't—you'll grease it, and take off the gilding." I could not answer her, having now lost the power of speech entirely, and my cheeks were distended like those of a toad under a mushroom. "Why, Oliver," said my persevering tormentor, unconscious of the reason of my appearance, "you are sick; I know you are; your face is dreadfully swelled;" and before I could prevent her, her hartshorn was clapped to my distended nostrils. As my mouth was closed imperturbably, the orifices in my nasal organ were at that time my only breathing place. Judge, then, what a commotion a full snuff of hartshorn created among my olfactories.

I bolted for the door, and a hearty achee-hee! relieved my proboscis, and tobacco, chyle, &c., "all at once disgorged" from my mouth, restored me the faculty of speech. Her eyes followed me in astonishment, and I returned and relieved my embarrassment by putting a load on my conscience. I told her I had been trying to relieve the toothache by the temporary use of tobacco, while, truth to tell, I never had an aching fang in my head. I went home mortified.

Sunday Forenoon.—Friend A. invited myself and wife to take a seat with him to hear the celebrated Mr. ——— preach: Conducted by

neighbor A. to his pew. Mouth as usual, full of tobacco, and, horror of horrors! found the pew elegantly carpeted with white and green, two or three mahogany crickets, and a hat stand, but no spitbox. The services commenced; every peal on the organ was answered by an internal appeal from my mouth for a liberation from its contents, but the thing was impossible. I thought of using my hat for a spitbox, then of turning one of the crickets over, but I could do nothing unperceived. I took out my handkerchief, but found, in the plenitude of her officiousness, that my wife had placed one of her white cambrics in my pocket instead of my bandanna. Here was a dilemma. By the time the preacher had named his text, my cheeks had reached their utmost tension, and I must spit or die.

I arose, seized my hat, and made for the door. My wife—confound these women how they dog one about! imagining me unwell, she might have known better—got up and followed me out: "Are you unwell, Oliver?" said she, as the door closed after us. I answered her by putting out the eyes of an unlucky dog with a flood of expressed essence of cavendish. "I wish," said she, "Mr. A. had a spit-box in his pew." "So do I." We footed it home in moody silence. I was sorry my wife had lost the sermon, but how could I help it? These women are so affectionate, confound them; no, I don't mean so. But she might have known what ailed me, and kept her seat.

Tobacco! O tobacco! But the deeds of that day are not told yet. After the conclusion of the services along came farmer Ploughshare. He had seen me go out of church and stopped at the open window where I sat. "Sick to-day Mr. —?" "Rather unwell," answered I, and there was another lie to place to the account of tobacco. "We had powerful preaching, Mr. —; sorry you had to go out." My wife asked him in, and in he came; she might know he would, but women must be polite. But she was the sufferer by it. Compliments over, I gave him my chair at the open window. Down he sat, and fumbling in his pockets, he drew forth a formidable plug of tobacco, and commenced untwisting it. "Then you use tobacco," said I. "A leetle occasionally," said he, as he deposited from three to four inches in his cheek. I mentally pity those using more. "A neat fence that of yours," as flood after flood bespattered a newly painted white fence near the window. "Yes," said I, "but I like a darker color." "So do I," answered Ploughshare, "and yaller suits my notion. It don't show dirt." And he moistened my carpet with his favorite color. Good, thought I, my wife will ask him in again I guess. We were now summoned to dinner. Farmer Ploughshare seated himself. I saw his long fingers in that particular position in which a tobacco chewer knows how to put his digits when about to unlade. He drew them across his mouth; I trembled for the consequences, should he throw such a load upon the hearth or the floor. But he had no intention thus to waste his quid, and, shocking to relate, deposited it beside his plate on my wife's damask cloth.

This was too much. I plead sickness and rose. There was no lie in the assertion now, I was sick. I retired from the table, but my departure did not discompose farmer Ploughshare, who was unconscious of having done wrong. I returned in season to see him re-place his quid in his mouth to

undergo a second mastication, and the church bell opportunely ringing, called him away before he could use his plate for a spit-box, for such, I am persuaded would have been his next motion. I went up straits, and throwing myself on the bed, fell asleep. Dreams of inundation, floods and fire harassed me. I thought I was burning and smoking like a segar. I then thought the Merrimack had burst its banks and was about to overflow me with its waters. I could not escape, the water had reached my chin—I tasted it, it was like tobacco juice. I coughed and screamed, and awakening, found I had been to sleep with a quid in my mouth. My wife entered at the moment I threw away the filthy weed—"Huz, if I were you I would not use that stuff any more."

"I won't," said I. Neither fig nor twist, pig-tail or cavendish has passed my lips since, nor ever shall they again.

Culture of the Grape.

ROBINSON & JONES, of our city, have lately put to press a brief practical treatise on the culture of the grape, worth fifty times the price to the purchaser, which it costs him, in the profitable hints it suggests. The author is one of a number of individuals who cultivates the grape in Hamilton county. My perusal of this manual, which gives the proper statistics on this subject, has afforded me the following conclusions:

1. Individuals in Hamilton county who have one-twentieth of their farm in grapes, make more of that portion than the entire residue.
2. The produce on an average exceeds a yield of 400 gallons to the acre, as high in some instances as 700 gallons being made from a small vineyard of eighteen hundred vines, embracing not quite an acre. At the current rate for the article—\$1.50 per gallon—this would be \$600 per acre as the crop value, and worth under any possible depreciation 400 dollars per acre, which would be a net profit of 250 dollars to each acre, a revenue no other crop affords.
3. The Catawba grape, which is now generally cultivated in this region, affords a wine that stands without a competitor in the world, and no degree of extension in its culture could ever reduce the price to fifty cents per gallon. At that rate, raising grapes would be more profitable than any existing crop in the West. But it is, in reference to raising grapes for the table, that I feel much interest on this subject. At fifty cents per bushel, Catawba grapes will furnish a very profitable crop, although the price they are now worth for making wine forbids their sale at that price; but they will be furnished at that price here in less than five years. At that price they will be as cheap as any other wholesome fruit, and ought to furnish food at the breakfast table, to the banishment of the beef-steaks and other animal food, which they would supersede. All fruit ought to be eaten, as is my practice,

early in the day, and I judge that the robust health my family enjoys should recommend the practice.

I can freely recommend this little treatise. The author insists on it, that the culture of the grape is not severe work, but rather an amusement. "You are living in the country, the newspapers contain nothing of importance [N.B. He does not take the *ADVERTISER*], the Oregon territory is not yet ours, and it will be a hard matter to get it, the rumor of broken banks and Swartwouters will not give you much trouble." By way of conclusion, therefore, *cultivate the grape*.

The Pardoning Power.

I observe, in a late city paper, notice, that an application will be made to obtain the pardon and release of a certain individual convicted of having counterfeit money in his possession, and sentenced for five years to the penitentiary. The alleged ground for the application is the *innocence* of the convict. I know enough of the case to be *satisfied* of his *guilt*. But without referring to what I know personally in this case, look at the absurdity of suffering the signatures to a petition to outweigh the verdict of a jury upon the subject. In such cases, men sign, frequently without looking at the petition, on simply a representation of its contents, a statement of acquittal, in an instance where twelve men on their oaths, and after proof and investigation of the circumstances, decide that he is guilty. I do not undertake to judge for others, but I would not suffer my columns thus to aid in getting a convict loose on the community for any sum offered to procure the insertion of such notices. And I lift up my voice, feeble and alone though it may be, pleading with the community to pause before they sign such applications. They are an insult to those of our fellow citizens who made the verdict; they are injurious to the community who have just got rid of disturbers of their peace or safety. I warn every man who signs such applications that he is doing all in his power to nullify all law with its safeguards and restraints, and to restore the community to its original element of society, where the weak and peaceable are made the prey of the turbulent and strong, and where every man assumes the right to judge and decide his own cause. In one word, to proclaim the supremacy of mobs and Lynch law.

Rail-Road to Xenia.

On Monday, the 17th, by invitation of the Directors of the Little Miami Rail-Road Company, the editor of the *Advertiser* made one of a promiscuous assemblage of travelers to Xenia, on the

occasion of the Rail-Road being opened for the first time to that flourishing and beautiful village, sixty-eight miles out. The road winds through a delightful country, and follows with slight variations, the course of the Little Miami, through one of the most fertile valleys in the wide world. It may indeed be doubted whether there be a margin of bottom land of equal breadth and richness on earth, taking into view the size of the stream. Breadths of a mile in extent filled with Indian corn, in its growth the most graceful of the cereal grains, and forming a most picturesque landscape, are of repeated occurrence. Nor are the bottoms of the Little Miami, perceptibly of less magnitude, fifty or sixty miles up the stream. The road appears well finished and must create, as well as provide for, an immense travel and transportation northward, and eventually to the Lake and the Atlantic Cities. Everywhere along the road I found abundant testimony that the most ample harvest has been or is about to be gathered in, that has been known for six years, and the quality is as remarkable as the quantity. The next link in the chain will take us to Springfield, which will then enable the traveling community to connect with the line of the National Road both east and west.

The Little Miami and Sandusky Rail-Road, of which this route is the commencement, will form when completed, a most important avenue for the transportation of western produce east, and of the Atlantic Cities' merchandize west. Of what magnitude its business is destined to become, may be inferred from the amount of merchandize which is now sent to and received from Toledo, 1143 packages for the west and southwest being received in one day by one of our forwarding houses. The Canal transportation is preparing the Rail-Road transportation business, so that by the time the Rail-Road is completed, the entire Canal business will thus be turned over to the cars.

College of Dental Surgery.

Among this year's city improvements may be numbered an unassuming building of no particular order of architecture, which occupies the well known site of Talbott's school room, on College street, and nearly covering the lot on which it is built; the edifice being 60 feet by 27, and three stories in height. This is the new College of Dental Surgery of Dr. Cook and his associates. The building is expected to be finished by the 1st of next month, and to be fitted up for theoretical and demonstrative teaching on Dental Science, by the first Monday of November, when the public lectures commence. The main hall of the college is the lecture room, capable of holding 250

persons. Other rooms will be appropriated to the library and anatomical museum and laboratory, and mechanical operations of the college.

In the testimonials which will be afforded to the public by competent and skilful professors to those who shall graduate there, must result protection from the impositions and in many cases irreparable injuries which have been inflicted on the community by mere pretenders to dental knowledge.

As a subject of city pride, it may be stated that Baltimore and Cincinnati are the only cities in the world, in which colleges of dental surgery exist.

Bustles.

"A Yankee" finds employment in the north-west region of our city in carding cotton for bustles. I hope the extensive scale on which he carries on his operations will reduce the price of bran, and thereby restore that article to its legitimate use. The following is his advertisement, which I insert without charge:

BUSTLES! BUSTLES!!—The undersigned having recently put in operation some cards in the building on the southwest corner of Smith and Seventh streets, would respectfully inform the fashionable part of the community that he is prepared to make any quantity of Bustles of the latest and most approved patterns, containing from four to sixteen pounds of superior carded cotton, at short notice. Bustles warranted to fit or no sale.

N. B. When not supplied with orders for the above article the machinery will be employed in manufacturing a very superior article of Batting from clean cotton, which article can be had at all times in quantities to suit, and at the right price, of
A YANKEE.

Commission.

By His Excellency, Arthur St. Clair, Esq., Governor and Commander in Chief of the Territory of the United States, North-West of the River Ohio, to Benjamin Perle, Greeting.

THE SEAL OF
THE TERRITORY
OF THE U.S.
N. W. OF THE
RIVER OHIO.

You being appointed an Ensign in the First Regiment of Hamilton County Militia, by virtue of the Power vested in me, I do by these presents (reposing special trust and confidence in your Loyalty, Courage and good Conduct) commission you accordingly.—You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of an Ensign in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers; and to keep them in good Order and Discipline: And they are hereby commanded to

obey you as their Ensign, and you are yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions as you shall from Time to Time receive from me or your superior Officers.

Given under my hand, and the Seal of the said Territory of the United States, the 21st day of August, in the Year of our Lord 1798, and of the Independence of the United States of America, the twenty-third.

By His Excellency's Command,
WM. HENRY HARRISON,
Secretary.

Statistics.

It is remarkable how much worthless information goes the rounds of the press, when the exercise of a moment's reflection would detect its character. This is the business of the editor,--- if he be too lazy or too incompetent to do so, his readers will hardly take the pains.

Our fellow citizen, Nicholas Longworth, is stated in several of our city papers to have made 500 bbls native wine this season. If these editors had known or knowing the fact had remembered it, that the season of pressing grapes had not yet arrived, this statement would hardly have been made. Mr. Longworth's wine, be the quantity what it may, will not be barreled for weeks to come.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Calla Ethiopica.

Mr. Cist.—In your paper of last week there appeared some remarks on the Calla Ethiopica, wherein Mr. Pancoast remarked it was a native of Pennsylvania, or to that effect. If the plant alluded to be the Calla, Mr. Pancoast is much mistaken; and I presume Mr. Schnetz is a man not likely to palm on the public a native plant for that of foreign origin. The Calla Ethiopica is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, throwing up a stem two to three feet high, depending on the age of the plant. The flower is singularly formed of one whorl or vase-like calyx of pure white, in the spring. The leaf is arrow-shaped; the root, perennial and tender, will not bear the least frost, consequently cannot be a native of his country. This plant may stand out all the winter in the south, if planted in the mud two or three feet below the surface of the water: as the root would then be sufficiently protected from frost. This plant is too generally cultivated with the lover of flowers in this part to know that it requires the warmth of a room to protect it through the winter, and may be considered a green-house plant.

T. WINTER.

August 16, 1845.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Recollections of Harmar's Campaign.

Mr. C. Cist:

Dear Sir.—I forward you, as I promised, my recollections of the incidents connected with Harmar's Campaign, which fell under my observation, or in which I bore a part.

General Harmar marched his army from Fort Washington, if I recollect right, the last week of September, 1790. His expedition was designed against the Indian towns on the St. Joseph, or Maumee, near where Fort Wayne was afterwards built. The army followed the trace made be Gen. Geo. R. Clarke with the Kentucky troops, in October, 1782, as far as the Piqua towns, on both sides of the Great Miami, which were destroyed by him on that visit. Thence we had a tolerable Indian trace to where there had been a large trading establishment, *St. Mary's*, from which we had a good Indian trace to our final object, which was sixty-four miles from there into the wilderness.

There were, perhaps, one hundred and thirty of the Kentucky militia mounted and armed: one third of that force with swords and pistols, the balance with rifles. They were remarkably useful in that campaign, being found active and efficient in hunting up pack-horses or beef cattle, which were apt to stray off after night, scouring the woods for the purpose, and sometimes rousing from their concealment Indians who were watching our movements. On account of these services they were exempt from camp duty at night.

When the army got within thirty or forty miles of the Indian towns for which we were marching, there were ten or twelve of these mounted men sent out in search of some pack-horses that had been lost over night. They started a smart young Indian, took him prisoner, brought him into camp, where he was examined by two of the Kentuckians, who understood the Indian language. He spoke freely; and told all he knew respecting the movements of his people, saying that they had at first intended to make a stand and defend their towns; but after holding a council, gave up the idea, and had moved their families and property down the river, intending to burn their wigwams. When the army arrived they found all his statements true.

Two days after the army reached the Indian towns, orders were given to draft four hundred men from the different companies, with a view to send them out and see what discoveries they could make respecting the enemy. They were to draw two days provisions, and to be out over night.

About twenty of the mounted men, and, perhaps, half a dozen footmen volunteered to go along. I was one of these last. The detachment

crossed the St. Joseph where the centre of the town stood; struck a trace on the west bank that led a west course, and followed it within one mile of the river. On the route the mounted men started two Indians and shot them both; lost one man ourselves. Pursued the trace till sunset, and found evident signs, though much scattered, of Indians. None of them appeared fresh. About sunset the six pounder in camp was fired. Col. Trotter, of Lexington, Ky., who had the command of the detachment, concluded this was a signal for our recall, and countermarching we got into camp a little after dark. The next day's tour we were placed under the command of Col. Hardin, we crossed the river where we did the day before, and struck a good Indian trace a short distance from the river, directly north; after following it four or five miles, we found considerable of fresh signs of savages. Two or three Indian dogs got in among the troops, which disappeared again shortly, discovering that they were not among their masters.

The Colonel ordered a halt, directing the different companies to station themselves on the right and left of the trace, and keep a sharp lookout. Our company went round the point of a brushy grove, which threw us out of sight of the trace, though not far from it. The Colonel sent Maj. Fountain, with eight or ten mounted men, to reconnoitre. After travelling a short distance on that trace, they came to where it crossed a small stream of water, which, being muddy on each side, pointed out plainly the fresh tracks of Indians who had been making a hasty retreat, with a view of drawing the detachment into an ambuscade. The Major returned, and reported accordingly. Colonel Hardin was so keen for pursuit, that he started off with the principal part of the troops in such a hurry, that he forgot to give us any orders. After waiting awhile we became impatient, struck the trace, and finding they were gone, followed on. We had not gone far, however, until we met Major Fountain, and Captain Faulkner, having explained that we had been directed to halt until we should get orders to march, we pressed forward to overtake the main body of our comrades.

In a short time we met two of the mounted men at full speed, each having a wounded man behind him. "Retreat," said they, "for God's sake! There are Indians enough to eat us all up." We proceeded on, however, till we had gained a high swell of ground, when we saw our troops putting back upon the trace—the Indians in pursuit, yelling and shooting. We halted, formed a line across the trace, and treed, with a view to give them a shot. They came within seventy or eighty yards of us, when they halted instantly. I expect the reason was Col. Hardin,

Hall, Fountain, and four or five others were on horseback close by where we were. We remained there until the retreating troops had all passed by, none of whom halted with us except the men on horseback. We covered their retreat, and marched into camp a short time after dark, under the direction of Cols. Hardin and Hall. The six pounder was discharged every hour till daylight, as a signal for the benefit of the stragglers, of which several came in that night.

Having been acquainted with Col. Hall in Bourbon County, Kentucky, and knowing he was near the front, I went to his tent next morning, to learn what had been the movements in front on the day before. He stated that the trace passed through a narrow prairie with a heavy growth of timber and underbrush on each side. At the far end it entered into a thick growth of timber. At this spot within a few feet of the trace, the enemy had kindled up a fire. Here the advance halted as soon as they came up, and just at this moment the Indians rose from their coverts on the prairie sides, and poured in a deadly fire so sudden and unexpected that it threw our troops into a confusion, from which they could not be rallied, and it was on their retreat, we being within a short distance of that prairie path, that we protected their right about movement, as I have already stated.

The army lay some days encamped, after Hardin's detachment had been thus defeated, when preparations were made for our return to Fort Washington, after destroying all the property of the enemy within reach. The first day the army marched about five miles, leaving a party of three or four mounted men with an officer on a commanding piece of ground to observe if the Indians should make their appearance and offer signs of pursuit. About two hours after the army had disappeared, the Indians began to come in by droves, hunting for hid provisions, as they had large quantities put up in that way. On learning this late in the evening, from the party left behind to watch their movements, Col. Hardin was keen to have another brush with the savages. A draft of four hundred men was accordingly made and placed under his command, in the calculation to surprise them before daylight. The detachment marched back to the post where this officer with his party had been stationed, when, taking to the left hand, Col. Hardin crossed the St. Mary's near its junction with the St. Joseph's, and pushed forward up the west bank of that river towards the Indian town built there. He was followed by Majors Fountain, M'Millan, and Wyllys. Harmar's trace crossed the Maumee River at Harmar's ford. As soon as the river was passed the town was in sight. The day was just dawning as the troops moved on, Major

Fountain, with a few mounted men in front. As they turned the point of a hazel thicket, and at a few rods distance, fifteen or twenty Indians were discovered around a fire. The Major charged right in among them, fired both his pistols, and then drew his sword; but, ten or twelve of the savages, at the time not more than as many feet off, discharged their rifles at him. One of the soldiers, George Adams by name, being close by fired on them and received four or five flesh wounds by a volley in return. Wyllys and M'Millan, with a small party of regulars, finally succeeded in drawing them into the river. Fountain although wounded in several places, and surviving but a few minutes, yet hung to his saddle. Our men took him off, and buried him under the side of a log, or under a bank, and Adams rode the horse in. When Wyllys, with the regulars, was driving the savages into the river, Hardin met them on the other side, but was compelled by inferiority of force to retire. There were many Indians killed in the skirmish of the second day; and if we had had a few more troops detached from Harmar's command, of those who were not wanted in camp, the enemy would have received the worst drubbing they ever got from the whites; as it was, they lost more men than they ever lost before in any one of our western battles. Majors Fountain and Wyllys were both killed, with other officers of inferior rank. Major M'Millan collected the scattering troops and remained on the ground until all the Indians had disappeared, and then marched into camp, which he reached before sunset.

Next morning General Harmar sent Captains Wells and Gaines, both of the Kentucky troops, as an express to Fort Washington. When they reached the bottoms of the Big Miami, at a short turn of the trace they were following, they met five Indians very unexpectedly. On the instant, Gaines wheeled to the left and Wells to the right and by the promptness of the movement saved their lives. They both made a wide circuit;—Wells got to the mouth of the Miami, and Gaines struck the river where Ripley now stands. The army, however, reached Fort Washington before either Gaines or Wells.

I knew Jacob Fowler and Ellison Williams. They were both good woodsmen and hunters. Fowler was in St. Clair's campaign, in the commissary or quarter-master's department. He had a friend, a Captain Piatt, who was killed at St. Clair's defeat. He had also a brother killed by the Indians, within a mile or two of Hamilton, while we were out on St. Clair's expedition. Williams, I believe, was in neither Harmar's nor St. Clair's campaigns.

I would be glad to have a chat with your friend John Bush. There is no doubt we could recol-

lect many other incidents that took place in Har-mar's campaign, if we had a chance of comparing notes.

The Indian prisoner, to whom I referred in the early part of this letter, was taken to Fort Washington, although afterwards sent home.

Yours,

THOMAS IRWIN.

Blue Bell, Butler County, Ohio,
August 23, 1845.

Wholesomeness of Fruit.

Such is the cheapness of meat in the United States, as compared with European countries, that the emigrants to America have acquired a taste for the indulgence, which they have transmitted to their descendants, until we have become the most *carniverous* nation on the globe. Perhaps I ought to except the *Feejee* islanders, whose principal food is the bodies of their enemies, captured or slain in battle.

I entertain great doubts of the wholesomeness of any diet, in which meat forms the largest share; and as I have all my life enjoyed an uncommon degree of good health, I must impute it to the great extent to which vegetable food enters into my entire sustenance. Lest I be misunderstood on this point, let me state briefly and explicitly, that I refer to bread and fruits.

My family of eleven persons consumes a barrel of flour every twenty days. One half my marketing is fruit, which I buy of the best quality and fully ripe.

There is no finer climate in the world for fruit than our own country, and the west surpasses the east in quality and productiveness, as far as our Atlantic region transcends Europe. France, Spain, Italy, and the Levant, furnish figs and grapes of a finer quality than ours; but our peaches, pears, and plums, taking quality and quantity together, surpass those of any other section of the world. As to apples, our middle states, from western Pennsylvania and Virginia to Indiana inclusive, raise finer and more abundantly than any where on the face of the globe. Of this region Ohio takes the lead, and in a few years will be obliged to export her surplus of the article.

I am not opposed to the moderate use of meat, but recommend by my own experience, as a preservative of health, a free use of fruit, always to be procured ripe. When grapes shall have become more abundant in our markets, as they soon must under their general culture, they ought to form a regular dish on the breakfast table.

Modern Poetry.

"The world is full of Poetry. The air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled in its beauty."

I remember when a man could read poetry, without danger of being decoyed into reading mere advertisements. But having grown wiser, I read nothing now-a-days, as the city council, ordinances, by the title. The pith or point of an article must be discovered these times, as the epigram once was, by the closing line. The subjoined article was my latest take in.

Rescued Treasure.

The spirits of the storm were out,
Red lightnings rent the murky air,
And the tornado's battle shout
Had roused old Ocean from his lair.
High on a ridge of serried rocks
A gallant frigate lay impaled,
Reeling before the wild waves shocks,
While Death the trembling seamen hailed,
He hailed them in the breaker's roar,
He hailed them in the shrieking blast,
He hailed them when the tempest tore
From the bruised hulk the broken mast.
And one by one they leaped and sank
Into old Ocean's boiling breast,
Till all save one the cup had drank,
That lulled them to eternal rest.
Boldly the last survivor springs,
Strongly he struggles toward the land,
Till a gigantic billow flings
Your frigate's Captain on the strand.
One treasure still his hand retains,
That wind nor wave could make him drop;
And tightly every finger strains
On *Chapman's Magic Razor Strop!*

Numismatology.

MONOGRAPH OF THE DOLLAR: By J. L. RIDDELL, M. D., of the New Orleans Mint. 8vo. pp. 504. Stereotyped and printed by E. Shepard; 1845.

This is a remarkable work, in which the curious and rare are blended in due proportion with the practical and every day business of life. We have all heard of the *almighty dollar*. Here is the whole history of its whole family over the globe. The author is melter and refiner in the Branch Mint, New Orleans, and Professor of Chemistry in the Medical College of Louisiana. It may readily be imagined that he is therefore thoroughly qualified for treating properly, the subjects on which he writes.

This book presents impressions of every emission of dollars which have been coined in the various mints of the world, duly classified, with a corresponding arrangement of their counter-

feits, embracing specimens of all the various imitations which are spread over the United States and perhaps other countries. The variations of the genuine are 147, of the counterfeits 277. Of these 62 of the genuine, and 242 of the counterfeits, are of Mexican dollars alone. What a satire on human nature! 242 counterfeiting establishments in the United States!!

The book is replete with a great variety of knowledge, at once full and exact in its details, affording every variety of information to the banker, the coin collector, and to the general reader, much of it being rare and curious, and all of it of great practical importance. Such is the exactness of the impression that a counterfeit may be detected by it at a glance.

It is almost inconceivable that any individual, however qualified for the peculiar studies the writing of this treatise demands, could be found disposed to engage in the immense amount of labor it involves, or that a person willing to devote years of patient toil to such an enterprise should possess the necessary scientific knowledge for the purpose.

The work is admirably classified as well as arranged for reference, and for comparison of those genuine and counterfeit pieces, which correspond to each other, and in short is a book which no business man should be without.

I observe from a notice in the work that this valuable publication will probably be the precursor of a treatise on coins, foreign and domestic, perhaps more extensive and general in its nature.

I cannot close this article without referring to the typography and binding of this book, which are both creditable in a high degree to its Cincinnati getting up. The binding is by C. F. Wilstach, corner Main and Fourth streets, and will compare to advantage with any specimens of the kind from the Atlantic binderies.

City Dignitaries.

Every city has its own great men in the person of its public functionaries. We have all heard of the Lord Mayor of London, with his magnificent coach and out riders. And a London Alderman—what associations cluster round the very name! I must repeat an anecdote or two.

At a late public dinner in London, one of the company was speaking of the blessings of Providence.

"Ay!" said Alderman W., who was present, smacking his lips, "it is indeed a blessed place. We get all our turtle soup from it."

A beggar solicited food from another of these

dignitaries, who directed his servant to give the applicant a crust of bread. The half famished wretch devoured it on the spot. Emboldened by the favor, he asked for other assistance.

"Pity a poor man your worship."

"Poor," exclaimed his worship, "I would give five guineas for your appetite."

Our great men are the City Council. The Mayor, it is true, is the terror of all evil doers, and discharges his functions with great zeal as well as ability. But though he has power to commit, he has none to discharge. The sublime attribute of mercy is in the hands of the Jail Committee of Council.

In 1838, *Jonah Martin* and myself were together members of the City Council. We were personal friends, and held the same general political principles. Beyond this we had none of the sympathies which usually hold public men in the same traces. We divided on the coffee-house question—on the huckster licenses—on public improvements—on every thing almost.

We were placed together on the Jail committee. Here we were again at issue. I had censured the Mayor for not enforcing the laws, and could not with any degree of consistency concur with my colleague in turning out culprits almost as soon as the Mayor sent them to jail. *Jonah*, on the contrary had an unbounded antipathy to crowding the cells and to putting in criminals for the first offence, however flagrant.

A prime minister of Spain, on a visit to Corunna, the Duke of Osuna, liberated a galley slave that acknowledged he had been a very great rascal and deserved his punishment, while he paid no attention to the pleas which others made who alleged their innocence of the crimes laid to their charge. "Go," said he "it is not fit such a fellow as you should be here to corrupt the morals of so many honest and respectable people." *Martin* reversed the practise and was for turning all new offenders adrift for fear the more hardened cases would make them worse. So between us I had as much trouble to keep them in, as he to get them out.

As we approached the cells, the poor desponding wretches would creep out of the lairs in which they were disposed like so many brutes. Every step in the jail yard gave way in one progress—the eye was kindled in hope, the head bowed in reverence, and unless a flagrant case, the heart of the bondman was rejoicing in deliverance. Ours was the power to bind or to loose.

Our great men, then, are the City Council. They are the Lords President of the community. Sovereigns, three hundred and sixty-four days in the year, and servants on one only, the first Monday in April. Some of them feel accordingly like a street commissioner of that day with

whom an individual was remonstrating for undue exercise of authority. "I don't know," said officer, "how long I shall continue in office, and while I *do* reign, I mean to reign." I propose to furnish a gallery of portraits of these great men, the *conscripti patres of Cincinnati*, of which next week will present the first of the series.

Dayton Limestone.

The general use which is now making of this building material may give interest to the following statements.

This beautiful limestone, in its rough state, has been used for years in Dayton, but it is only of late years that its fitness for ornamental purposes by dressing its face, was rendered apparent. Messrs. Dickey, Shaeffer & Co. of that city own the most extensive quarry in its vicinity. This is three miles out of it, and its elevation is 180 feet above Dayton, which enables the proprietors to provide just such a descending grade for the cars that take it on railways into market, as to carry enormous loads.

There are four courses or strata in the quarry. One 20 inches thick, one 13 inches, one varying from 5 to 12 inches, and one uniformly 4 inches thick. It is the first description which has been so extensively used in the Miami canal locks. The four inch stone is generally used in flagging pavements, and the intermediate thickness for ordinary building purposes.

A walk through the streets will suffice to impress on the public the importance, for building purposes, of this limestone. Our public buildings are all greatly indebted for their appearance to this article, which in some instances, as the Cathedral on Plum street, and the new Cincinnati College, forms the entire front.

There is a pleasant story on the subject, which I am assured is not less true than amusing. H. G. Phillips, Esq. of Dayton, and one of its influential citizens, a few years since being about to build a fine dwelling for himself, visited Cincinnati to procure the cut free stone, at that time exclusively used here. Having made his purchase at one of the yards here, he called on one of his neighbours who ran a canal boat from Dayton to Cincinnati. "I have a lot of cut free stone at *Humble's* yard, I want you to bring out on your next trip. You can find the place I suppose." "Very easily," replied the Captain dryly, "I took in last week a load of our limestone and shall take another to-morrow for *Humble* to dress. He tells me they are preparing to use Dayton marble in all the best houses they are now building in Cincinnati. But it's all right, I get loaded both ways by this means."

Mary.

Inscribed in the Album of a young friend.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

Mary!—it is a gentle name,
And they alone should bear it
Whose gentle thoughts and kindly deeds
Proclaim them meet to wear it.
Mary!—the first of whom we read
Is in the Sacred Word:
The blessed Virgin, undefiled,
The Mother of our Lord!

'Twas Mary to the Saviour knelt
And washed his feet with tears,
Sincere repentance then she felt,
For sins of other years.
With pity touched the Saviour said,
"Thy sins be all forgiven!"
And she who knelt a sinner, rose—
Mary—a child of Heaven!

Martha, we learn, remained at home,
"Troubled with many things,"
While Mary ran in haste to meet
Her Lord, the King of kings!
And He, who truly reads each heart,
Jesus, of her did say:
"Mary hath chosen that good part
Which shall not pass away!"

And when the Lord of Heaven became
The lowly, crucified,
Three Marys stood around the cross,
And wept when Jesus died.
'Twas Mary sought at early dawn
The tomb from whence he brake,
And her's the first recorded name
The risen Saviour spake.

Then, Mary, let it be your aim
To keep these still in view;
And as you bear the gentle name,
Possess their graces too!
Be meek and lowly—pure in heart—
Be every sin abhorred;
Like Mary, "Choose the better part,"
And early seek the Lord!

Printing Ink Factories.

There are three manufactories of printing ink here, which of course not only supply the home market but provide for the wants of the "Art Typographic" throughout the west, as far as the article has yet been introduced. These are the establishments of Messrs. *Henry & Co., J. A. James, and Stearns & Co.* My further remarks

apply to the last, which is the only one I have had the opportunity to examine.

Printing ink, as is generally known, is made of lampblack, or the soot which falls in the process of burning rosin or other bituminous substances. This is done by condensing the smoke in buildings suitable to the purpose. The *black* is ground in oil by means of a steam engine.

With their present fixtures Stearns & Co. can manufacture 2000 lbs. per week, and have in fact made five hundred lbs. per day for weeks. The ink is excellent and can be sold as low as any article of equal quality. This firm supplies the principal share consumed in the city offices, and sells also to the cities and towns in the interior of the State, and generally to the west and southwest, in which directions the market is constantly enlarging as the article gets into use.

Ink of every grade is made in this establishment from common news, up to the finest card ink, and at prices from 25 cts. to 100 per lb:

Sales are made nearly as fast as the article is prepared for the market, and the eastern ink, so long the sole dependence and supply in Cincinnati, is to a great extent driven from this market.

The sales of Cincinnati made ink must reach an annual value of twenty thousand dollars.

Messrs. Stearns & Co. deserve especial credit for their success in manufacturing an article which compares to advantage with any made in our Atlantic cities, after the successive failures here of twelve or fifteen individuals in the same attempt, and in the face of the prejudice created by such failures, for its introduction into general use. The *velocity card presses* of *L'Hommiedieu & Co.* and *E. Shepard*, which require for their work the finest in the market, use Stearns & Co.'s exclusively.

A Fact and a Moral.

A Pennsylvania farmer, a dutchman, was overtaken in the neighborhood of Stoystown, by a traveller, who was directing his journey to the great west on horse. The farmer was on horse also, seated on a bag of grain, about half filled with wheat, which he was taking to mill. To balance this part of the load, a large stone occupied the opposite half of the bag. The following dialogue ensued:

Traveler.—I see you have got a big stone in your bag. What is that for?

Farmer.—By shure do make de pag schteady.

T.—That stone dont steady the load. Throw it away and put half your grain on each side. Besides the sharp corners of the stone will wear your bag into holes.

Accordingly the farmer exclaims, "Py ching I neffer dought apout dat," dismounted, arranged

his load as advised, the traveller assisting him for the purpose. The parties rode on a mile or two, when the traveler, tired of his slow progress, bid his neighbor good bye, and trotted forwards. After he had got out of sight, sudden misgivings seized the Pennsylvanian. "By ching it is all a tam Yenky drick. Effery potty in de Klades garries dere krice so, ant dat feller hash some getch in it." Thus soliloquising, he put back, restored the stone to its time honored place, and then pursued his journey to mill, exulting that no Yankee should get any advantage of him, no how he could fix it.

This narrative, which is an absolute fact, is in full keeping with the ideas and characters of persons in other regions, who are ready enough to suspect sinister motives where unsolicited kindness is bestowed.

Growth of New York.

We in the West who have seen villages of a few houses become large and flourishing cities in the lapse of forty years, and especially Cincinnati springing in fifty-five years from a settlement in which at that time a small garrison outweighed, in numbers, the residue of the population residing in the place, are apt to suppose that there is no parallel to these things in the Atlantic section of the republic. Such cases are doubtless rarer there, but they exist where it is hardly to be suspected, in New York for example. Sam'l Breck, an old inhabitant of Philadelphia, gives his recollections of New York in 1787, in the following language (I copy from the "National Magazine," of July last):

"In the month of June, 1787, on my return from a residence of a few years in France, I arrived in New York, and found it a neglected place, built chiefly of wood, and in a state of prostration and decay. A dozen vessels in port. Broadway from Trinity church, inclusive, down to the Battery, in ruins, owing to a fire that had occurred when the city was occupied by the enemy during the latter end of the war. The ruined walls of the burned houses standing on both sides of the way, testifying to the poverty of the place, five years after the conflagration; for although the war had ceased during that period, and the enemy had departed, no attempt had been made to rebuild them. In short, there was silence and inactivity everywhere; and the population was very little over twenty thousand."

The proportional increase of New York in 58 years is fully as remarkable as that of ours, if we confine our comparison to population merely. It is true we have an increase of three years---to 1848—to go upon, in order to render the comparison equal in point of age.

Street Lighting.

One of our recent city improvements is the introduction of gas pipes along the line of Fourth street, west, and the putting up lamp posts to afford light to the streets. It is greatly to be regretted, however, that the mass of foliage which the lower limbs of the shade trees presents by way of interference with the rays of light, being considerably below the range of the lamps, must diminish to a great extent the benefit of gas light to passengers on this street, and the same state of the case may be true of other streets. It will be well, therefore, for those who reside on Fourth street to give those shade trees a thorough trimming in the lower limbs, and let them not hesitate to do so under the general impression, that the spring is the proper or only season for that purpose. On the contrary, I have the authority of orchardists and others that the summer is the appropriate season for trimming, all wounds of the kind healing over more readily and perfectly now than in the spring. The late General Harrison had his whole orchard trimmed over on one occasion, in the month of August, and to better advantage, as he expressly stated, than he ever had it done in spring.

Hobson's Choice.

This is a phrase derived from the practice of John Hobson, who kept a livery stable at Oxford, England, and whose invariable rule was to let out his horses to the students in their regular routine as they occupied the stalls. This gave rise to the proverb, "Hobson's choice—that one or none."

General Wayne named his camp at Cincinnati "Hobson's Choice," why, it is not easy to conjecture. It was on the site of the present Gas Works, reaching both above and below that spot.

I do not know a more appropriate use of the phrase, than in Beau Nash introducing Mrs. Hobson, a beautiful woman, into the Bath ball-rooms, as master of the ceremonies, in these terms: "I have often heard of 'Hobson's choice,' but never had the pleasure to view it before, and you will coincide with me it reflects credit on his taste."

A Dispute.

We were comfortably situated in the stage. The horses were under way, when a young man continued a conversation which it appeared that he had broken off at the last stopping place.

"At any rate," said he, "I do not believe the story about Jonah swallowing the whale."

"And what is there so strange in that, young man," said an elderly deacon on the opposite seat.

"Strange," said the youth, "it is absurd, astonishing, impossible."

"You speak very confidently, sir, wiser men than you have believed it, continued the deacon, "and indeed why should not that be true as well as any other part of the good book?"

"I never saw it in the good book!" exclaimed the other.

"Then I am sorry to say that you are very ignorant of your Bible, young man, and it seems to me that a person who shows such a lack of religious knowledge ought not to be so confident on such a subject," and the old deacon looked at another very sober gentleman who sat opposite to him, as if for his approval.

The other gentleman opened his mouth for the first time and said—

"I perfectly agree with the young man. I do not believe in that story either."

The deacon looked thunderstruck and he stammered out—"But, sir, I thought that you told me you were a member of a church."

"Yes, sir, I am, and I believe every thing that is contained in the Bible."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—"

"And I beg your's sir, but the young man said he did not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale."

"Jonah swallowed—whale swallowed," said the deacon, bewildered. "Did you not say, young man, that you did not believe the whale swallowed Jonah?"

"Not at all, sir—I said I did not believe that Jonah swallowed the whale."

"Well, well," said the deacon, "that alters the case, and I'm sure that I did not know what you were talking about."

Here the old gentleman opposite took a pinch of snuff, and leisurely observed that such was generally the case with religious controversy: *that one party was talking about one thing, and the other party of another.* "Therefore," said he in conclusion, "I very seldom engage in religious discussions, and more especially do I avoid them when travelling in a stage coach."

The deacon looked at the gentleman, as if he intended to know him when he saw him again, and the young man went to sleep.

A Scene at Washington.

When Mr. McLane was Secretary of State, a new minister arrived from Lisbon, and a day was appointed for him to be presented to President Jackson. The hour was set, and the Secretary expected the minister to call at the State Department for him; but McLane's French is like that of the present translator to the Department, rather difficult of comprehension, and the Portuguese misunderstood him, and proceeded to the White House alone. He rang the bell, and Jemmy O'Neal, Martin's predecessor, came to the door.

"Jo suis venu voir Monsieur le President," said the minister.

"What 't devil does that mane?" muttered Jemmy—"he says President though, and I s'pose he wants to see the general."

"Oui, oui," said the Portuguese, bowing.

So Jemmy ushered him into the green room, where the General was smoking his corn-cob pipe with great composure. The minister made his bow to the President, and addressed him in

French, of which the general did not understand one word.

"What does the fellow say, Jemmy?"

"Devil a know I knows—I reckon he's a fur-riner."

"Try him in Irish, Jemmy," said Old Hickory.

Jemmy gave him a touch of the genuine Milesian, but the minister only shrugged his shoulders with the usual "plait-il."

"Och!" said Jemmy, "he can't go the Irish, sir—he's French, by the hill o' Howth!"

"Then send for the French cook, and let him try if he can find out what the gentleman wants."

The cook was hurried from the kitchen, sleeves rolled up, apron on, and carving-knife in hand. The minister, seeing this formidable apparition, and doubting that he was in the presence of the head of the nation, feared some treachery, and made for the door, before which Jemmy planted himself to keep him in. When the cook, by the General's order, asked him who he was and what he wanted, he gave a very subdued answer, to the astonishment of the cook, the President, and Jemmy, who now discovered for the first time the character of the stranger.

In this stage of the business McLane came in, and the minister was presented in form—but the matter could never be alluded to in Old Hickory's presence without throwing him into a passion.

Picture of Detroit.

A correspondent of the *Cleveland Herald* writes as follows:

Detroit of to-day is a much greater city than the Detroit of my last visit, many years ago.—And the Detroit of 1832, how different from the old French post of Fort Pontchartrain, sixty years before the peace of 1763, when the Governor and Commandant made grants of land on condition that the holder should assist in raising a May Pole every year in front of the officers' quarters! But the Detroit of to-day has remnants of the French dominion. Respectable families trace their titles and their ancestors to the days of the May Pole, and either proud of their ancient custom, or contemning of the modern, still ride through the streets in a horse cart without tires, sitting in the bottom upon a buffalo robe.

From the erection of Fort Pontchartrain to this hour, this place has had its garrison. Three companies are now here belonging to the Fifth Regiment, quartered in barracks behind the town. It is the head quarters of Brevet Major-General Brooks, who is the Colonel of the Regiment, a daring officer of the last war, who resembles Lannes, one of Napoleon's heroes, in his form, character and countenance. About three miles below town, a permanent fortification is being built, at an expense of about \$200,000.

When the British frightened General Hull to surrender the place on the 16th of August, 1812, one of his excuses was that the town lay between the fort and the British, and he could not fire upon them. A brave and true man would have burned the town and then drove the British into the river.

From my window I see the ground where Pontiac lay with his Indian forces in 1764, when he was in the execution of his favourite design of driving the English from the West. You recollect the romantic circumstance of that stratagem.

On the same day Fort Mackinaw, Detroit, Fort St. Joseph's on Lake Michigan, Fort Niagara and Fort Pitt; then occupied by the English, were to be captured under the guise of friendship. The Ottawa king conducted the attack on Detroit in person, and fixed upon the day appointed for the general massacre as a council for peace within the garrison. In the evening previous, a squaw came to the Commandant with a pair of moccasins she had made for him, received her pay, and began to shed tears. After much importunity, it appeared that this officer having been kind to her and given her many moccasins to make, she wept to think that he and his family and people would be so soon among the dead. At the risk of her life she disclosed the plot. She said the Indians would appear in council, with their guns cut short and concealed beneath their blankets. When Pontiac should unwrap himself and drop his blanket on the floor, every one was to take his man, and in the struggle little doubt remained that the white man would fall. Colonel Campbell assured the squaw of safety, and proceeded to hold the talk as though nothing was known. But while Pontiac was speaking, the troops were under arms and concealed about the council room, which he did not fail to discover, and omitted to give the signal. The old Chief persisted in his assertion of friendship to the last; the warriors, although frustrated in a great enterprise at the moment of expected success, retained their composure, and many began to doubt the truth of the report of the Indian girl. But the Commandant stripped off the blanket from some of the Indians, showing their short guns, upbraided them with treachery, and, what is most singular, suffered every one to depart without harm.

"Touch Not, Handle Not."

One of those meddling gentlemen, who, like Thomas of old, are never satisfied until they have put their finger on every thing they see, was not long since observed by a friend with his hand *done up*, to use an every day phrase, in some half a dozen handkerchiefs. He accosted him with the usual question—

"What ails your hand?"

"Why," said he, "t'other day I went into the mill to see 'em saw clapboards, and I saw a thing whirling around so swift, and it looked so smooth and slick, that I thought I'd *just touch* my finger to it and see how it felt, and don't you think it took the *end* of it right off, and then they hollered out, 'You musn't touch that—it's the *carcilar* saw that saws all the clapboards.' But they spoke half a second too late—the end of my finger was gone, and I never seed it since."

Latin-English.

Coleridge gives the following artful combination of Latin so as to produce sensible English sounds, as one of the most witty productions of Dean Swift. It must be confessed that it is exquisite.

A LOVE SONG.

Mollis abuti,	Moll is a beauty,
Has ana cuti,	Has an acute eye,
No lasso finis,	No lass so fine is,
Molli divinis,	Molly divine is,
O mi de armis tres,	Oh, my dear mistress,
I mi na dis tres,	I'm in a distress,
Cantu disco ver	Can't you discover
Mias alo ver?	Me as a lover?

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER, 1845.

Cultivation of the Grape.

An article on this subject, for which many interesting facts were supplied by Mr. Schumann's valuable *Manual* on raising grapes, just published by Robinson & Jones, was inserted in the "Advertiser" of the 20th ultimo. I have since been made acquainted with some facts on the productiveness and value of the grape as a crop, worthy of general notice.

The last year's growth of Catawba was bought up for the wine manufacture, at three dollars per bushel; the wine being worth from \$1 25 to \$1 50 per gallon, and the prospect is that the crop will fetch this year at least as much.

As a bushel of Catawbas will make four gallons of wine, besides affording a residuum, from which vinegar can be made to profit, the permanent value of the grape as an article of purchase and sale, must be determined by the value of the wine. It is evident, plainly, that we are not cultivating sufficient now, and in the present gradual progress of the culture will, probably for years, not raise enough of the article to surpass the demand for wine, and settle to such prices as to render grapes accessible for table uses at a reasonable price. I desire, therefore, to show that the cultivation of grapes is an object worthy of being embarked in on a large scale.

There is hardly any land in Hamilton County which will not produce more bushels of grapes than of Indian corn to the acre, while on favourable scites they will produce three bushels of grapes to one of corn. I say nothing of the difference between raising a crop of which the principal labour is through with the first year, and increases in value every succeeding one, and a crop which requires the ground to be ploughed again and again every season, and every year in attending it as much toil as during the previous one. Nor shall I contrast the labour necessary to take the corn from the stalk as a crop into market, with that of gathering the grape. Nor, if the proprietor manufactures it himself into wine, can it be necessary to refer to the great profit the process affords.

In any view of the subject that can be taken, no man who feels any interest in it can fail to be strongly impressed, by Mr. Schumann's treatise, with a conviction that our Ohio hill sides will be eventually as extensively cultivated with the grape as the wine producing districts of France and Germany.

Pearce's Factory.

This is an establishment which has been gradually growing into importance for years, whose operations have been the less noticed here, that most of its manufacturing products go to the South.

J. & H. Pearce occupy the principal part of the building. One department of their business is the manufacture of cotton yarn, carpet chain, batting, &c. Of these they manufacture, with the labour of twenty-two hands, an annual value of \$20,000. Another branch carried on here is the making of cotton gins, spinning machines, corn mills and shellers, &c. They employ for this purpose eighteen hands, and turn out a product of \$45,000 annually.

I was shown here what may be termed, a Plantation Cotton-Spinning Machine, one of a large number finishing for the South, and designed to furnish cotton-yarn, at a single operation, from the raw material in the pod. This machine encloses in a frame less in size than a common breakfast-table, folded down, a Cotton Gin, Carding Roller, and Spinning shafts, running six parallel threads, which may be worked with such ease that one ordinary hand, in an day, performs the usual labour of ten, on the old fashioned system. These machines are distributed over the south and southwest, the proprietors keeping four members of their establishment at various points throughout the lower Mississippi valley, to see them started, and instruct the working part of that community in their use. They have already supplied that country, during the last fifteen years, with twenty-five hundred of these machines, at \$130 each, their value, when set up at their place of destination. The great peculiarity of this invention is, that, as it takes the cotton from the seed and puts it into yarn, without going through the usual detached processes, which always impair the beauty and strength of the cotton fibre, it furnishes the planter with an article altogether different from, and superior to, the cotton ginned and pressed into bales. I saw specimens of yarn made by this machine, and cloth woven from the same kind of yarn. The yarn was of uncommon strength, and appeared, at a distance, rather to resemble woollen than cotton, in its filature; and the cloth, which was not fine, being designed merely for plantation wear, was remarkable for its evenness and firmness, being of durability which no factory could im-

part to its goods. It will readily be perceived of what consequence such a labour-saving implement must be to the lower Mississippi valley, supplying them with yarn, at their own doors, of a quality better, and at an expense less than any they can get from a distance. This machine, I was pleased to learn, in its present character, is a Cincinnati invention, and the use of it rapidly spreading throughout the south and southwest. Nothing can surpass it in beauty of fabric and exactness of performance.

Besides these operations *Henry Pearce* occupies a part of the building in executing machinery for bagging and cotton factories. Much of the machinery in use in Kentucky has been made here. He employs eighteen hands, and produces, say \$40,000 value annually in his fabrics.

Pearce's factory is on the Miami Canal, not far from its mouth, and operates, of course, by water power. Its figure and elevation on an approach from the lower end of Fifth street, renders it a striking and picturesque object.

Mesmerism.—No. 1.

Nearly a year since, I presented in the "Advertiser" of that period my views on Mesmerism, or Animal Magnetism, which, it was supposed by myself and others, had to a great extent the effect of setting this agitating question at rest. But there seems to be no limits to the reign of scepticism in this age of infidelity, and the evil spirit which was supposed to be laid to "Vex the earth no more," is as rampant as ever; indeed bolder if possible.

It was formerly confined to private circles. It now speaks out in the press and the pulpit. *Dr. Cogley* has denounced Mesmerism as a phantasy and a chimera at the brimstone temple, and *Brothers Blanchard and Dyer Burgess* do not conceal their judgment, that it is the divination and sorcery that existed among the Jews in former ages. I must, therefore, buckle on my armour, and come to the rescue once more. What Professors *Bronson* and *Stewart* illustrate in public lectures, let me establish by the press.

Every intelligent and attentive observer has noticed repeatedly the power of sympathy, although unable to determine its cause or the extent of its operations; and all the well attested mesmeric phenomena are so many truths, confirmatory of the principle. My design is then to collect some facts, well known and authentic, of the existence of which others are probably as familiar as myself; and I shall argue the reality of Animal Magnetism from the evidence they afford.

In the state of Pennsylvania, and to the extent in which her emigrants may be found in the West, there exists a great variety of ascertained fact and practice, founded on the great principle

of sympathy, correspondence, or magnetism, which runs through all nature. Some of these are remarkable enough, when we compare them with the kindred subjects of neurology and animal magnetism.

If a farmer there has the misfortune to cut his leg, foot, &c., in chopping wood, the axe is brought home, and hung up in the chimney corner. Twice a day it is dressed with hog's fat, and after a suitable time, of which the neighbours judge by the appearance of the axe, the man is discharged cured, and fit to go to work again. So in the case of treading on a nail. The nail is carefully drawn, greased, and hung up the chimney, examined from day to day, and after certain changes have taken place in the surface the cure is perfected, and the man goes to work as usual. What does this establish; if it does not prove the power of sympathy between the axe or nail, as the case may be, and the wound? They suffer together, and heal at the same time.

If a person burns or scalds himself, the usual recipe is, to breathe forcibly and repeatedly upon the injured part. The heat is withdrawn by the operator, to be breathed into the open air. This process of cure has been witnessed by hundreds living in this city, to say nothing of the vast numbers in Pennsylvania, who are constantly familiar with it.

Sometimes blood flows inordinately from the nose, by cutting an artery, bursting blood vessels, or any other cause which defies the skill of the regular physicians. In all such cases, a messenger is despatched to some individual in the neighbourhood, who has the gift of stopping blood. No odds if the operator has never seen or heard of the sufferer, all he needs is his name and place of residence, and the discharge is instantaneously arrested in a manner as striking and certain as it is mysterious.

It is useless to dispute the fact. It is as well attested as any result in laboratories of science or courts of justice. You need go no farther than Carthage, Hamilton county, to test its efficacy. I have a friend in that neighbourhood, Mr. John Hogendebor, who in this manner can stop any discharge of blood, however violent.

I shall say nothing of the power of the divining rod, in hunting for water, minerals, &c.—How does it happen that, by its agency, not merely can water be found—for water may be found without it—but of a quality superior to any around it, nay, dug within five feet of it, and at a definite depth, frequently fifty feet nearer the surface of the earth than where the wells are dug under a different process.

Then there is the cure of the swinney in horses. I defy the ordinary farrier to reach this disease. In Pennsylvania, they take a smooth stone, and

rub the horse on the part affected, then lay the stone on the grass, with the rubbed side down. Repeat this three times, and it is certain to work a cure.

There is the laying a charm or spell upon rifles, and bewitching people and cows, which prevails so extensively in the same state. I know there are multitudes with whom a sneer will weigh as much as an argument, who won't listen to a word on this subject. But every hunter knows to his sorrow, that when his rifle is in this predicament, he cannot kill game, and it is no joke to the poor sufferer to be ridden all night by witches, or his cows drained by that accursed race of their last drop of milk.

What shall I say of the countless operations of the moon observed in that state—perhaps elsewhere. I need only specify a few. The lower rail of a fence laid in the dark of the moon, is sure to become soot imbedded in the ground, while another, laid on the opposite side, shall remain years out of ground, if laid in the light of it. Rails split more easily in the light of the moon than in the dark. Radishes planted in one period of the moon, run all up to seed, in others, run to fibrous roots. Meat boiled at the waning, shrinks, but swells at the increase. When the circle of the moon is to the earth and she appears lying on her back, it never rains, for in that position she holds all the water. But let the position be reversed, and the horns down, the rain is pouring out all the time. Mrs. M—, of Butler county, Pennsylvania, assured me, from her own experience, that if babies' diapers were rinsed in cold water, they would infallibly give the child the bellyache.

As to the mesmeric passes, I see nothing extraordinary in their effects. I can find individuals enough among the auditory of a church, put to sleep as successfully and profoundly by the right and left hand passes,—yes, and in some instances without any gesture at all—of our pulpit lecturers. I had supposed this fact sufficiently known to have rendered the kindred magnetic movement perfectly intelligible.

With one singular and curious fact, and in which we can more distinctly see the working of the magnetic or sympathetic power of nature, I shall close the article.

In Pennsylvania, the inner bark of a white walnut, or butternut, is boiled down and used for medical purposes. It is as remarkable as it is indisputable, that if the bark be scraped downwards, the application purges, if upwards it vomits. If scraped each way, it both vomits and purges. This fact is so well known, that the scraping is never confided to any persons, but those who can be depended on to scrape it the right way.

The same is equally true of the slippery elm,

or of the elder bush. And I am assured by an intelligent sailor of my acquaintance, that salt water drawn from the ocean while the tide is rising, will vomit if drank; just as surely as it will purge if taken at ebb tide.

I look upon these facts, for which I can find fifty witnesses here, and thousands in Pennsylvania, equally wonderful with any thing in animal magnetism.

The City Council—No 1.

In arranging for exhibition a picture gallery of the conscript fathers of Cincinnati, a distinguished place must be allotted the presiding officer of that body.

The qualifications for a suitable president to the Council are quickness in apprehending points of order, and a degree of firmness in enforcing them, that is not incompatible with the suavity of manner which will enable him to execute his duty with the necessary promptitude, without giving personal offence.

Mr. President Strong is a Buckeye, I believe, in whose family history it is a singular circumstance, considering that Cincinnati is hardly more than fifty years of age, that both his father and grandfather are indentified with our City history and settlement, they having held honourable rank in the military service under Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne. It is a marked evidence of our advance in age here when we can furnish incumbents to this office, as we have twice done in rival candidates for the Mayoralty of Cincinnati, of individuals born here.

Mr. S. presides with great dignity of manner, and with the patience necessary to listen to the long winded harangues which members, who are thus qualifying themselves as in a debating school for more dignified offices, occasionally inflict on the president, as well as other listeners, and frequently called to decide a knotty point of order, manifests considerable skill in unraveling its intricacies, and is very prompt as well as impartial in enforcing the rules of the board. What I particularly like Mr. Strong for, is his obstinacy, or what he would call firmness, I am an obstinate man myself, and can therefore appreciate the quality in others. I asked Jonah Martin once, who he considered the two most obstinate, bigoted and prejudiced men in Cincinnati: "I don't know," replied Jonah, "unless it is you and C." "The very two persons I had in view," remarked I, "and it is the highest compliment you could pay us, for what you term obstinacy I call firmness, what you consider bigotry is simply adherence to principle, as what passes with you for prejudice, is our readiness to do our duty and take the consequences.

To return to Mr. D. E. A. Strong. He is an

eminently practical man, having been a merchant in active business; and with his understanding of the city wants, and the city interests, it is matter of regret, that he is not placed upon some of the business committees, where he could be filling a larger measure of usefulness than in presiding over the deliberations of the board.

I dislike drawing a picture, and specifying whose portrait it is, but am compelled to do it in this case. When I get among the members the likeness itself must designate the individual.

Fire Wardens.

I observe complaints made in the daily prints of the inactivity of these officers. What can persons expect from such men as Judge Torrence, or councilman Stephenson, two of the best among them? Do they imagine they can neglect their own business and spend six days of the week examining whether the houses of a large city, such as ours, are exposed to taking fire from the carelessness of neighbours? The whole system is deficient and defective. There are thirty-two fire wardens, about three to a ward, having general jurisdiction wherever they please to exercise it—which, of course, is nowhere.

If we desire to have any good result from the appointment of such officers, let the institution be remodeled. Let each block in the city have its own fire warden, who will then be interested in taking care of the block; and fine him five dollars for every fire which results from his neglect to remove all undue exposedness to it.

Nomenclature.

By accident or design, names are sometimes placed in singular collocation, and furnish new ideas to old and familiar names. Thus, we have had for years as newspaper periodicals, the *Toledo Blade*, the *Kent Bugle*, and the *Roman Citizen*. These all derive their adjectives from the town or county in which they are established. The latest thing of the kind outstrips all of them. It is the *Piketonian*, printed at Piketon, Pike county and edited by Samuel Pike. If Mr. P. has not yet adopted a motto, I suggest the Irish insurrectionary device of 1798: "The Pike shall win our way to freedom."

Free Translations.

A schoolboy, reading Cæsar's Commentaries, came to the words, "*Cæsar transit Alpes, summa diligentia*;" which, to the astonishment of his master, he translated—"Cæsar crossed the Alps on the top of a diligence!" Another in the same class translated the well-known proverb, "*Nemo omnibus horis sapit*," as follows: "No man knows at what hour the omnibus starts."

These are admirable specimens, but not equal,

I think, to the Cincinnati law student, who, being asked to give a free translation of "*Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*," paraphrased it: "It takes five years to make a lawyer."

New Churches.

Amidst the general advance of Cincinnati in its buildings, an uncommon share of those erected or in progress this year are of a public nature. The Cincinnati College, the Masonic and Odd Fellows Halls, the College of Dental Surgery, all bear date 1845. Then there are two Roman Catholic chapels; two Presbyterian houses of worship; one for the Welsh Church on College Street; two for the *Christian Disciples*; and four for the *Methodist Episcopal Church*, constituting an aggregate of fourteen houses of public worship, most of them handsome and spacious, for one year. I doubt if this has its equal in the United States.

Price of an Opinion.

In a cold night in November, in the year 1835, a man enveloped in a large cloak rapped at the door of one of the most distinguished advocates of Paris. He was quickly shown to the chamber of the learned lawyer.

"Sir," he said, placing upon the table a large parcel of papers. "I am rich, but the suit that has been instituted against me this day will entirely ruin me. At my age a fortune is not to be rebuilt; so that the loss of my suit will condemn me forever to the most frightful misery. I come to ask the aid of your talents. Here are the papers; as to facts, I will, if you please, expose them clearly to you."

The advocate listened attentively to the stranger, then opened the parcel, examined all the papers it contained, and said: "Sir, the action laid against you is founded in justice and morality; unfortunately, in the admirable perfection of our codes, law does not always accord with justice, and here the law is for you. If, therefore, you rest strictly upon the law, and avail yourself, without exception, of all the means in your favour—if, above all, these means are exposed with clearness and force, you will infallibly gain your suit, and nobody will afterwards dispute that fortune which you fear to lose."

"Nobody in the world," replied the client, "is so competent to do this as yourself, an opinion drawn up in the sense, and signed by you, would render one invulnerable. I am bold enough to hope that you will not refuse me."

The skilful advocate reflected some moments, taking up again the papers that he had pushed away with an abruptness peculiar to him, said that he would draw up the opinion, and that it would be finished the following day at the same hour.

The client was punctual to his appointment. The advocate presented him with the opinion, and without taking the trouble to reply to the thanks with which the other overwhelmed him, said to him rudely:

"Here is the opinion; there is no judge who after having seen that, will condemn you. Give me three thousand francs."

The client was struck dumb and motionless with surprise.

"You are free to keep your money," said the advocate, "as I am to throw the opinion into the fire."

So speaking, he advanced towards the chimney, but the other stopped him, and declared that he would pay the sum demanded; but he had only half of it with him.

He drew in fact, from his pocket-book fifteen hundred francs in bank notes. The advocate with one hand took the notes, and with the other threw the opinion into the drawer.

"But," said the client, "I am going, if you please, to give you my note for the remainder."

"I want money, bring me fifteen hundred francs, or you shall not have one line."

There was no remedy; the three thousand francs were paid. But the client to avenge himself for being thus pillaged, hastened to circulate this anecdote. It got into the papers and for a fortnight there was a deluge of witticisms of all kinds upon the disinterestedness of the great advocate. Those who did not laugh at it, said it was deplorable that a man of such merit should be tainted with a vice so degrading as avarice. Even his friends were moved by it, and some of them went so far as to remonstrate with him publicly; but the only reply he made was by shrugging his shoulders, and then, as every thing is quickly forgot in Paris, people soon ceased to talk of this.

Ten years had passed. One day the court of cassation, in its red robe, was descending the steps of the palace of justice to be present at a public ceremony. All at once a woman darts from the crowd, throws herself at the feet of the procureur general, seizes the end of his robe, and presses it to her lips. The woman was looked upon as deranged, and they tried to drag her away.

"Oh, leave me alone, leave me alone!" she cried; "I recognise him—it is he—my preserver! Thanks to him, my old age is happy. Oh, you do not know, you—one day—I was very unhappy then—I was advised to bring an action against a distant relation of my husband, who it was said, had possessed himself of a rich heritage that ought to have come to my children. Already I had sold half of my property to commence the action, when, one evening, I saw enter my house a gentleman, who said to me: 'Do not go to law, reason and morality are for you, but the law is against you. Keep the little you have, and add to it these three thousand francs, which are truly yours.' I remained speechless with surprise; when I would have spoken and thanked him he had disappeared, but the bag of money was there upon my table, and the countenance of that generous man was engraven upon my heart, never to be erased. This man; this preserver of my family is here! Let me thank him before God and before man."

The court had stopped. The procureur general appeared moved, but conquering his emotions, he said:

"Take away this good woman, and take care that no harm comes to her; I don't think she is quite right in her mind."

He was mistaken; the poor woman was not mad; only she remembered, and Monsieur Dupin had had chosen to forget.

The First Locomotive.

It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steamboat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world, at the present day, were there no steamboats; were we still to find ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downcomer," and discomfiture of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed every inch of the way against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of fourteen miles in sixteen hours.

It is now almost forty years since the first steamboat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam-engine to water conveyance. Then, no other river had seen a steamboat; and now, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been beppadded with them? It is not my purpose to enter the list of disputants, since sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal FULTON was not the first successful projector of a steamboat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any previous successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now, is, that I never heard of a steamboat, before the "North River" moved her paddles on the Hudson; and very soon after that period, when it was contemplated to send a steamboat to southern Russia, a distinguished orator of that day, in an address before the Historical Society of this city, eloquently said, in direct allusion to the steamboat: "The hoary genius of Asia, high throned on the peaks of Caucasus, his moist eye glistening as he glances over the destruction of Palmyra and Persopolis, of Jerusalem and of Babylon, will bend with respectful deference to the inventive spirit of this western world;" thus proving conclusively, that the invention was not only of this country, but that no other country yet knew of it. In fact, the invention had not yet even reached the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long-armed, high-shouldered keel-boat man, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river, by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy, for a resting spell, saw a steamboat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that "Father of Rivers," and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed: "Well done, old Mississippi! May I be eternally smashed, if you han't got your match at last!"

But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steamboats. My text stands at the head of this article; and I purpose here to record, for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "The first Locomotive." I am determined, at least that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a paddle up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any river, with passengers. Among the voyagers, was a man I had

known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet iron, tin, and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making "rat traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line, he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the state of New York for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, *after* they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly *reset* the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory, I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the Treasury Department, as an appendage to the sub-Treasury system. The "specification" may be found on file in the patent office, number eleven thousand seven hundred and forty-six.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, inasmuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so tarnal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land, one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter had'n't riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on't;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a *wagon* go by steam; before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on. Steamboats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam wagon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When, about a year after the declaration

of the last war with England, (*and may it be the last,*) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately;" and that I must make him a visit at his place, "nigh Wallingford." The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks, and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had in the mean time entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise, when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that *steam wagon*. I tell'd you about a spell ago; but," added he, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say, when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguey nigh all the sheet iron, and old stove pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention, of some kind, for that's my business you know; but some say it is a threshing machine, some a distillery; and of late they begin to think it is a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune, when they see it spinning along past the stage coaches," added he, with a knowing chuckle, "won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "*No Admittance*." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could occupy pages in description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its uses. The patent office at Washington, like modern magazines, may exhibit finished productions of inventive genius; but if we could look into the port-folios of their contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions, which "but breathed and died," we might form some notion of the accumulation of "notions" that were presented to me, on entering the work-shop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again. "The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions, rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking stoves, and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or as my Lord Byron says, with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

And there it stood. "the concentrated focus"

of all previous rays of inventive genius, "*The First Locomotive*." An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass, of double-riveted sheet-iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel-heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four strongly-made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the biler," says he, "arter I stopped working her yesterday, and it han't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal's first rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when, by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling-wheels don't move; well, I don't mean they shall, till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel-head, there—that small cog wheel? Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main travelling-wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can calculate, a leetle slower than chain lightnin', and a darned leetle too! But it won't do to give it a try, before I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I han't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is, the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work, without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you."

And with that he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a can of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed a *buz*.

"It's nigh about perfection, ain't it?" says he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent, to authorise that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel-head to be thrown into gear, when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take possession of me. It dawned upon me when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now fully orb'd above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been peeping through the key-hole while Jabez was at work; and, catching the idea, may be now at work on some clumsy imitation?—and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may divide the honours with my friend!"

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" says he, eagerly.

"Immortality," said I; "and you shall have it, patent or no patent!"

And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the travelling-wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; evidently determined that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was that when it *did* go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain-lightnin'," and a darned leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,

Like an arrow" he flew away!

But a moment and he was *here*; in a moment he was *there*; and now *where* is he?—or rather, where is he not? But that, for the present, is neither here nor there.

The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief, so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody contests that laid the crescent low in the dust, Saint Iago, on a white horse led on to battle and secured the triumph of the cross; but as this has now become matter of history, confirmed by the fact that on numerous occasions this identical warrior saint was distinctly seen "pounding the Moors," successfully and simultaneously in battle scenes remote from each other, thus proving his identity by saintly ubiquity; so we may safely indulge the belief that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones of Jabez Doolittle, stands perched on every locomotive that may now be seen threading its way at the rate of thirty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of space and time. The incredulous like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not also see Jabez there, directing its course, as plainly as I see the immortal *Clinton* in every canal-boat, or the equally immortal *Pulton* in every steamboat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started in their career of glory without a patent, trusting too far to an ungrateful world. Now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge the luxury that the inventive spirit of their ancestors has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask, is that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steamboat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that, in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back track" and "turn out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of "*The First Locomotive*," their immortal progenitor, "*Jabez Doolittle, Esq.*, nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

Disinterested Legatee.

About forty years ago, an old man of Scottish birth, who had realised a large fortune in England, and from time to time made purchases of landed property in his native country, died after a protracted life of miserable penury, leaving only collateral relations. These persons had fully expected to be benefited by their kinsman, so that their surprise was necessarily very great when they learned that he had executed a conveyance of his whole property to a legal practitioner of Aberdeen, who had been accustomed to manage it. It appeared that the old man, under the influence of mere crotchet, or some temporary irritation, had resolved to disappoint them, at the same time that he enriched a man who had no natural claim upon his regard.

The relations had hardly recovered from the first sense of discomfiture, and the friends of Mr. C—— had scarcely begun to congratulate him upon his good fortune, when he announced to the heirs that he had destroyed the deed, and that the property would consequently pass to them as if the deceased had been intestate. He had, with reluctance, he said, consented to allow of the deed being drawn up, and only for the purpose of securing the property for the rightful heirs. These individuals consequently entered upon full possession of the old man's estates and effects. They pressed upon the agent's acceptance a gift of about six thousand pounds, in gratitude for his honourable conduct. It is pleasant to record that he is still living, and a considerable land proprietor in the district where he originally practised as a solicitor or agent.

More recently, a circumstance somewhat similar took place. Two aged sisters were joint-proprietors of an estate in Perthshire. The elder was married and had a son; the other was unmarried. The elder dying first, her share of the property was inherited by her son, then an officer in the Guards. The second lady having some groundless dislike to this gentleman, bequeathed her share to a favourite nephew, far down in the family tree, and who had no expectation of such an inheritance. Finding, after the death of the old lady, how the property was destined, this gentleman lost no time in writing to his cousin—a person, we may mention, with whom he was but slightly acquainted, for they had been living at a distance from each other, and were in totally different walks in life—informing him that he could not for a moment think of taking advantage of such a will, but begged to surrender his right, without any reserve, into the hands of the heir-at-law. What added to the merit of this action, the legatee considered the whole matter as a private family affair, and said not a word about it to any beside the party principally concerned. It only became known in consequence of legal proceedings for the transference of the property to the heir-at-law, an opinion from counsel having decided that it was best to proceed upon the will, instead of holding it as null, which was the wish of the legatee.

These examples of high conscientiousness will be admired by all. They are felt to be the nobler, that public opinion would not have greatly resented a more selfish procedure in either instance. The agent might have appropriated the estate of his client, to the preclusion of all natural heirs, and still more might the junior cousin have sat quietly down in possession of his aunt's property, without forfeiting the esteem of society, seeing that they only did what the law allowed,

and what hundreds would have done in their case. We therefore unavoidably accord high praise to their conduct, which we see to have sprung entirely from a genuine integrity and unselfishness of nature. But, it may be asked, is this approbation of such conduct a good sign of the public morality? We fear not; for absolutely the course taken by these two men was precisely what ought to have been taken, and no more. Their conduct only shines by reason of our believing that most men would have acted differently. Let us fully admit, then, the relative merit, seeing that most men feel as if they were well enough if they only act as their neighbours generally do, and any exception from common selfishness argues a superior nature. But still, also, let us understand that such actions ought not to be rare, nor their merit felt as calling for unusual notice or commendation.

Eclectic Medical Institute.

We have had for some time the rival Colleges, the Ohio Medical and the Botanico-Medical, and now it seems there is a third intended to combine the excellencies of both. Is there no end to human calamity, that we should have a third set of doctors let loose on the community. We shall see here calomel and lobelia, blood letting and steam, harmoniously working side by side.

This seems to be got up to introduce a set of *novi homines* into practice. The Professors in the different departments are little known in the community at any rate.

Cassius M. Clay.

The public is familiar with the fact that Mr. Clay's press has been received in this city, whither it was sent off by direction of the meeting which assembled at Lexington, for the purpose of getting rid of threatened difficulties. It was supposed that Mr. Clay, who was very ill at the time, could not survive. I learn, however, that he is on the recovery; and for myself I entertain no doubt that his first business act after arriving here, will be to set up the press in Covington, our neighbour city.

A Temperance Story.

Two young men, "with a humming in their heads," retired late at night to their room in a crowded inn; in which, as they enter, are revealed two beds; but the wind extinguishing the light, they both, instead of taking as they supposed, a bed a piece, got back to back into one, which begins to sink under them, and come around at intervals in a manner very circumambient, but quite impossible of explanation. Presently one observes to the other:

"I say; Tom, somebody's in my bed."

"Is there," says the other; "so there is in mine, d—n him! Let's kick 'em out!"

The next remark was:

"Tom, I've kicked my man overboard."

"Good!" says his fellow toper, "better luck than I; my man has kicked me out—right on the floor!"

The Pioneer Mothers.

It must not be inferred from the narratives of Indian adventure usually published, that our Pioneer Mothers were not exposed to equal dangers with their husbands. Many of them evinced a degree of active courage which would have done honour to the sterner sex. Some of these cases occurred in our own neighbourhood.

A family, consisting of the husband, the wife, and two children, one two years old, the other at the breast, occupied a solitary cabin in the neighbourhood of a block-house, where several other families resided, in the year 1789, near the Little Miami river in this state. Not long after the cabin was built the husband unfortunately died; and such was the grief and gloom of his widow, that she preferred to live alone, rather than mingle with the inhabitants of the crowded block-house, where the noise and bustle would be abhorrent to her feelings. In this solitary situation she passed several months. At night it was a common thing to see and hear the Indians around her habitation; and to secure her babes from the tomahawk, she resorted to the following precaution. Raising a puncheon of the floor, she dug a hole in the ground and prepared a bed, in which, after they had gone to sleep, she placed them side by side, and then restored the puncheon. When they awoke and required nourishment she raised it, and hushing them to sleep, returned them to their hiding place. In this way, to use her own words, she passed night after night, and week after week, with the Indians and her babes, as the sole objects of her thoughts and vigils.

The following incident displays the female character under an aspect a little different, and shows that in emergencies it may sometimes rise above that of the other sex.

About the year 1790, several families, emigrating together into the interior of Kentucky, encamped at the distance of a mile from a new settlement of five cabins. Before they had laid down, and were still sitting round the blazing brush, a party of Indians approached behind the trees and fired upon them. One man was killed on the spot, and another fled to the village, leaving behind him a young wife and infant child! As no danger had been apprehended, the men had not their ammunition at hand, and were so confused by the fire of the savages, that it was left for one of the mothers of the party to ascend into the wagon where it was deposited, break open the box with an axe, hand it out, and direct the men to return the fire of the enemy. This was done, and they dispersed.

The following narrative was communicated by John Roman of Kentucky to Dr. Drake of our city, and is referred to by the doctor in an address which he delivered at Oxford, Ohio, in 1836.

"In the latter part of April, 1784, my father with his family, and five other families, set out from Louisville, in two flat-bottomed boats, for the Long Falls of Green river. The intention was to descend the Ohio river to the mouth of Green river, and ascend that river to the place of destination. At that time there were no settlements in Kentucky, within one hundred miles of the Long Falls of Green river (afterwards called Vienna.) The families were in one boat and their cattle in the other. When we had descended the river Ohio about one hundred miles, and were near the middle of it, gliding along very securely, as we thought, about ten o'clock of the night, we heard a prodigious yelling, by Indians, some two or three miles below us, on the northern shore. We had floated but a little distance farther down the river, when we saw a number of fires on that shore. The yelling still continued, and we concluded they had captured a boat which had passed us about midday, and were massacring their captives. Our two boats were lashed together, and the best practicable arrangements made for defending them. The men were distributed by my father to the best advantage in case of an attack; they were seven in number including himself. The boats were neared to the Kentucky shore, with as little noise from the oars as possible. We were afraid to approach too near the Kentucky shore, lest there might be Indians on that shore also. We had not yet reached their uppermost fire (their fires were extended along the bank at intervals for half a mile or more), and we entertained a faint hope that we might slip by unperceived. But they discovered us when we had got about midway of their fires, and commanded us to come to. We were silent, for my father had given strict orders that no one should utter any sound but that of his rifle; and not that until the Indians should come within powder burning distance. They united in a most terrific yell, and rushed to their canoes, and pursued us. We floated on in silence—not an oar was pulled. They approached us within less than a hundred yards, with a seeming determination to board us. Just at this moment my mother rose from her seat, collected the axes, and placed one by the side of each man, where he stood with his gun, touching him on the knee with the handle of the axe, as she leaned it up by him against the side of the boat, to let him know it was there, and retired to her seat, retaining a hatchet for herself. The Indians continued hovering on our rear, and yelling for near three miles, when, awed by the inferences which they drew from our silence, they relinquished farther pursuit. None but those who have had a practical acquaintance with Indian warfare, can form a just idea of the terror which this hideous yell-

ing is calculated to inspire. I was then about ten years old, and shall never forget the sensations of that night; nor can I ever cease to admire the fortitude and composure displayed by my mother on that trying occasion. We were saved, I have no doubt, by the judicious system of conduct and defence, which my father had prescribed to our little band. We were seven men and three boys—but nine guns in all. They were more than a hundred. My mother, in speaking of it afterwards, in her calm way said we had made a *providential escape*, for which we ought to feel grateful."

Nearly two years afterwards another incident occurred at a fort on Green river, which displays the dangers which beset the emigrants of that period, and illustrates the magnanimity of the female character.

About twenty young persons, male and female, of the fort, had united in a flax pulling, in one of the most distant fields. In the course of the forenoon two of their mothers made them a visit, and the younger took along her child, about eighteen months old. When the whole party were near the woods, one of the young women, who had climbed over the fence, was fired upon by several Indians concealed in the bushes, who at the same time raised the usual war-whoop. She was wounded, but retreated, as did the whole party; some running with her down the lane, which happened to open near that point, and others across the field. They were hotly pursued by the enemy, who continued to yell and fire upon them. The older of the two mothers who had gone out, recollecting in her flight, that the younger, a small and feeble woman, was burdened with her child, turned back in the face of the enemy, they firing and yelling hideously, took the child from its almost exhausted mother, and ran with it to the fort, a distance of three hundred yards. During the chase she was twice shot at with rifles, when the enemy were so near that the powder burned her, and one arrow passed through her sleeve, but she escaped uninjured. The young woman who was wounded, almost reached the place of safety when she sunk, and her pursuer, who had the hardihood to attempt to scalp her, was killed by a bullet from the fort.

Our City Watch.

It is a common subject of newspaper notice, that in connection with a stabbing affray, a riot, or a fire, that there were none of the watch to be found. But persons forget the Irishman's excuse: "Plaze your honour, could I be like a bird in two places at wunst?" It is easy finding out where the watchmen are not; the following incident will serve to show where they sometimes are.

Our well known and long respected fellow citizen, *Robert Rands*, alike for size and activity a terror to rogues, was formerly, perhaps is still a member of the night watch. Rands is or was a shoe-maker—a very appropriate occupation for the name—and had lately invented a coating of India rubber for boots and shoes, calculated to render them impervious to the slush of winter, and rain of all weathers. As this was a desideratum to the watchmen, whose duty kept them out in the most inclement seasons, the article was introduced and patronised among Rands' associates on duty; but the great difficulty was that the coating would not dry, and continually caught up in walking, various undesirable substances.

On one occasion one of the watch, Mr. B—, came off duty, and as carpenter's shavings were adhering to his boots, Butterfield, the captain of the watch, between jest and earnest, accused him of sleeping on a *shaving pile*, to the annoyance of B—, and the amusement of the rest. B— called his attention to the India rubber: "You know," said he, "that this stuff takes hold of every thing it touches, and there were shavings swept out upon — street, in my beat." "That may be," said Butterfield drily, "but you seem to have India rubber on your cap too," taking a shaving off it; "do you let your head stand where your feet should be?"

Colour Factories.

The wand of the enchanter which changes one substance to another in his slight of hand, or the touch of Midas, transmuting every thing to gold, are not more surprising than some of the operations of modern chemistry, which are calculated to make men that are ignorant of its powers, distrust almost the evidence of their senses. Who that beholds prussiate of potash for the first time, would suppose it any thing else than rock candy, and does not feel tempted to take the poison to his lips, and when told that this is the product of hoofs and horns, scraps of leather, hogs bristles, and stale cracklings—the most revolting of substances to sight and smell—but would smile incredulously at the statement.

Mr. Charles Dummig is engaged largely in the manufacture, having two establishments north of the corporation line, and on nearly opposite spots, upon the Miami canal. He has hardly been a year in operation, and cannot be said to be fully so yet. In a few weeks, two additional furnaces will be added to the concern, when he will be enabled to enlarge his manufacture to three thousand pounds per week. He sends almost all he makes by the Miami canal via Toledo to New York, where it commands the highest price in market.

Mr. Dummig is prepared to make Chrome yellow and green, Paris, Antwerp and mineral blue, but devotes his whole energies to the prussiate of potash, which is required in large quantities for the woolen factories and calico print works in New England. It is also purchased for rendering iron as hard as steel. The other articles named are used by painters, paper stainers, and oil cloth manufacturers, for whom they furnish blue and yellow of the deepest and most brilliant tints with all the intermediate shades.

It is inconceivable what mighty masses of offal such an establishment consumes. Four thousand pounds of animal substances, and two thousand pounds of potash, are used in Mr. D.'s factories daily. Twelve hands are constantly employed here, and the manufacturing process going on without intermission day or night.

One of these factories is forty-five by sixty-five feet; the other forty by eighty, and two thousand in height. Mr. Dummig's operations will enable him to put into the market during the current year, not less than five hundred casks of this extremely valuable article, worth, at its present value at the East, \$120,000.

There is an establishment on Deer creek of the same nature, belonging to *Wayne & Pleis*, of which I can give no account at present. It may serve to give a realising sense of the vast quantities of raw material consumed in them to be told, as I have been, that the supply except in the slaughtering season, falls far short of the demand, and on an average of the year barely meets it.

How much more do such businesses, in which skill and labour constitute the principal share, and raw materials an insignificant part, commend themselves to the political economist as well as philanthropist, than those heavy enterprises which exist among us, which after paying out probably eighty-five per cent. of the product for the raw material, leave a net profit, perhaps, of from five to ten per cent. to the community at large.

Ignorant Voters.

In Horace Mann's oration, delivered before the city officers of Boston, July 4, 1842, are the following remarks:

"For in the name of the living God, it must be proclaimed that licentiousness shall be liberty, and violence and chicanery the law; and superstition and craft shall be the religion, and the self-destructive influence of all sensual and unhallowed passions shall be the only happiness of that people who shall neglect the education of their children. By the census of 1840 there are in the United States 175,000 legal voters unable to read or write, who can determine the election of a President, Congress, or the Governor of a

State. The custom so prevalent at the West and South, of stump-speaking, as it is significantly, but uncouthly called, had its origin in the voter's incapacity to read. How otherwise can candidates for office communicate with ignorant voters?"

I am no apologist for ignorance; but I can tell Mr. Horace Mann, and his coadjutors, who talk so flippantly of ignorant voters, that he knows little of what he talks so fluently about. Such writers presume that school education and book knowledge are the grand panaceas to make a community intellectual and moral. Now I hold, and will furnish the examples if necessary, that an ordinary degree of education, on which knowledge of the world is engrafted, is likelier to qualify a man for becoming intelligent, than a school education which takes up a large share of the most valuable portion of human life.

Almost all the eminent names in science, literature and the arts, have been self-educated men. Franklin, Arkwright, Stephenson, Hiram Powers and Robert Burns are familiar examples, among thousands, of the fact.

I can tell Mr. M., moreover, that the voters of the West and South, who are addressed at political meetings, are as intelligent a body of men as any equal number who reside in any other section of the country; and that a man who prefers any other mode of appealing to the mass of mankind than oral addresses, whatever he may have learned at college, has yet to learn the first principles of human nature. The press is a legitimate and important engine to influence the community, but the speaker who, in the pulpit or in mass meetings, addresses a crowd, enjoys means of influence attainable in no other mode.

The ignorance of *lecturers* is, in certain instances, as remarkable as the ignorance of *voters*.

Street Loungers.

An amusing dialogue between two street loungers is published in the Knickerbocker.

"When a feller's any sort of a feller," said Nicholas, "to be ketched at home is like bein' a mouse in a wire trap. They poke sticks in your eyes, squirt cold water on your nose, and show you to the cat. Common people, Billy—low, ornery, common people, can't make it out when natur's raised a gentleman in the family—a gentleman all complete, only the money's been forgot. If a man won't work all the time, day in and day out; if he smokes by the fire, or whistles out of the winder, the very gals bump agin him, and say, get out of the way, loaf! Now what I say is this; if people hasn't had genteel fotchin' up, you can no more expect 'em to behave as if they had been fotchted up genteel, than you kin make good segars out of a broom handle."

"That are a fact," ejaculated Billy Bunkers, with emphasis, for Billy had experienced, in his time, treatment at home somewhat similar to that complained of by Nicholas Nollikins.

"But, Billy, my son, never mind, and keep not a lettin' on," continued Nollikins, and a beam of hope irradiated his otherwise saturnine countenance—"The world's a railroad, and the cars is comin'; all we'll have to do is to jump in, chalk free. There will be a time, something must happen. Rich widders are about yet, though they are snapped up so fast; rich widders, Billy, are special providences, as my old boss used to say, when he broke his nose in the entry, sent here like rafts, to pick up deservin' chaps when they can't swim no longer. When you've bin down twyst, Billy, and are just off agin, then comes the widder a floatin' along. Why spatterdocks is nothing to it, and a widder is the best of life-preservers when a man is most a case, like you and me."

"Well, I'm not perticklar, nor I, nor never was. I'll take a widder, for my part, if she's got the mint drops and never asks no questions. I'm not proud; never was harristocratic; I drinks with any body, and smokes all the segars they give me. What's the use of bein' stuck up, stiffy? It's my principle that other folks are nearly as good as me, if they're not constables or aldermen. I can't stand them sort."

"No, Billy," said Nollikins, with an encouraging smile, "no Billy, such individooals as them don't know human natur'; but, as I was goin' to say, if there happens to be a short crop of widders, why can't somebody leave us a fortin? That will be as well, if not better. Now look here; what's easier than this? I'm standin' on the wharf; the rich man tries to get aboard of the steamboat, the niggers push him off the plank; in I goes; ca-plash. The old gentleman isn't drowned, but he might have been drowned but for me, and if he had a bin, where's the use of his money then? So he gives me as much as I want now, and a great deal more when he defuncts riggler, accordin' to law and the practice of civilized nations. I'm at the wharf every day; can't afford to lose the chance, and I begin to wish the old chap would hurra about comin' along. What can keep him?"

"If it'd come to the same thing in the end," remarked Billy Bunkers, "I'd rather the niggers would push the old man's little boy in the water, if it's all the same to him. Them fat old fellers are so heavy when they're skeered they hang on so, why I might drowned before I had time to go to bank with the check! But what's the use of waitin'? Could'nt we shove 'em in some warm afternoon ourselves? Who'd know in a crowd?"

Early Records of Cincinnati.

I copy the following memoranda from a book of field notes kept by John Dunlop, who appears to have been engaged in the surveys of Symme's purchase, as early as January 8, 1789.

"Memorandums of sundry circumstances in the Miami purchase, from the 1st day of May, 1789.

"May 21st.—*Ensign Luse*, with eight soldiers, and some citizens, going up from North Bend to a place called South Bend, was fired on by a party of Indians, the tribe they belonged to we never could learn. There were six soldiers killed and wounded, of which one died on the spot; another died of his wounds, after going to the falls of the

Ohio for the doctor. There was a young man named *John R. Mills* in the boat, who was shot through the shoulder; but by management and care of some squaws he recovered and got perfectly well.

"September 20th.—The Indians visiting Columbia, at the confluence of the Little Miami, they tomahawked one boy and took another prisoner. They were sons of a *Mr. Seward*, lately from New Jersey. On the 30th same month they took another prisoner from same place.

"On the 12th December following a young man, son of *John Hilliers* of North Bend, going out in the morning to bring home the cows, about half a mile from the garrison, the Indians came upon him. They tomahawked and scalped him in a most surprising manner, took away his gun and hat, and left him lying on his back.

"On the 17th inst. following, two young men, one named *Andrew Vanemon*, the other *James Lafferty*, went on a hunting excursion across the river. When they encamped at night, and had made a fire, they were surprised by Indians, and fell a sacrifice into the hands of the savages, being killed by their first fire. They were both shot through the back, between their shoulders, the bullet coming out under their right arms. The Indians tomahawked and scalped them in a most barbarous manner, stripped them of their clothes, and left them lying on their backs quite naked, without as much as one thread on them. Next day myself and six others went over and buried them together in one grave.

"December 29th General Harmar arrived at Cincinnati, and was received with joy. They fired fourteen cannon at the garrison on his landing.

"January 1, 1790.—Governor St. Clair arrived. On his arrival they fired fourteen guns, and while he was marching to the garrison, they fired fourteen guns more. As soon as he landed they sent express for Judge Symmes, who went the next day to see him, and appoint civil and military officers for the service and protection of the settlement."

The Eclectic Series.

Besides the various mechanical fabrics which render the business relations of this city so intimate and extensive with the west and southwest there are some heavy publishing operations which having been carried on for some years past, have grown with our growth, and besides their regular business character, exercise a moral influence highly creditable to the reputation of Cincinnati.

I refer, particularly, in this respect to the educational publications of *W. B. Smith & Co.*, the proprietors of what is now universally known through the Mississippi valley, by the name of

the Eclectic Series of School Books, written and compiled by Professors McGuffey and Ray.

The publication of the series was, in
 1842 75,000 volumes,
 1843 171,500 do.
 1844 334,000 do.

During the first six months of 1845, the issues have been 199,000, and the residue of the year will more than equal that amount, making the issue for 1845 at least 400,000 volumes, of which the value is not less than \$60,000. The establishment consumes four thousand reams extra sized double medium paper annually, keeps three power printing presses constantly in motion, and gives current employment to eighty hands.

Besides supplying a large portion of the west and southwest with the series, which are in general use throughout that region, large quantities are sold to the Atlantic cities, with which country merchants supply themselves while making their general book and stationary purchases.

No series of school books eastward are put up in a neater or more durable style, as has been repeatedly acknowledged by the booksellers in our Atlantic cities. It is hardly necessary to do more than allude to the names of Professors McGuffey and Ray as a guarantee for the scientific accuracy, pure taste, and elevated morality of the series. In this aspect of the subject, the authors, as well as publishers, have laid the great west under obligations which cannot be measured by pecuniary values.

I learn that the Eclectic Series have displaced in the schools throughout the west, the elementary books which preceded them in use.

Ball Exercises.

Every one who knows any thing of Indian sports and customs, is aware that they are among other exercises, passionately fond of ball playing. With some of the tribes, their ball plays resemble those of the whites. But some are peculiar to themselves, and have never been introduced among their civilized neighbours. A late letter from a Methodist missionary at the south west, dated Fort Coffee, Choctaw Nation, says:—

“The leading and favourite sport of the Choctaws is their ball-play. Having never witnessed one, I extract the following from the description given by the late Captain Stuart, commandant of the United States’ forces, formerly stationed at this place. He says, ‘It is rough and wild. The combatants engage in the contest entirely naked, except the flap. The interest and zeal which the natives of the forest take in this play, frequently attract ladies as spectators; sometimes, however, those of extreme delicacy may have occasion to blush. It is considered something of a national feast, and is often conducted by some of

the leading captains with great regularity and order. Preparatory to commencing operations an extensive plain is selected, on one side of which two poles are erected about twenty feet high and placed about six inches apart at the ground, and diverging in such a manner as to be about two feet apart at the top. On the opposite side of the plain, or about two hundred yards distant two other poles are placed in the same manner. The parties to the contest, varying in number as may have been previously agreed upon, meet in the centre, when a ball is thrown up from two sticks about two feet long, with a small netting or basket-work at the end, and the strife commences. This consists in each party keeping the ball on their own side of the centre, and passing it the greatest number of times between the poles of the side to which they belong. The excitement and strife become very great; men are often hurt and sometimes killed. It sometimes requires more than a day to determine the contest. Bets usually run very high.’—This ball-play seems not unknown to the surrounding nations. The same writer says, ‘It was formerly resorted to by the Indians to settle contested points of difference. A very serious difficulty which arose between the Cherokees and Creeks, about thirty years ago, was settled in that manner, and the horrors of war prevented.’”

One of the most singular results of my explorations in Indian records and narratives, has been my ascertaining that the game of *Shinny*, highly popular in my boyish days, and still in use in some parts of the United States, is of Indian parentage. Col. *James Smith*, the great uncle of the respectable family of the *Irvins* of our city, who was made prisoner by the savages and resided among them many years, describes it in such terms as serves both to identify it, and to show that the whites derived it from their Indian neighbours. It is a deeply interesting and exciting game, as all ball exercises, indeed are.

I observe that the English game of cricket, another ball exercise, is becoming introduced into Cincinnati. As an out-door game, it must be a more manly as well as moral exercise than billiards or ninepins, which in the attendant circumstances, at any rate, always deteriorate the public morals.

The Philosophy of Spitting.

Foreigners complain of our natural want of refinement and good breeding, and cite our universal practice of spitting on floors as evidence that we are barbarians. When the Irish chieftainess who had long resisted the arm of that virago Queen Elizabeth of England, was brought subdued into her presence, the Queen presented her with a handkerchief. The heroine inquired

its use. To spit in, was the gracious reply. "In Ireland we spit upon the earth," rejoined the undaunted woman; "we leave it to Saxon kernes to put the spittle in their pockets."

But, has it never occurred to those people that there are hidden virtues and meanings in spitting which may be said to invest the practice with a certain species of dignity. In Africa it forms an oath, or at least an attestation to treaties. The last Liberia Herald states as follows:—"The Colonies are generally prosperous. Governor Russwurm has visited an interior tribe of natives at Dena, about thirty or forty miles due east from Cape Palmas. He made a treaty of peace with them, which was duly ratified by the ceremony of "spewing water," which is the form of an oath observed by the Dena people. The covenant is performed by the chiefs of the contending tribes, after the palaver is talked, which is a kind of court held by all the head men, kings, chiefs, and all who have any influence. There is a bowl of water prepared; the king who appears to be the most willing to make peace, first dips his hands into the water, and, after slightly washing his hands, he fills his mouth, and *spits* it out on the ground a few times, and *spits*, the last time he fills his mouth, the whole mouthful into the hands of the other king, who sits before him while he performs the act. This being done, the other king gets up and goes through the same process. This being done by the kings, peace is made throughout the tribe or nation. The Governor succeeded in getting a peace of this sort made between the Dena and the Cape Palmas people, there being one of the very influential men from Cape Palmas in the company."

Nor is the practice confined to barbarous nations and modern times. Spitting, according to Pliny, was superstitiously observed to avert the effects of witchcraft and in giving a more vigorous blow to an enemy. Hence the English derive their custom in boxing, previously to a *set-to*, of spitting on their hands. Boys are accustomed to spit as a testimony or asseveration in matters of importance. In combinations of the colliers in the north of England for the purpose of raising their wages, they spit together on a stone, by way of cementing their confederacy. The English are therefore the last people who should complain of a practice they have done so much to introduce.

Coolidge's Steam Furniture Factory.

When I published lately a statement of the operations in WALTER'S Steam Furniture Factory, I was under the impression that it was the only factory in Cincinnati in which furniture was made by machinery and under steam pressure. In this I made a mistake. J. K. COOLIDGE, at the

corner of Smith and Front streets, has just put into operation machinery also driven by steam power, for the manufacture of the principal articles of cabinet ware, such as bedsteads; side, breakfast, and dining tables and stands, cribs, bureaus, &c.

His machinery consists of Daniel's planing machine, made by *Stewart & Kimball*, on Columbia street, two circular saws, mortice and tenon machine, boring and turning apparatus, all driven by a steam engine.

The building is forty-five feet by twenty and four stories in height.

Mr. Coolidge has placed this establishment under the charge of Mr. William Turner, an experienced cabinet maker, employs sixteen hands, and is prepared to turn out \$25,000 worth of furniture during the current year. His markets are in the west, south, and southwest, a region from which our Cincinnati mechanics are rapidly driving the catchpenny and low priced eastern articles made for sale alone.

It must be apparent that fabrics cut and fitted by machinery will possess an exactness, not usually attainable by hand, which must secure and maintain a degree of strength which will enable furniture made in this mode to out last all other descriptions.

The whole district in the sixth ward, adjacent to the White Water Canal, must become filled before long with manufacturing establishments of various characters.

Artesian Wells.

In our cities an abundant supply of pure wholesome water is a blessing beyond price. It is indispensable to the luxury of the rich, the comfort of the poor, and the health of all classes. And there is hardly a city in the United States, where the supply is so inadequate to the want of the article, as in Cincinnati. I take, therefore, a deep interest in a project now agitating at Louisville, and brought forward lately before its city council to supply that city with water by *Artesian Wells*. If Louisville or Cincinnati can obtain ample supplies of wholesome water springing below the limestone formation, it is hardly possible to overrate the importance of the measure. That such wells may be obtained in certain locations, in what geologists call the secondary formation, has been successfully demonstrated both in England and France. There is one at the Episcopal palace in Fulham, one at Turnham Green, nine more in the parish of Hammersmith in Great Britain; and besides others in France, one or more extensive wells at Paris. So that the practicability of the project is no longer a matter of doubt.

The great well of Paris is eighteen hundred

feet deep, and the expense of digging it, as may be conjectured, has been enormous. But in rocks of more recent formation, water has been obtained to flow on the level of the earth, at a depth of three hundred feet. In one case of this kind, the water ran fourteen feet above the tops of the pipes at the rate of ninety gallons per minute. I am now speaking of wells for the supply of cold, wholesome water for drinking and culinary purposes; If we go deep enough we can doubtless get it such as that supplied to Paris, which is hot enough to scald our hogs.

Nor are the benefits of such wells confined to our cities. I have no doubt that they will be found in the United States the most efficient, as well as economical agents in draining marshy lands. It is in this way the water of the Artesian well at Paris, which is used only for *jets d'eau*, is returned into a depth where it loses itself in a permeable bed of sand, sufficing to absorb the whole. There is little doubt that any of our morasses may be drained by digging holes from twenty to fifty feet in depth.

If these views can be demonstrated as founded in fact, there is another application of the *well* principle of great importance to Cincinnati. This is the getting rid of the surplus water which, owing to the system, or to speak more correctly, want of system, in the early grading of our city, has created difficulties which must go on to increase, with the increasing discharge of water through our streets, which the improvement of Cincinnati creates. For this evil a drainage well is a cheap and efficient remedy. The expense which the wretched grades in the neighbourhood of Sycamore and Abigail streets have entailed, and are yet entailing on the city, in the shape of damages from overflow of water, would have built a dozen such wells. The culverts, which freely discharge water in ordinary rains, cannot relieve the overflow of water during storms such as we have lately had; whereas wells of this kind will let off any amount of water.

[Communication.]

Daguerreotyping.

An artist of great celebrity, just from Paris and London, says the Daguerreotypes on this side of the Atlantic are so far superior to the best of those produced on the other, that the fact could not escape the notice of an artist. This cannot be because we have made greater progress in chemistry, optics, electric, and metrical science generally. Then why? Are we more practical and experimental, and less theoretical than our transatlantic friends? The writer imagines, not—but facts are stubborn things, though we may not be able to account for them. In this country there are a great many persons practising this

art, but very few who unite practical knowledge in chemics, optics, and electric with the skill of an artist. It is this rare merit, with great experience and patience, that has given to Anthony and Edwards, of New York, and Hawkins, of this city, their deserved preeminence over all other operators in the world. We have seen pictures by the best operators from Vienna, Paris, Dresden, London, and all parts of our country—have watched the progress of this truly delightful art from its origin till the present moment, and feel proud to agree, from impartial conviction, rather than patriotism, with Mr. Healy, that our countrymen, and one of them our townsman, have no rivals—not even in Paris, where the art originated. A friend now in London, and a very competent judge, writes us lately that he compared a picture by Hawkins with those taken by Bain, (by far the best operator in London,) and that he decidedly prefers those of our fellow-citizen. Yet Bain is a clever Daguerreotypist, having taken those of Her Majesty the Queen, Prince Albert, Louis Philippe, the Duke of Wellington, &c., besides a host of minor nobles and great men of Great Britain and France. The fact is, Hawkins' Gallery of the Pioneers of this City, is the most interesting tableau vivant imaginable, and will compare advantageously with Anthony & Edwards' very interesting collection of the Heads of the American People, which no other collection we have before seen, will. One reason is, Mr. H. is at once an artist and a daguerreotypist—the father of the art in the West, an operator from predilection and not for petty lucre's sake alone; but, from a passionate preference and devotion to the art—hence his success. We have no disposition to extol Mr. H. beyond his merit—to over praise or puff any one or lessen others—for good artists in this way abound in our city; but we wish our citizens to be aware that they need not cross the Atlantic for the finest daguerreotypes. It would be well for those of our merchants, importers, tourists, &c., who go abroad annually, and that have any doubts on this head, to take with them one of Mr. H.'s latest pictures. We know it would not be the first time such men as Messrs. Daguerre, Arago, Vanhelm, Plaudet, Voightlander, &c., have been surprised. The continual exhibition of works of art for every department, annually displayed at Dresden and Munich, should have some specimens of our progress in Daguerreotyping; and we cannot forbear hinting to our friend H. that this would be both practical and desirable.

Z.

Cincinnati Churches.

In my list last week of new houses of worship, going up in our city for 1845, two Presbyterian are reckoned in place of four. This was a typographical error. There are Dr. Beecher's, a stone edifice, on Seventh street, below Western Row; the Tabernacle, brick, at the corner of Clark and John streets; the Third Presbyterian, brick, corner of Fourth and John, and the Central Presbyterian, brick, on Fifth, between Plum and Western Row. They will be ready for occupation in the inverse order in which they are named.

Fable.

"Father of men and beasts," said the Horse, approaching the throne of Jupiter, "it is said of me, that I am one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and self love incites me to believe the character just; yet in some particulars, my appearance might admit of improvement."

"Of what kind? Inform me. I am willing to receive instruction," said the father of all, and smiled.

"I would probably run better," replied the steed, "if my legs were longer and more slender; a neck like a swan would be more becoming; a wider chest would improve my strength; and, since thou hast ordained me to carry thy darling, man, might I not have a natural saddle growing upon my back, instead of that with which the well meaning rider confines me?"

"Have patience," resumed the God; and with an awful voice pronounced his creative word. Life started into the dust, inert matter became alive; organised members were formed; they were joined in one consistent body; and before the throne, arose—the hideous Camel. The horse shuddered, and shook with horror.

"See," said Jupiter, "longer and more slender legs; a neck like that of a swan; and a large chest, and a natural saddle. Would you choose to have such a shape?" The horse quaked with extreme aversion.

"Go," continued the God, "take counsel from this event; be henceforth satisfied with your condition; and, in order to remind you of the warning you have now received,"—so saying he cast on the Camel a preserving look,—"Live," said he, "new inhabitant of the world! and may the horse never see thee but with trembling aversion!"

Married by Chance.

The Count de M. lived in a state of single and independent blessedness. He was yet young, very rich, and was surrounded by every thing that could give enjoyment to life, except a wife. He had frequently thought of being a husband, but had always declared off before the knot was tied. Once, however, he found himself very nearly committing the folly of matrimony. A young person, the daughter of one of his friends, pleased him—her fortune pleased him, not less perhaps, than her person and accomplishments, and then, there were other reasons of convenience, &c., to justify the union.

The Count, who had so frequently made the first step towards matrimony, but as frequently drawn back, had not yet decided upon the course

he should adopt in this case—he had promised the friends of the lady repeatedly, but had made no outward sign of performance. His future mother, however, knowing his weakness in this respect, resolved to bring matters to a termination, and therefore demanded of the Count whether he would or would not marry her daughter, and requested an immediate reply. The Count found himself in great embarrassment. At this moment his fears and hesitation returned with more force than ever, and he trembled at the consequence.

To give up his cherished habits of bachelorhood, he found, was hard—it was almost impossible to abandon them. In this emergency, he resolved to appeal to chance. He wrote two letters—in the one he accepted the hand of the lady, in the other he refused it. He then put them into a hat, and called his servant.

"Take one of these letters," said he, "and carry it to the Chateau de——."

"Which, sir?"

"Which you please."

The servant chose a letter. The Count burnt the other without opening it.

A distance of ten leagues separated the two chateaux. The domestic must be absent twenty-four hours; twenty-four hours must elapse before the Count can know his fate. His situation is any thing but agreeable—he knows not during twenty-four hours whether he is a married man or a single one—whether he has still the power to dispose of himself, or whether he is not already disposed of. The domestic returned—he had carried the letter of acceptance, and M. de M—— is, even at this time, the happiest husband in that part of the country.

A Law Abiding Citizen.

In a county not a hundred miles off, a small-sized man went to the plantation of a certain gentleman, who was light in wit, but rather heavy in flesh, with a paper in his hand, folded in a legal form, and known by the abbreviation of 'ca' 'sa.' Having found the owner of the mansion in the field, he explained his business, when he was required to read the *capias*, which commenced as usual, "You are hereby commanded, without delay, to take the body of," &c.

"Humph!" said the prisoner, stretching himself upon his back, "I am ready."

"Oh, but you don't expect me to carry you in my arms."

"Certainly you must take my body, you know. I do not resist the process of the law, understand, but submit with much cheerfulness."

"Will you wait here till I find a cart?"

"Can't promise; I may recover my fatigue in the meanwhile."

"Well, what must I do?"

"You must do your duty."

And there he lay immovable until the sheriff left.

MARRIED.

On the 30th August, by the Rev. Dr. Latta, Mr. JOSEPH JAMES to Miss SARAH JANE PICKET, all of Cincinnati. By the Rev. Mr. J. H. Perkins, on Thursday, the 4th inst., Mr. JOHN R. CHILDS, Jr., to Miss FRANCES P., daughter of George Wood, all of this city.

In Belpre, Ohio, on the 28th ult., by the Rev. L. C. Ford, Dr. ISAAC KNAPP, of Dummerston, Vermont, to Miss ABIGAIL BAWNING, of the former place.

She who hath well performed, till now,

Her duties all, in life—

As Daughter, Friend, and Sister true;

Right fittingly will fill, we know,

"Her Woman's Sphere," as Wife!

C.

The Bubble of 1837, 1838.

The present generation will long remember the hot-bed speculations of 1837 and '38. A spirit adverse to making money in the usual modes was rife throughout the land. In Cincinnati we escaped the bubble and its explosion in a great measure. *Milwaukee* and *Jeffersonville* may be said to have been safety valves to us in this respect.

It was a common occurrence of that period for a man who had made fortunate investments, though owning but a few hundreds the day before, to be considered worth as many hundreds of thousands the day after. Like all mania of the sort the decline of these brilliant prospects was generally as rapid as their rise. One or two individuals who understood the subject better, and did not suffer their judgments to be carried away into the impracticable or uncertain future, managed, however, to make hay while the sun shone, and to make it to some purpose. Let me narrate a case of the kind.

Isaac C. Elston, of *Crawfordsville*, Indiana, entered the section of land on which *Michigan City* has since been laid off and built. The land of course cost a trifle, comparatively. He then went on to *New York*, where he laid it off as a town plat; had it lithographed, and advertised for sale. There was no deception in the case. This was the only port on the Lake which Indiana could ever have; and of course all the power and patronage the State could direct to that quarter, it was sure to acquire. The residue of the narrative I will give in *Mr. E.*'s own words, premising that having understood he had laid out a town there, which he yet had on hands, I was advising him to sell while he had a chance left, for I could assure him, I saw that building *Tadmors* in the wilderness had had their day, and now or never was his time. He listened very patiently, but with the air of a man that does not need advice, and then told me as follows.

"I went on to *New York*, as you know, and had hardly got quarters in the *City Hotel* there, till the speculators were all around me. They had seen the lithographs and were keen to buy, but most of them wanted to buy on credit, or at best, pay a fifth down. I told them this did not suit me, for if there was money to be made by waiting for it, I could afford to wait as well as any others. Finally, two or three Bank Directors proposed to me to give four hundred thousand dollars for my city, one half down, the residue in one and two years. I replied that I was determined not to sell unless I sold for cash, for if I had to wait, I knew that I could make more money out of it before my payments came due, than any amount I could get in the way of purchase. We talked a good while, and at last I

offered to sell them the undivided half for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and the company, finding me resolute, and fancying they could make more out of it by keeping me still interested in the project, accepted the last proposal, and gave me a check for that amount. I drew it out of bank in rouleaus of American gold, packed it up securely, and took it out with me to *Crawfordsville*, where I have since built as fine a house as any in the State. The great body of the money is still as safe as the day I got it. My wife has a roll of one thousand eagles, which she claims as hers, in her own custody; and now, my dear fellow, if I never get a cent for my share of *Michigan City*, it will never break me. But the truth is, this is none of your humbugs, and the place must become of vast importance; and if I have no other use for the money when the company get tired of their purchase, if they ever do, I shall be ready to buy back from them, at a fair discount. If I had not been a hard money man, I should have sold principally on credit, pocketed perhaps \$20,000, and taken notes for nearly \$500,000 more, of which I should never have received one cent. But my specie currency notions brought me out."

Remarkable Escape.

There never was a drama off the stage, so full of scenic effect as the French Revolution. The narrative of that event has been incorporated by *Walter Scott* into his life of *Napoleon*, with all the interest of the most romantic spectacle.

It was *Paine*, I think, who being a victim to the reign of terror, and waiting his turn for decollation, escaped with his life from the singular circumstance that the door of his cell had been left open on the morning that the attendant went his rounds to mark the victims for the day. Being intoxicated, he did not notice that the door was against the wall, and not closing on it. He chalked it accordingly, and when the myrmidon of the law went round to take away the prisoners, of course no mark appeared outside, the door being shut.

The following escape is not less remarkable:

Graf Von Schlaberndorf, was a singular person, a sort of strange German *Coleridge*, more however of a philosopher and a politician than a poet, living like a hermit in the bustling history of Revolutionary *Paris*; miserly in small things, the lord of a garret, slovenly in his attire, and cherishing a beard; but generous, even magnificent on a large scale, and actuated in all things by motives of the purest patriotism and the most disinterested benevolence, a character ready made for *Sir Walter Scott*. This man, as a foreigner and a German aristocrat, and also as the esteemed friend of *Condorcet*, *Mercier*, *Brissot*, and the

unfortunate Girondist party, naturally enough during the reign of terror, fell under "suspicion of being suspected," and lay for many days, first in the Conciergerie, and then in the Luxembourg, in constant expectation of the guillotine. He escaped, however, after all; strangely enough, *saving his life by losing his boots!* Varnhagen von Ense relates the circumstance as follows:—

"One morning the death cart came for its usual number of daily victims; and Schlaberndorf's name was called out. He immediately, with the greatest coolness and good humour, prepared for departure; presence of mind in some shape, a grand stoicism or mere indifference, being common in these terrible times. And Schlaberndorf was not the man to make an ungraceful departure, when the unavoidable *must* of fate stood sternly before him. He was soon dressed, only his boots were missing; he sought, and sought, and sought, and the gaoler sought with him, in this corner and that; but they were not to be found. 'Well,' said Schlaberndorf sharply, 'to be guillotined without my boots will never do.' Hark ye, my good friend,' continued he, with simple good humour to the gaoler, 'take me to-morrow; one day makes no difference; it is the man they want, not Tuesday or Wednesday.' The gaoler agreed. The wagon, full enough without that one head, went on to its destination; Schlaberndorf remained in the prison. Next morning, at the usual hour, the vehicle returned; and the victim who had so strangely escaped on the previous day, was ready, boots and all, waiting the word of command. But behold! his name was not heard that day; nor the third day, nor the fourth; and not at all. There was no mystery in the matter. It was naturally supposed he had fallen with the other victims named for the original day; in the multitude of sufferers no one could curiously inquire for an individual; for the days that followed there were enough of victims without him; and so he remained in prison till the fall of Robespierre, when with so many others he recovered his liberty. He owed his miraculous escape, not the least strange in the strange history of the Revolution, partly to the kindness of the gaoler, partly to his good temper, and above all to the circumstance that his boots were out of the way at the nick of time."

Bicknell's Central Planing Machine.

Mr. B. Bicknell, a resident of our city, having some time since patented and put into operation this extremely valuable and ingenious labour-saving invention, has been harrassed with lawsuits in the U. S. Courts, by the assignee for Hamilton county, of Woodworth's patent planing machine, and by others holding under the same right in Kentucky. The Kentucky case

came off in May last in the U. S. District Court for that State; Judge Monroe holding that *Bicknell's* was no infringement of *Woodworth's*, even if *Woodworth's* could be sustained, either for a combination or improvement; that it did not use the carriage claimed by *Woodworth*; that it did not use his planing wheel, either horizontal or vertical; and that *Bicknell's* planing wheel is differently applied to the boards, which gave it a greater capacity to plane the surface; and that the cutter-wheels used for tonguing and grooving were not the same described by *Woodworth*; *Bicknell's* having cutters to give a smooth edge to the plank, which *Woodworth's* had not.

The case in Ohio came up for trial at the late July term, before Justice McLean of the U. S. Circuit Court, for that district. This trial lasted ten days. The defence consisted of five points of which it is necessary to notice the last merely, being that upon which the jury based their verdict, namely—that the machine of the defendant was so substantially different, that there was no infringement. The case was argued by some of our ablest Cincinnati lawyers, and the subject I imagine is now set to rest. The fact that we have in Cincinnati alone, fourteen planing machines in operation, turning out five millions feet of flooring boards annually; that each machine is capable of doing the work of one hundred men; and that the annual saving to the community in the United States, under this operation is \$3,000,000, it may easily be imagined what a deep interest the public possesses in the result; for these decisions are not merely authority to use another machine, but they establish the fact I have known for years, that there is no point of comparison between the two, except their absolute difference, as well as the great superiority of *Bicknell's*; which not only has cut twenty-five per cent. per day and week more, but supplied a joint more perfect, and a smoother face, than any other in use.

Plato said a just man doing his duty in resistance to power and oppression, was a spectacle the Gods delighted to contemplate. Not less worthy of admiration is the conduct of *Henry M. Shreve*, in contending against the steamboat monopoly on the Ohio and Mississippi; and that of *Bicknell* against claims, which, obtained from the United States under extraordinary and suspicious circumstances, have aimed to close the shops of half the planing machine operators in the land. If these men had faltered or accepted shares in the monopoly, by way of compromise; in the steamboat case, the prosperity of the west might have been rolled back half a century; as in the planing machine suit, a check might have been given to our building operations in the whole west, that would have been felt for years.

This important Cincinnati invention will soon become, I doubt not, a source of fortune, as it already has of fame, to its inventor, as applications for rights are now pouring in, I am told, from all quarters.

The Pioneer Mothers.—No. 2.

There is an incident in the early settlement of Kentucky which has not been heretofore noticed. In the fall of the year 1779, Samuel Daviess, who resided in Bedford county, Virginia, moved with his family to Kentucky, and lived for a time, at Whitley's station in Lincoln. After residing for some time in the station, he removed with his family to a place called Gilmer's Lick, some six or seven miles distant from said station, where he built a cabin, cleared some land, which he put in corn next season, not apprehending any danger from the Indians, although he was considered a frontier settler. But this imaginary state of security did not last long; for on a morning in the month of August, in the year 1782, having stepped a few paces from his door, he was suddenly surprised by an Indian's appearing between him and the door, with tomahawk uplifted, almost within striking distance. In this unexpected condition, and being entirely unarmed, his first thought was, that by running around the house, he could enter the door in safety, but to his surprise, in attempting to effect this object, as he approached the door he found the house full of Indians. Being closely pursued by the Indian first mentioned, he made his way into the corn field, where he concealed himself, with much difficulty, until the pursuing Indian had returned to the house.

Unable as he was to render any relief to his family (there being five Indians,) he ran with the utmost speed to the station of his brother James Daviess—a distance of five miles. As he approached the station—his undressed condition told the tale of his distresses, before he was able to tell it himself. Almost breathless, and with a faltering voice, he could only say, his wife and children were in the hands of the Indians. Scarcely was the communication made when he obtained a spare gun, and the five men in the station, well armed, followed him to his residence. When they arrived at the house, the Indians, as well as the family, were found to be gone, and no evidence appeared that any of the family had been killed. A search was made to find the direction the Indians had taken; but owing to the dryness of the ground, and the adroit manner in which they had departed, no discovery could be made! In this state of perplexity, the party being all good woodmen, took that direction in pursuit of the Indians, which they thought it most probable, they would take. After going a few miles, their attention was arrested by the howling of a dog, which afterwards turned out to be a house-dog that had followed the family, and which the Indians had undertaken to kill, so as to avoid detection, which might happen from his occasionally barking. In attempting to kill the dog, he was only wounded, which produced the howling that was heard. The noise thus heard, satisfied them that they were near the Indians, and enabled them to rush forward with the utmost impetuosity. Two of the Indians being in the rear as spies, discovering the approach of the party, ran forward to where the Indians were with the family—one of them knocked down the oldest boy, about eleven years old, and while in

the act of scalping him, was fired at, but without effect. Mrs. Daviess, seeing the agitation and alarm of the Indians, saved herself and sucking child, by jumping into a sink hole. The Indians did not stand to make fight, but fled in the most precipitate manner. In that way the family was rescued by nine o'clock in the morning, without the loss of a single life, and without any injury but that above mentioned. So soon as the boy had risen on his feet, the first word he spoke was, "*Curse that Indian, he has got my scalp.*" After the family had been rescued, Mrs. Daviess gave the following account of the manner in which the Indians had acted. A few minutes after her husband had opened the door and stepped out of the house, four Indians rushed in, whilst the fifth, as she afterwards found out, was in pursuit of her husband. Herself and children were in bed when the Indians entered the house. One of the Indians immediately made signs, by which she understood him to inquire how far it was to the next house. With an unusual presence of mind, knowing how important it would be to make the distance as far as possible, she raised both her hands, first counting the fingers of one hand, then of the other—making a distance of eight miles. The Indian then signed to her that she must rise: she immediately got up, and as soon as she could dress herself, commenced showing the Indians one article of clothing after another, which pleased them very much; and in that way, delayed them at the house nearly two hours. In the mean time, the Indian who had been in pursuit of her husband, returned with his hands stained with poke berries, which he held up, and with some violent gestures, and waving of his tomahawk, attempted to induce the belief, that the stain on his hands was the blood of her husband, and that he had killed him. She was enabled at once to discover the deception, and instead of producing any alarm on her part, she was satisfied that her husband had escaped uninjured.

After the savages had plundered the house of every thing that they could conveniently carry off with them, they started, taking Mrs. Daviess and her children—seven in number, as prisoners along with them. Some of the children were too young to travel as fast as the Indians wished, and discovering, as she believed, their intention to kill such of them as could not conveniently travel, she made the two eldest boys carry them on their backs. The Indians, in starting from the house, were very careful to leave no signs of the direction which they had taken, not even permitting the children to break a twig or weed, as they passed along. They had not gone far, before an Indian drew a knife and cut off a few inches of Mrs. Daviess' dress, so that she would not be interrupted in travelling.

Mrs. Daviess was a woman of cool deliberate courage, and accustomed to handle the gun so that she could shoot well, as many of the women were in the habit of doing in those days. She had contemplated, as a last resort, that if not rescued in the course of the day, when night came and the Indians had fallen asleep, she would rescue herself and children by killing as many of the Indians as she could—thinking that in a night attack as many of them as remained, would most probably run off. Such an attempt would now seem a species of madness; but to those who were acquainted with Mrs. Daviess, little doubt was entertained, that if the attempt had been made, it would have proved successful.

The boy who had been scalped, was greatly dis-

figured, as the hair never after grew upon that part of his head. He often wished for an opportunity to avenge himself upon the Indians for the injury he had received. Unfortunately for himself, ten years afterwards, the Indians came to the neighbourhood of his father and stole a number of horses. Himself and a party of men went in pursuit of them, and after following them for some days, the Indians finding that they were likely to be overtaken, placed themselves in ambush, and when their pursuers came up, killed young Daviess and one other man; so that he ultimately fell into their hands when about twenty-one years old.

The next year after the father died; his death being caused, as it was supposed, by the extraordinary efforts he made to release his family from the Indians.

I cannot close this account, without noticing an act of courage displayed by Mrs. Daviess, calculated to exhibit her character in its true point of view.

Kentucky, in its early days, like most new countries, was occasionally troubled with men of abandoned character, who lived by stealing the property of others, and after committing their depredations, retired to their hiding places, thereby eluding the operation of the law. One of these marauders, a man of desperate character, who had committed extensive thefts from Mr. Daviess, as well as from his neighbours, was pursued by Daviess and a party whose property he had taken, in order to bring him to justice. While the party were in pursuit, the suspected individual, not knowing any one was pursuing him, came to the house of Daviess, armed with his gun and tomahawk—no person being at home but Mrs. Daviess and her children. After he had stepped in the house, Mrs. Daviess asked him if he would drink something—and having set a bottle of whiskey upon the table, requested him to help himself. The fellow not suspecting any danger, set his gun up by the door, and while drinking, Mrs. Daviess picked up his gun, and placing herself in the door, had the gun cocked and levelled upon him by the time he turned around, and in a peremptory manner, ordered him to take a seat, or she would shoot him. Struck with terror and alarm, he asked what he had done. She told him, he had stolen her husband's property, and that she intended to take care of him herself. In that condition, she held him a prisoner, until the party of men returned and took him into their possession.

Early Records of Cincinnati.—No. 2.

I continue my extracts from memoranda kept by J. Dunlop, who made the first surveys in the Miami purchase.

"April 25, 1792.—As Martin Burkhardt, Michael Hahn and Michael Lutz, were viewing some lots at the blue bank, they were fired on by Indians. Lutz was killed and scalped on the spot, besides being afterwards stabbed in different parts of the body. They shot Hahn through the body, and followed him in sight of the garrison, but finding they could not get his scalp, they fired at him a second time and killed him. Burkhardt was shot through the right shoulder, and in an effort to clear himself, took to the river to

swim, but drowned, and was found at North Bend six weeks afterwards.

"Aug. 14th, 1792.—John Macnamara, Isaac Gibson, Jr., Samuel Carswell, and James Barrett, were bringing up a hand-mill stone in a canoe, and at the rifle below the station, they were fired at by the Indians. Macnamara was killed, Gibson wounded in the knee, and Carswell in the shoulder; Barrett being the only one escaping without injury.

"A copy of the speech brought in by Isaac Freeman, from the Chiefs and Warriors of the Mawme towns, to Judge Symmes.

"MAWME, July 7, 1789.

"*Brothers! Americans!*—At the Miami Warriors!—listen to us warriors, what we have to say.

"*Now-Americans! Brothers,*—We have heard from you, and are glad to hear the good speech you sent us. You have got our flesh and blood among you, and we have got yours among us, and we are glad to hear that you wish to exchange; we really think you want to exchange, and that is the reason we listen to you.

"As the Great Spirit has put your flesh and blood into our hands, we now deliver them up.

"We Warriors, if we can, wish to make peace, and then our chiefs and yours will then listen to one another. As we warriors speak from our hearts, we hope you do so too, and wish you may be of one mind as we are.

"*Brothers, Warriors,*—When we heard from you that you wished to exchange prisoners, we listened attentively, and now we send some, as all are not here, nor can be procured at present, and, therefore, we hope you will send all ours home, and when we see them, it will make us strong to send all yours which cannot now all be got together.

"*Brothers, Warriors,*—When we say this, it is from our hearts, and we hope you do the same; but if our young men should do any thing wrong before we all meet together, we beg you will overlook it; this is the mind of us warriors, and our chiefs are glad there is hopes of peace. We hope, therefore, that you are of the same mind.

"*Brothers, Warriors,*—It is the warriors who have shut the path which your chiefs and ours formerly laid open, but there is hopes that the path will soon be cleared; that our women and children may go where they wish in peace, and that yours may do the same.

"*Now Brothers, Warriors,*—You have heard from us; we hope you will be strong like us—we hope there will be nothing but friendship between us.

"The following is a copy of the speech brought in by Isaac Freeman, from the Chiefs and Warriors of the Mawme towns, to Judge Symmes.

"John White, taken from Nelson county, Kentucky; Elizabeth Bryant and her child, and a child named Ashby, who were taken from a boat at the mouth of the Kentucky River—all its friends said to have been killed at the time. Two others who were intended to be sent in, ran off the night before Freeman left their towns, to avoid returning to the whites.

"Of those who would be sent in hereafter, was a Mrs. Bilderback, whose husband was killed at Mingo Bottom, at the time she was made prisoner; also, a soldier in Capt. McCurdy's company, named Brady. He was with a party guarding a surveyor, when made captive. Seven soldiers and several of the inhabitants were killed in the attack."

I find in reference to my notes on Symmes' settlement at North Bend, that he had ten Indian women and children, who having been made prisoners in an expedition from Kentucky to the Indian towns, had been placed in his hands by Col. Robert Patterson, for the purpose of exchanging them for white prisoners among the savages as soon as opportunity would admit. Symmes, who had always maintained towards the Indians a pacific policy, sent Freeman with a friendly Indian, then on business to North Bend, and one of the prisoners, a boy of fifteen, who speaking English, could enable Freeman and the Indian to communicate with each other; and Freeman with the Shawnee to whom he was sent.

Freeman lost his life on a later mission to the Indians, being fired on while bearing a flag of truce.

General Jackson.

The following incident occurred on a visit of mine to Washington city in 1834. Its truth may be relied on.

A widow lady in rather straitened circumstances had been keeping a boarding house for some years in that city, and during the general prostration of active business, growing out of the currency derangements of that date, had got in arrears, and to pay some of her most urgent debts, sent such of her furniture as she could possibly spare, to auction. The purchaser was a clerk in one of the Government offices; one of those public loafers of which there has always been too many at Washington and elsewhere, who run in debt as far as they can obtain credit, and without ever intending to pay. The lady called on the auctioneer, a respectable man named, *Mauro*, I believe. He called on the official who promised to pay as soon as his month's salary was due. The month rolled round, and June succeeded March, and September June, without payment being made, to the great distress of the wid-

ow and uneasiness of the auctioneer. And after further application, the office holder refused absolutely to do anything, alleging it out of his power to pay. The sum was too large for the auctioneer to spare out of his own pocket or he would have paid it himself, so deeply did he feel for the poor creditor. In this perplexity, he concluded to call upon the President, and state the case, hoping he would suggest some relief. He waited therefore on General Jackson with his narrative.

The old man's eye flashed fire. "Have you Mr. P——'s note?" he inquired. "No," was the reply. "Call on him then, and without speaking of the purpose for which you want it, get his negotiable note and bring it here."

The auctioneer accordingly asked P—— for his note. "What do you want with the note; I don't know any body would take it," remarked the debtor, adding, however, as he sat down to write, "there it is." *Mauro* promptly returned to the President, handing him the note, who without saying a word sat down and wrote on the back of the paper "Andrew Jackson." "Now, sir," said the General, "show Mr. P—— the endorsement, and if he don't pay you, let me know it." The first man *Mauro* met as he entered Gadsby's Hotel was P——, "Ah!" said he "have you passed the note." "Not yet," said the other, "but I expect to; for I have got a first rate endorser to it." "Nonsense," said P——, "who is it." The endorsement was shown him. He turned pale, begged the auctioneer to wait a few minutes, went out, and in a short space of time returned with the money, which was paid over to the widow that day, to the gratification of all parties. P—— kept quiet on the subject for years, but finally on a remark being made in his presence, that General Jackson did not endorse for any body whatever, remarked he knew better, for the General had endorsed once for him, and produced as evidence the note, to the surprise of all who knew not the circumstances of the case.

Daniel Boone.

I left Cincinnati on Friday last, to attend the funeral pageant which took place at Frankfort, Ky., in the deposit at their final resting place, on the bank of the Kentucky, of the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife, the first man as well as the first woman in order of time, as well as in grade of character as settlers of Kentucky. Those who know nothing more of Boone than is recorded in the catch-penny biographies published of the great Pioneer, know almost nothing of that remarkable man; the rallying point alike in council or in battle among his cotemporaries, themselves men of high order of character and enterprise.

The pageant was a splendid and deeply inter-

esting spectacle. A few survivors of his cotemporaries, gathered from all parts of the State, and a numerous train of his descendants, direct and collateral, led the van of the procession escorting the hearse, which was decorated with forest evergreens and white lilies, an appropriate tribute to the simple, as well as glorious character of Boone, and a suitable emblem of his enduring fame.

The pall-bearers bore the most respectable and distinguished names among the early settlers of the West. Generals *Taylor* and *McAfee*, Col. *John Johnston*, of Ohio; Cols. *Ward* and *Boone*, *Richard M. Johnson*, besides other venerable looking men who were unknown to me. *Ellison E. Williams*, who accompanied him from North Carolina, had been his friend and often his associate to the day of his death, and fought under his eye, was among the most interesting objects on the ground.

The Kentucky Methodist Conference, which was in session at Frankfort, almost two hundred in force, made a part of the procession; as did in nearly equal numbers a fine looking body of officers and soldiers of the war of 1813. I judge there were not less than five thousand persons present,—and I have seen gatherings at political meetings no larger than this, which were estimated at ten to twelve thousand. The military, with the masons and odd fellows, as usual, made a part in the procession. The opening prayer was made by Bishop Soule of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the oration or address commemorative of *Boone*, was delivered by John J. Crittenden, one of the U. S. Senators from Kentucky.

The day was propitious until one o'clock, when rain began to fall and rendered the remainder of the day unfavourable to the object for which the multitude had met. The Frankfort cemetery is a beautiful and appropriate place, still finer in its site than ours; and the particular spot allotted to the old pioneer, whose name will never be forgotten while the west retains its existence, has been selected with singularly good taste, being on the very edge of the hill which crowns the bank of the Kentucky. Governors *Owsley*, *Letcher*, *Genls. Desha*, *Combs*, and various other distinguished public men of Kentucky, besides those named in the beginning of this article, were there..

Of the oration, I am sorry to add, that there was but one opinion expressed, and indeed felt, that it was a perfect failure; the more mortifying as Kentucky is one great school of orators, and might have furnished an hundred individuals of less established reputation than J. J. Crittenden, who would have done honor to the State in their performance.

City Solenn.

A President Judge of the Butler and Allegheny District, Penn., who prided himself on his thorough scholarship, on one occasion corrected a lawyer who had asserted that in the present case an action would not lay. "*Lie*, sir, you should say; *actions lie—hens lay*." The lawyer swallowed the dose as he best might, but soon had his revenge, the judge observing to the court, as he directed the crier to notify its adjournment, that the next day being the Fourth of July, the court would not set. "With submission to the court," observed the subject of the former rebuke, "it should be sit. - *Courts sit*, and *hens set*."

I find by the Atlas of Tuesday, that the Councilmen of the first ward, announce "they will set as a board," on that day. If any thing is hatched on the occasion worthy of notice, my readers shall be apprised in my next.

Frontier Figures of Speech.

Those who have attended musters and elections in the early days of Ohio and Kentucky, will hardly deem the following picture, taken from a Florida paper, of the "half horse half alligator" nuisance of that day, too highly coloured. These have been driven off in the progress of civilization, successively to Arkansas, Texas and Florida. I saw and heard a chap of this description in 1825, tell a judge in a county court in the southern section of Illinois, who had charged the jury in a case in which he was interested, as he thought very unfairly, "Wait till I catch you off that bench, and I'll make a chequer board of your face."

As we were yesterday passing by the courthouse, where an election was going on, a real "screamer from the Nob," about six feet four in height, sprang out of the crowd, and, rolling up his shirt-sleeves, commenced the following tirade: "This is *me*, and no mistake! Billy Earthquake, Esquire, commonly called Little Billy, all the way from Noth Fork of Muddy Run! I'm a small specimen, as you see,—a ramote circumstance, a mere yearling; but cuss me, if I ain't of the true 'imported breed,' and can whip any man in this section of country! Whoop! Won't *nobody* come out and fight me? Come out *some* of you and die decently, for I am *spileing* for a fight! I han't had one for more than a week, and if you don't come out, I'm fly blowed before sun-down, to a *certinty*! so come up to taw!

"May be you don't know who Little Billy is? I'll tell you: I'm a poor man—its a fact—and smell like a wet dog; but I can't be run over! I'm the identical individual that grinned a whole menagerie out of countenance, and made the ribbed nose baboon hang down his head and blush! W-h-o-o-p! I'm the chap too, that towed the 'Broadhorn' up Salt River, where the snags were so thick that a fish could'n't swim without rubbing his scales off!—fact, and if any body denies it, just let 'em make their will! Cock-a-doodle-doo!" Maybe you never heard of the time the horse kicked me and put both his hips out of joint—if it ain't true, cut me up for cat fish bait!

W-h-o-o-p! I'm the very infant that refused its milk before its eyes were open, and called out for a bottle of old Rye! W-h-o-o-p! I'm that little Cupid! Talk to me about grinning the bark off a tree!—'taint nothing; one squirt of mine at a Bull's heel would blister it! Cock-a-doodle-de-doo! O I'm one of your toughest sort—live for ever, and then turn to a whiteoak post. Look at me, [said he, slapping his hands on his thighs with the report of a pocket pistol,] I'm the *ginevine* article—a *real double acting engine*, and I can out-run, out-jump, out-swim, chaw more tobacco and spit less, and drink more whiskey and keep soberer than any other man in these localities! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Darn it, [said Bill, walking off in disgust,] if that don't make 'em fight, nothing will. I wish I may be kiln-dried, and spilt up into wooden shoe pegs, if I believe there is a chap among 'em that's got courage enough to collar a hen. Well! I'll go home and have another *settlement* with Jo Sykes. He's a bad chance for a fight, it's true, seeing as how he's but one eye left to gouge at, and an 'under bit' out of both ears; but poor fellow, he's *willing to do his best*, and will stay a body's appetite till the next shooting match."—Exit Little Billy, grumbling.

A Bit of Real Irish.

A jaunting car driver named Paddy Geraghty, not long since was brought before the Magistrate of the Head Police Office, Dublin, for having used threatening language to a Mr. Ellis, Hammond Lane.

The Magistrate, on hearing the statement of the complainant, directed Geraghty to give security, himself in £20, and two other persons in £10 each, that he would keep the peace.

Paddy and his friends having been ushered by the bailiff into the office of the bond-signer, or person who is to see that the bail-bond is executed, the following dialogue took place, when the bond was prepared—

Clerk.—The condition of this bond, Geraghty, is, that you will keep the peace for seven years.

Geraghty.—(scratching his head.) For seven years!

Clerk.—Yes, for seven years; and to all her Majesty's subjects.

Geraghty.—To all her Majesty's subjects! Good God! What is that for?

Clerk.—Why, it seems to be a great hardship on you to keep the peace.

Geraghty.—Is it to every one in Dublin?

Clerk.—Ay, and to every one in Ireland, too.

Geraghty.—In all Ireland?

Clerk.—Yes, in England and Scotland, also.

Geraghty.—In England and Scotland! Oh! that is on account of the union, I suppose; bad luck to it!

Clerk.—And, likewise, in all her Majesty's dominions.

Geraghty.—Is it at home and abroad?

Clerk.—Yes, certainly.

Geraghty.—Thin, certainly, by St. Patrick, I'll never sign it.

Pat was here reminded that if he did not conform to the order of the Magistrates, he would be committed, on which he reluctantly took up his pen to make the mark to the bond, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh! boys, isn't this dreadful for nothing at all?"

When the bond was signed, Geraghty shrugged

up his shoulders, saying to the Clerk, with an air of sarcastic triumph, "Well, sir, you have done yer best. Thank God, you can do no more."

Clerk.—Oh! we don't want to do any more. You are now bound to keep the peace to all her Majesty's subjects.

Geraghty.—Looking at the clerk, while at the same time he was untying the whip across his shoulders,—"To keep the pace to all her Majesty's subjects! Och! then by the powers the first fellow I meet that is not her Majesty's subject, I'll make his head smoke!"

Laying a Guilt.

The following *jeu des mot* is too good to be lost. The simplicity of the corporal appears to be *bond fide*, and there is an air of *véraisemblance* and fact about the affair which make it like enough:

"Colonel Wemyss, of the fortieth regiment, was remarkable for the studied pomposity of his diction. One day, observing that a careless man in the ranks had a particularly dirty face, which appeared not to have been washed for a twelve-month, he was exceedingly indignant at so gross a violation of military propriety. 'Take him,' said he, to the corporal, who was an Irishman, 'take the man, and lave him in the waters of the Guadiana.' After some time the corporal returned. 'What have you done with the man I sent with you?' inquired the colonel. Up flew the corporal's right hand across the peak of his cap: 'Sure and plase y'r honour, and didn't y'r honour tell me to lave him in the river, and sure enough I left him in the river, and there he is now, according to y'r honnur's orders.' The bystanders, and even the colonel himself, could hardly repress a smile at the mistake of the corporal, who looked like innocence itself, and wondered what there could be to laugh at."

Narrow Escape.

It is impossible to read the incident narrated below, and believe in the doctrine of chance. It occurred in reference to the late Samuel Williams, once a distinguished broker in London, and who died not long since in Boston:

One dark, stormy night, while at sea, Mr. Williams left his berth below with an intention of repairing to the deck of the vessel. He ascended the companion way, (place of entrance to, and egress from, the ship's cabin,) feeling his way along in utter darkness. The storm was howling, and every rope above him seemed strung to some straggling melody, while the spray was dashing wildly over the bows of the ship. Just as Mr. W. reached the deck, the darkness on one side seemed to thicken, and the noise of the water to come in more irregularly; suddenly ropes passed over the head and along the breast of the astonished man. He seized them almost involun-

tarily, and held them with a convulsive grasp. An awful crash followed, and he was borne onward by the rigging on which he had seized, while the deck which had sustained his feet had sunk beneath him.

A larger vessel had run down his own, and he and perhaps another were saved as by a miracle to tell the story of destruction, for the larger ship went booming onward in her course, and not a cry was heard from the perishing men, nor was a remnant found of the shattered bark. All were

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

Steamboat Isaac Shelby.

This is a beautiful and fast running boat in the Cincinnati and Frankfort trade, on which I made a trip last Friday to witness the *Boone* pageant of Saturday last. She is comparatively a new craft, with fine accommodations and gentlemanly captain and clerk, Messrs. *Clay* and *Harlan*. As may be conjectured by the names of the officers as well as the boat, it is an entire *whole souled* Kentucky concern. A pleasanter trip can hardly be made any where from Cincinnati than to Lexington or Harrodsburg via Frankfort, to which city this boat takes passengers. I know no finer scenery than the Kentucky affords in its bold and ever changing borders, following and corresponding with the graceful sweeping of its various bends. No man accustomed to forest scenery, but must be struck with the fact that in this respect, it has not had its equal on the globe as a range for the chase. Nor is there any spot to which I would direct a foreigner, in desiring to impress him with a due sense of the fertility and beauty of the west, than to that superb country of which Lexington is the great centre.

Poems.

There is an old proverb, "Take care what you say before children and fools," which if attended to would save many a parent from getting into scrapes.

A little child, sidling up to a visiter and taking a sharp look at her eyes, was asked by the stranger what she meant by it. "I wanted to see whether you had a drop in your eye. I heard mother say you had, frequently."

A boy asked one of his father's guests who his next door neighbour was, and when he heard his name, asked him if the gentleman was not a fool. "No my little friend," said the guest, "he is no fool, but a very sensible man; but why did you ask the question?" "Why," said the little boy, "my mother said the other day that you were next door to a fool, and I wanted to know who lived next door to you."

I knew an instance where a child in a religious family, after the clergyman, who was on a visit there had held family worship, ask her mother innocently, "What is the reason, ma, we never have worship only when Mr. R—— is here?"

A Careful Spouse.

At a polytechnic exhibition in Liverpool, got up by the Mechanics' Institute, a newly married man expressed a determination to "go down in the diving bell."

"Oh don't my dear," exclaimed the bride, "it must be dangerous."

The bridegroom was obstinate; and at length, finding her entreaties unavailing, his lovely Beatrix sank her demand into a compromise.

"If you will go down my dear," said she, "and peril your wife's happiness, let me beg of you to go down in *your old coat!*"

A Valuable Recipe.

The following morsel of information has been going the rounds of the papers for the last three or four weeks:

TO DRIVE FLIES FROM A ROOM.—Take half a teaspoonful of well-pulverized black pepper, one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one tablespoonful of cream, mix them well together, and place them in a room on a plate, where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

Our friend of the United States Gazette bears testimony to the excellence of the prescription, after this fashion:

We can vouch for the correctness of the above recipe. We tried the experiment with the cream, pepper, and sugar, and in a very short time two-thirds disappeared, viz: the cream and sugar. The flies would not eat the pepper.

MARRIED.

In Dayton, O., on the 31st August, by the Rev. D. Winters, Mr. HENRY J. ROSS of Cincinnati, to Miss MARGARET TRUBY, of the former place.

In Danville, Ky., on the 4th inst., by the Rev. N. L. Rice, Mr. WILLIAM W. RICE, of Louisiana, to Miss MARIA L. RICE, daughter of Mr. G. P. Rice, of Danville, Ky.

On Wednesday, the 10th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Schon, Capt. REES FAIRCHILD, Jr., to Miss MARGARET HAMILTON, daughter of Mr. Isaac Hamilton.

On the same evening by the same, Mr. JOHN Q. A. CHAPMAN to Miss ELIZABETH COFFLIN.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., by the Rev. William P. Strickland, Mr. JAMES F. DOGGETT, Esq., of Hillsborough, to Miss LAURA, daughter of the Rev. J. Gathell, of this city.

On Thursday, the 11th inst., by the Rev. George W. Maley, ENOS B. CLARK to MARY DICKSON, all of this city.

On Saturday, 13th inst., by the Rt. Rev. Bp. Purcell, EDWARD J. HUGHES of St. Louis, late of Paris, France, to Miss ELIZABETH LEWIS, daughter of Mr. John Lewis of this city.

DIED.

On Saturday morning, the 13th instant, Mrs. ANNA O. LAWRENCE, wife of Lorenzo Lawrence, deceased, aged 59 years.

On the same day, EDWIN M. son of Samuel G. and Frances D. Frazer, aged 1 year and 4 months.

Early Settlement and Settlers of Kentucky.

As a valuable and authentic contribution to the early history of the west, I have copied from the Kentucky Yeoman the following interesting synopsis from the pen of *Gen. Robert B. McAfee*, a pioneer himself, and son of one among the first who settled the State. More copious and accurate information within the same compass does not exist:

The interment of the remains of Col. Daniel Boone, and his wife at Frankfort, will of course call public attention to the early history of Kentucky; and it may not be amiss to review and notice some incidents never yet published, as I deem it a matter of some importance that our history shall contain the truth as near as we can ascertain it, especially as to the dates of important events.

It is believed that a man by the name of Finley first visited the interior of Kentucky from North Carolina, between the years 1763 and 1767. In one of his hunting trips, he was accompanied by Daniel Boone, who, in 1769, in company with Finley, John Stuart, Michael Stoner, and one or two others, came to Kentucky, and explored the country from Red River down the Kentucky. In one of their excursions Boone and Stuart were taken prisoners, and after some seven or eight days of captivity, made their escape. This was about the last of December, 1769. When they returned to their camp, they found it broken up, and their company gone. They then moved their quarters, and, it is believed, took up their residence in a cave, now in Mercer county, on a tract of land now owned by A. G. Talbot, Esq., (formerly Col. John Thompson's) on the waters of Shawnee run. The cave is, at its entrance, about twenty feet wide, and eight or nine high. Over the mouth of this cave, on a high bank, a tree is marked with the initials of Boone: D. B. 1770. This cave is a good deal filled up, but on digging a few feet under the ground, coals and burnt chunks were found. This point gives locality to some of Boone's wanderings; and it is believed that here, or in its vicinity, his brother, Squire Boone, found him in the spring of the year 1770, and furnished them with ammunition. Stuart was killed by the Indians about this time, and Squire Boone returned to North Carolina for more ammunition, and after he came back, remained in Kentucky until the spring, 1771, when they both came back home, where they remained until August, 1773, when they raised a company of about forty men, and then started to move with their families to make a permanent settlement in the country, but were attacked by the Indians, and Boone's eldest son was killed, which frustrated their whole arrangements, and he returned to Clinch river, in Virginia. And in the meantime Capt. Bullitt, with Hancock Taylor and Douglass, as surveyors, with the McAfee company, came to Kentucky in June, 1773, to mark out and survey land. Bullitt went on to the falls of Ohio with Douglass, and the McAfee company, with Hancock Taylor, came up the Kentucky river, and Robert McAfee had a survey of six hundred acres made on the 16th July, including the now town of Frankfort. They then crossed the country above Lawrenceburgh, and struck Salt river (which they called "Crooked creek") at the mouth of Hammond's creek, and surveyed nearly all the

land up to a point two miles above Harrodsburgh, and on the 31st of July started home and went up the Kentucky river, crossing the Cumberland mountain into Powell's valley, where they met Boone and his company a few days before he was attacked by the Indians. In May, 1774, Col. (then Captain) James Harrod, with thirty-one men, started from the Monongahela for Kentucky, and was soon after joined by ten others, making forty-one in all. They came down the Ohio to the mouth of Kentucky, and then up that river to the mouth of a branch now east of Salvisa, called Landing run, (now Oregon,) and thence to Harrodsburgh, where in June, 1774, they laid off a town and built five or six cabins or more, allowing each man an in and out lot, where they remained until about the 20th July, when James Cowan was killed by the Indians at "Fountainbleau," a large spring two or three miles below, when they broke up and returned home, and on their way joined Gen. Lewis and fought the Indians at the battle of the Point, October 10th, 1774.

In the meantime, Boone, having retired with his family on Clinch river, in Virginia, was commissioned as a Captain; and about the first of June, 1774, he was sent by Governor Dunmore to the falls of Ohio, to warn some companies of surveyors of the hostility of the Indians; and Boone in his route came upon Harrod and his company at Harrodsburgh, and aided in laying out the town; and, in company with a man by the name of Hinton, built a double cabin, which went by their name until burnt by the Indians. Thus Boone had the honor of laying the foundation of Harrodsburgh, nearly a year before he moved his family to Kentucky.

On the 11th day of March, 1775, the McAfee company, by the way of Cumberland gap, arrived at McAfee's station, on Salt river, seven miles below Harrodsburgh; and on the 15th day of March Capt. Harrod and the greater part of his company passed them, having come down the Ohio and up the Kentucky, and re-occupied Harrodsburgh, (then called Harrodstown,) which was never afterwards abandoned. The McAfee company, after clearing several acres of ground and planting corn, and apple and peach seeds, started home about the 10th or 11th April, leaving John Higgins and Swain Poulson to attend to the land and crops. They met Henderson and his company at Scagg's creek, on the 21st April, about ten or twelve days behind Boone, who, I believe, reached Boonesborough on the 11th of April.

In July, the Harrodsburgh and Boonesborough men who had wives returned for their families, and both parties got back in September following. Mrs. Boone and her daughters, and Mrs. McGary, Hogan, and Denton came in company; and each party arriving about the same time at Boonesborough and Harrodsburgh. Soon after, Col. (then Capt.) McGary commenced a fort about two hundred yards below their cabins, on a bluff bank of the creek, where the public square of the town was afterwards laid off. The various events which afterwards took place in the country, it is unnecessary to notice in this communication, except to say, that this fall Col. Ben. Logan came to Harrodsburgh with many others, while Simon Kenton, John Haggin, Michael Stoner, Robert Patterson, John and Levi Todd, and many others, took possession on the north side of the Kentucky, of various points, including Lexington. The year 1776 found hundreds

more adventurers who were searching for homes in Kentucky, which was represented as a terrestrial paradise. In 1777, the Indians, aided by the Canadian British, made a simultaneous attack upon all the settlements in Kentucky, particularly on Harrodsburgh, St. Asaph's (Logan's fort,) Boonesborough, Lexington and Bryant's station. At Harrodsburgh, the attacks commenced early in March; and I cannot give a more graphic sketch of the trials and dangers of the early settlers, than is to be found in the journal of Captain John Cowan, who was then in Harrodsburgh, which will give date to many events of some importance. His journal commences March 6th, 1777, as follows, *verbatim*:

"The Indians killed Billy Ray and Thomas Shore at the Shawnee Springs. A party went out to the place in the evening. They buried Ray and Shore, and found another man alive and unhurt under a log in the cane. James Ray, afterwards Gen. Ray, then fifteen years old—made his escape and alarmed the town, (Harrodsburgh,) and the people worked all night repairing the fort.

"March 7th.—The Indians attempted to cut off from the fort a small party of our men—a few shot exchanged. The loss on our side, some cattle killed and horses taken, and four men wounded. Their loss one killed and scalped and several supposed wounded." This attack was a little after sunrise, and a few minutes after a Mr. Thomas Wilson and his family had escaped into the fort from one of the cabins built in 1774. The Indians burnt the cabins.

"March 9th.—Ebenezer Corn arrived from the Ozark.

"March 13th.—Ebenezer Corn set off for the settlement (Virginia.)

"March 18th.—Butler and Myers arrived from Boonesborough, with accounts of one man killed and another wounded. On the 7th inst., a small party of Indians killed and scalped Hugh Wilson near the fort, and escaped.

"March 28th.—The Indians made an attack—the stragglers about the fort to the amount of thirty or forty—in which they killed and scalped Garrett Pendergrass, and took prisoner and killed Peter Flinn.

"April 3d.—Alarm about daylight.

"April 8th.—News of Jacob Huffman killed by Cherokees at Rye Cove, (place not now known.)

"April 9th, Wednesday.—Indians about.

"April 10th.—Todd and Calloway elected Burgesses. These were the two first representatives to the Virginia Legislature from the then county of Kentucky, which was made during the session of 1776.

"April 25th.—Linn and Moore set out for the Mississippi. Fresh signs of Indians seen at two o'clock. They were heard imitating owls, turkeys, &c. At four o'clock sentry spied one, and shot at three soon after.

"April 28th.—Indians seen within two hundred yards of the fort. A party went out, but nothing done.

"April 29th.—The Indians attacked the fort and killed Mr. McConnell.

"April 30th.—Butler arrived from Boonesborough, and informed us that on last Thursday a body of Indians, in number forty or fifty, attacked that place, and killed and scalped Daniel Goodman, wounded Daniel Boone, Isaac Hite, John Todd and Michael Stoner.

"May 1st.—Scattered parties of Indians seen

at a distance. A return was made of the people in the fort, as follows:

CENSUS OF HARRODSBURGH, MAY 7, 1777.

Men in service	-	-	-	-	81
Do not in service	-	-	-	-	4
Women	-	-	-	-	24
Children above ten years old	-	-	-	-	12
Children under ten years	-	-	-	-	58
Slaves over ten years old	-	-	-	-	12
Negro children under ten years	-	-	-	-	7

Total - - - - - 198

"May 4th and 6th.—Indians seen several times these two days, and fired at the distance of two hundred yards.

"May 12th.—Messrs. Squire Bond and Jared Cowan arrived from the settlement.

"May 16th and 18th.—Indians seen and heard.

"May 23d.—Captain Todd, Calloway and company, set off for the settlement, (Virginia.)

"May 25th.—Indian snapped his gun at a man within forty yards of the fort, at dusk.

"May 27th.—An alarm this morning. An express arrived from Logan's and informed us that Boone's fort, (Boonesborough) was attacked on Friday morning last and a brisk firing kept up until Sunday morning, when they left the place.

"June 2d.—Indians seen round the fort. An express arrived from Logan's, and says that the Indians attacked that place last Friday, and killed William Hudson and wounded John Kennedy and Burr Harrison; and that during the heavy firing at Boonesborough, 23d and 24th May, there were but three men wounded, and hoped not mortal; that the Indians tried hard to burn the fort, but were prevented with considerable loss.

"June 5th.—Express returned from Boonesborough, and says that Tuesday last they went within one and a half miles of the fort, and found a large body of Indians there and did not venture in.

"Capt. Harrod and Elliott set off to meet Bowman and company, (Col. Bowman was on his way with a regiment of men to protect the country.)

"Glenn and Laird arrived from Cumberland and saw Linn and Moore were safe embarked in that river on their way to Ozark.

"June 20th.—Coburn arrived from Logan's, and says Burr Harrison, who was wounded the 30th of May, died of his wound on the 13th inst. Daniel Lyon, who parted with Glenn and Lard on Green river to go to Logan's fort, had not come in yet. A part of a leather hunting-shirt was found, which was thought to be his. Indians seen to-day, and much sign.

"June 22.—Linn and Moore arrived from Kaskaskia with accounts favourable as could be expected. [As to what was their business it is not stated, except that they were sent as spies.] This evening, the Indians killed and cut off the head of Barney Stagner, above the big spring. [Stagner had taken his horse out to graze, and had been often warned not to venture so far from the fort.]

"June 25th.—Expresses arrived from Logan's and Boonesborough, and say that the Indians did not do much damage at Boonesborough, except killing cattle, and that Logan, who set out for the settlement on the 6th inst., has returned; and it is expected that Colonel Bowman is on his march out. A party of Indians (thirty) crossed Cumberland last Saturday, going towards the

settlement; and Todd and Calloway and Harrod and company had got in safe.

"July 6th.—Killed a buffalo bull at the fort. (He had come up with the cattle.)

"July 11th.—Capt. Harrod returned; says Col. Bowman is on his march here.

"July 14th and 15th.—Reaped wheat. (The first ever sown at Harrodsburgh. It was raised in a field west of the fort of not more than four acres.)

"July 16th.—Captain Harrod with a company set off to meet Bowman and inform him of the state of the fort.

"July 26th.—McGary arrived from Fort Pitt (Pittsburgh.) No prospect of peace or recovery of horses taken by the Indians.

"Harrod and his company returned, and say Colonel Bowman parted with them at the forks of the road, and is gone to Boonesborough.

"August 5th.—Ten or twelve Indians near the fort. Killed and scalped two of them, and wounded several others.

"July 28th.—Express arrived from Logan's, and says six young men, part of Col. Bowman's company who had left him, were attacked on Monday, going into Logan's, and that Ambrose Gressom was killed and scalped, and Jones Man- niffe and Samuel Ingram wounded, but not mortally.

"Sept. 2d, 1777.—Court held at Harrodsburgh, and officers sworn into commission. (This was the first Court ever held in Kentucky, which shows the care of the Virginia Legislature, in the darkest days of the Revolution.)

"Sept. 7th and 9th.—The Indians seen and at no harm done.

"Sept. 11th.—Thirty-seven men went to Captain Bowman for corn; while shelling they were fired on by the Indians; a skirmish ensued, and our men kept the ground until reinforced from town. We found two Indians dead and much blood. Eli Jared was killed, and six others wounded, one of whom died that night. The others, I hope, will survive.

"Sept. 17th.—An express sent to Williams- burgh," (Virginia.)

So far Captain Cowan's journal, which proves that Harrodsburgh was at that period the centre of business; a regular census was taken, and the first court ever held in the State was in the fort at this place. I do not know the names of the court; but I believe that John Cowan, Hugh M'Gary and Ben. Logan were justices of the peace. I have seen a warrant in the hand-writing of M'Gary, and his judgment on the back of it, which was no doubt a just decision, although not strictly legal. The warrant was for slander—one woman charged another with stealing her child's bib or cape. M'Gary decides that it is all a mistake; that, although appearances were somewhat against the woman, yet he acquitted her, and ordered the parties to say no more about it. I believe I have given the substance of the case.

In January, 1778, Col. Boone was taken prisoner by the Shawanees and taken to Detroit, where he was treated with great kindness by Governor Hamilton, who offered a hundred pounds for him, which was refused. It is said that in this extremity Boone very adroitly made use of his captain's commission from Governor Duamore of Virginia, which was his protection from the Indians as well as the British. He however made his escape from the Indians sometime in June of this year, and got safe back to Boonesborough in time to make preparation for

the memorable siege in that year, after which he returned to his former residence in North Carolina, as his wife and father-in-law had left the country. Believing him to be dead, she did not expect to see him again. His worldly affairs being at a low ebb, he was not able to return to Kentucky until the summer, 1781, although some writers say he returned in 1780. But as we hear but little more of him until the battle of the Blue Licks, I am inclined to think it was not until the year I have stated before he got back, and this accounts for his loss of nearly all his land claims, which he entrusted to others.

As I do not intend to prolong this communication, I will only add one more statement, in relation to another matter. About a month since, a youth by the name of Stopher found a very fine tomahawk, leather shot-pouch, the remains of a powder horn, and an Indian pipe, sticking under a rocky bank of Salt river, at the mouth of a small drain on the west side, about two or three hundred yards below the mouth of the Harrodsburgh branch. On the side of the tomahawk is the name of "Thomas Walker," in fine plain letters. This ancient relic has been there some sixty or seventy years, and is yet sound and good, as it was sheltered by the rocks from the rain. I do not recollect at present the first name of Mr. Walker who ran the line between Virginia and North Carolina, or what became of him: The discovery of the tomahawk may throw some light upon the fate of the owner. It was very probably hid there by the Indians, when hovering around Harrodsburgh. I have this article in my museum; and if Thomas Walker was ever taken or killed by the Indians, his relations will know.

City Market Statistics.

It is impossible by a glance at figures to realise the numbers, bulk, weight and value of the immense aggregate of animal food consumed in our City Markets; nor would an European who had not visited the United States and observed the extent to which meat is used here among even the poorest families, comprehend or believe such statements.

The number of Beef Cattle sold in *Boston* last year, was 43,530; Sheep, 98,820; Hogs, 43,060. Total estimated value, \$2,126,644.

The *New York* Cattle Market gives for the same period—Beef Cattle, 49,002; Cows and Calves, 2,946, and Sheep and Lambs, 75,713. Total value, \$1,552,540.

In *Philadelphia*, during the same period, the sales were 37,420 Beeves; 15,121 Cows and Calves; 22,480 Hogs, and 91,480 Sheep and Lambs. Value, \$1,831,620.

The number of cattle in *Baltimore*, for the same year, was 33,500 Beeves; 16,000 Cows and Calves; 24,000 Hogs, and 90,450 Sheep and Lambs, of the value of \$1,755,000.

In *Cincinnati* the consumption of Beef Cattle, for the last twelve months, was 31,200; Cows and Calves, 15,310; Sheep and Lambs, 93,650; Hogs, 234,400. Of these, four-fifths of the Hogs, and one third of the Beef Cattle are pack-

ed up and sent to foreign markets. The value of the consumption here, \$1,344,400.

RECAPITULATION.

Markets.	No. Cattle.	Value.
Boston,	185,400	\$2,126,644
New York,	141,139	1,552,540
Philadelphia,	166,550	1,831,620
Baltimore,	166,950	1,755,000
Cincinnati, market,	183,416	1,344,400
Export,	194,570	3,033,520

Our finest Beef comes from the region around Bourbon county, Ky., for which not much less than one million dollars is paid annually. The Beef kept regularly at the stalls of the Berresfords, Vanaken Wunder, and John Butcher, cannot be excelled in any market on the continent. Other butchers here, occasionally kill fine beef also.

I counted during the past year, for one week, the wagons loaded with marketing on the Market Spaces, embracing the twice-a-week markets on Fifth, Sixth, and Lower Market streets, and the daily Canal, and made out an aggregate of three thousand four hundred and sixty-three. Of these one thousand one hundred and forty-eight were at the Fifth Street Market alone.

MARKET-HOUSES.

LOWER MARKET.

There are in Lower Market street,	
60 butchers stalls, which rent yearly for \$50 each,	\$3,000
60 side benches, for the sale of vegetables, and rent for \$12 each,	720
4 stalls or stands, at the end of the Market House, under the shed roof, and rent for \$140,	140

FIFTH STREET MARKET.

56 butcher's stalls, and rent for \$50 each,	2,800
56 side benches, and rent for \$12 each,	672
4 stalls or stands, at the end of the Market House, under the shed roof, and rent for \$282,	282

SIXTH STREET MARKET.

48 butcher's stalls, and rent for \$30 each,	1,440
48 side benches, and rent for \$5 each,	240
4 stalls or stands, at the end of the Market House, under the shed roof, and rent for \$15	15

CANAL MARKET.

38 butcher's stalls, and rent for \$30 each,	1,140
38 side benches, \$5 each,	190

The whole amount, - - - \$10,639

MARKET SPACES.

There are the following number of regularly licensed retail dealers in the markets, who deal in the following articles, and pay to the city the following prices, yearly, to wit:—

24 who sell butter and eggs, and pay \$25 each,	\$600
3 who sell butter, \$20,	60
1 " sells butter, eggs, and cheese,	35
1 " " " " poultry,	30
1 " " " cheese, " "	25
4 " sell " and cheese, \$25,	100
2 " " " " dried fruit, \$30,	60
1 " sells " bacon, and salt meat,	40
13 bacon cutters, \$25,	325
4 cheese " \$20,	80
1 fish dealer, \$20,	20
6 who sell flour, \$25,	150
14 " " fruit, dried or green, \$25,	350

Whole amount, - - - \$1,875

A Chapter in Human Life.

The old proverb in regard to certain individuals is, that they are born with silver spoons in their mouths. Without any apparent effort, every thing appears to succeed in their hands. Life is to them, from beginning to end, a succession of Olympic games of feasting and enjoyment. I suppose there are commensurate drawbacks on this state of things; but they are out of sight.

Far different is the lot of another class in society, who, to preserve the figure of the proverb, enter life with wooden ladles instead of silver spoons in their mouths. Of this class was the unlucky individual with whom nothing succeeded, and who was finally led to the conclusion, that if he had been born a hatter, the Creator of all things would have constructed men without heads. Of this class was my friend Bergudd.

Charles F. Bergudd was a native of Poland—a country whose people are dissatisfied at home, and more unhappy still abroad. He was born too early and too late—too early for the last revolution—too late for the first. But he was born for revolutionary times. Of his history he never spoke, further than to say, that he could not breathe, for a single day, in any other atmosphere than that of a republic, and that "where liberty dwelt, there was his country." So he came to America; and, it was in a country town in the West, not far from Pittsburgh, that I made his acquaintance. He then spoke French indifferently, German worse, and English execrably. Of all nations on earth, the Poles appear the least fitted to acquire foreign languages; English at any rate.

He had been endeavouring to get into business, first in Pittsburgh, and afterwards in the country; but all in vain. He had no genius for labour of any description; indeed, he had all our aboriginal Indian contempt for it. He felt himself fit for what he called *better things*. Perhaps,

the poor progress he made when he assayed to learn some of the every-day employments, in which he found himself thrown into the shade by others, who were, intellectually, his inferiors, contributed to nourish this feeling. So, after months of well meant exertions of his friends, to tame him into civil life, he was given up as a hopeless case, and suffered to hunt, fish, and fill up his time as he saw fit. His manly feeling and good humour made him a general favourite.

After some time, as was natural, he got tired of these profitless pursuits. "I must get at something," he remarked to me one day; "this kind of life will never do. I have written to Miranda, who is now in New York, and I understand intends to make a dash at the Spanish Main, and offered myself to fill up his noble band of volunteers." In due course of time, an answer came, which sufficed to decide Bergudd to set off. A few days devoted to leave-taking for his journey, found him ready; and, followed by the best wishes of his neighbours, his old associates, he departed.

I heard nothing of Bergudd, who had promised to write as soon as he had any thing to tell, for some weeks; and the first notice conveyed of his whereabouts, was a brief letter written soon after landing—of which I shall take the liberty to furnish an abstract.

The letter was dated at some obscure town on the Spanish Main, in the rear of Cumana.

After expressing his gratification at being on Terra Firma, he proceeded to draw a vivid picture of the enthusiasm with which all classes—the priests excepted—received their advancing detachment. Coro, an important town in the interior, was in an insurrectionary state. *Varinas* and *Angostura* were ripe to follow its example. Indeed, the whole country was receiving its liberators with open arms. Every thing he saw and heard was portrayed, as the French say, *couleur de rose*. A mighty Republic would be erected in Venezuela above all Greek, above all Roman fame; and the gallant spirits who were to carry the great enterprise into effect, would obtain a distinguished niche in the temple of history; their memories consecrated by the gratitude and happiness of the future millions of this magnificent empire. The letter wound up as it had been commenced, in the most exulting spirit; and, the writer only regreted that I could not witness and participate in his triumphs.

Well knowing the sanguine spirit of my friend, and still looking on the adventure as a wild chimera, I was folding the letter to put it in my pocket-book, when I observed a line or two which was written across on the margin, with paler ink, and doubtless of a later date. I glanced them over and deciphered, "To-mor-

row, at 10 o'clock, I shall be hung, it's a hell of a business."

Poor Bergudd! I read with melancholy interest the narrative of the final scene, which made its appearance in due time, in one of our Atlantic cities. He died as he had lived, firm and fearless, and living in the future. "Miranda will soon be here, and settle all accounts with these scoundrels. O, Liberty! dear as the breath of life to me, I die thy willing martyr!" He then submitted to his sentence.

I never saw a man who filled up in the living individual, so completely my idea of a hero. He should have died by the side of Kosciusko, when dragged to his dungeon, or Skrzynecki in the last hour of Poland's death-struggle for liberty;

While mute they watched till morning's beam,
Should rise and give them light to die.

Daniel Boone.

The late funeral ceremony at Frankfort, Ky., of the 13th inst., was the occasion of bringing to light many circumstances connected with the history of this distinguished man, which otherwise would probably have been forever lost.

A chart of the family records from the days of Oliver Cromwell to the birth of *Daniel Boone*, made out in beautiful chirography by his uncle James, a schoolmaster, was produced at Frankfort, and I can truly say, I never examined a more remarkable manuscript document. A copy of it will probably appear in some future number of the "Advertiser."

It appears that the family of the Boones were Friends, or as they are more popularly named, Quakers. The immediate ancestors and their next relatives, resided at Bradninch, England, and emigrated to Pennsylvania, and settled in Exeter township, Berks county, not far from Reading, in which town Daniel Boone was born, July 14, 1732. Many of his maternal ancestors were from Wales. His father and mother, both died before he was thirteen years of age, and the children, eleven in number, under charge of James, the oldest brother, moved to the neighborhood of Winchester, Va. After residing here two years, Daniel removed to Rowan county, N. C. and was followed by two of his brothers, James and Squire, who settled on the Yadkin river. Here Boone married Rebecca Bryant, the daughter of Joseph Bryant, and remained in N. Carolina until he settled in Kentucky in 1760.

In 1773, when he attempted to remove his family to Kentucky, he started from North Carolina; and when the Indians attacked his company, he fell back and settled on Clinch river, where he remained until the spring of 1775, when he removed to Kentucky. In the fall, 1799, he removed with his family to Missouri, and

lived near the Missouri river, some 150 miles above St. Louis, where he died on the 17th day of October, 1820, at the age of 88 years. His wife died a few years before him. Daniel Boone was one of seven sons and four daughters, whose names were as follows:

Sons.—James, Samuel, Jonathan, Daniel, George, Squire, Edward.

Daughters.—Sarah, Elizabeth, Mary, Hannah.

Col. Daniel Boone had nine children, as follows:

Sons.—James, Israel, Daniel, Jesse, Nathan.

Daughters.—Susan, Jemima, Lavinia, Rebecca.

The eldest, James, was killed, 1773, by the Indians; and his son Israel was killed at the battle of the Blue Licks, August 19th, 1782.

His son Nathan, a captain in the United States service, with his descendants, are I believe, his only posterity, bearing his name; but an extensive and honorable collection of Kentuckians of the last and present generation, are related to the old pioneer by consanguinity or affinity.

The Pioneer Mothers.—No. 3.

The following incidents are taken from a letter addressed by Capt. Nathaniel Hart, of Woodford county, Ky., to Governor Morehead:

Dear Sir.—Connected with your address delivered at the celebration of the first settlement of Kentucky, at Boonesborough, the circumstances attending the escape and defence of Mrs. Woods about the year 1784 or '5, near the Crab Orchard, in Lincoln county, may not be without interest. I have a distinct recollection of them. Mr. Woods, her husband, was absent from home, and early in the morning, being a short distance from her cabin, she discovered several Indians advancing towards it. She reached it before all but one, who was so far ahead of the others, that before she could close and fasten the door, he entered. Instantly he was seized by a lame negro man of the family, and after a short scuffle, they both fell—the negro underneath. But he held the Indian so fast, that he was unable to use either his scalping knife or tomahawk, when he called upon his young mistress to take the axe from under the bed, and dispatch him by a blow upon the head. She immediately attempted it: but the first attempt was a failure. She repeated the blow and killed him. The other Indians were at the door endeavouring to force it open with their tomahawks. The negro rose, and proposed to Mrs. Woods to let in another, and they would soon dispose of the whole of them in the same way. The cabin was but a short distance from a station, the occupants of which, having discovered the perilous situation of the family, fired on the Indians, and killed another, when the remainder made their escape.

This incident is not more extraordinary than one that happened, in the fall or winter of 1781-'2, to some families belonging to our own fort at the White Oak Spring. My father settled this fort in 1779. It was situated about a mile above Boonesborough and in the same bottom of the river. It was composed principally of families

from York county, Pennsylvania—orderly, respectable people, and the men good soldiers. But they were unaccustomed to Indian warfare, and the consequence was, that of some ten or twelve men, all were killed but two or three. During this period, Peter Duree, the elder, the principal man of the connexion, determined to settle a new fort between Estill's station and the mouth of Muddy Creek, directly on the trace between the Cherokee and Shawanese towns. Having erected a cabin, his son-in-law John Bullock and his family, and his son Peter Duree, his wife and two children, removed to it, taking a pair of hand mill stones with them. They remained for two or three days shut up in their cabin, but their corn meal being exhausted, they were compelled to venture out to cut a hollow tree in order to adjust their hand mill. They were attacked by Indians—Bullock, after running a short distance, fell. Duree reached the cabin, and threw himself upon the bed. Mrs. Bullock ran to the door to ascertain the fate of her husband—received a shot in the breast, and fell across the door sill. Mrs. Duree, not knowing whether her husband had, been shot or had fainted, caught her by the feet, pulled her into the house and barred the door. She grasped a rifle and told her husband, she would help him to fight. He replied that he had been wounded and was dying. She then presented the gun through several port holes in quick succession—then calmly sat by her husband and closed his eyes in death. You would conclude that the scene ought to end here—but after waiting several hours, and seeing nothing more of the Indians, she sallied out in desperation to make her way to the White Oak Spring, with her infant in her arms, and a son, three or four years of age, following her. Afraid to pursue the trace, she entered the woods, and after running till she was nearly exhausted, she came at length to the trace. She determined to follow it at all hazards, and having advanced a few miles further, she met the elder Mr. Duree, with his wife, and youngest son, with their baggage, on their way to the new station. The melancholy tidings induced them, of course, to return. They led their horses into an adjoining canebrake, unloaded them, and regained the White Oak Spring fort before daylight.

It is impossible at this day to make a just impression of the sufferings of the pioneers about the period spoken of. The White Oak Spring fort in 1782, with perhaps one hundred souls in it, was reduced in August to three fighting white men—and I can say with truth, that for two or three weeks, my mother's family never unclothed themselves to sleep, nor were all of them, within the time, at their meals together, nor was any household business attempted. Food was prepared, and placed where those who chose could eat. It was the period when Bryant's station was besieged, and for many days before and after that gloomy event, we were in constant expectation of being made prisoners. We made application to Col. Logan for a guard, and obtained one, but not until the danger was measureably over. It then consisted of two men only. Col. Logan did every thing in his power, as county lieutenant, to sustain the different forts—but it was not a very easy matter to order a married man from a fort where his family was, to defend some other—when his own was in imminent danger.

I went with my mother in January, 1783, to Logan's station to prove my father's will. He had fallen in the preceding July. Twenty armed men were of the party. Twenty-three widows were in attendance upon the court, to obtain letters of administration on the estates of their husbands who had been killed during the past year. My mother went to Col. Logan's, who received and treated her like a sister.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

When there is a scarcity of natural pigeons, sporting men by way of keeping their hands in, occasionally pluck one another. A rich case of this kind in which two of the fraternity, one a Southerner and the other a New Yorker, figured pretty conspicuously, occurred in this city last week. We give the facts as related to us; indeed they want no amplification. The whole sporting world of Gotham has had a pain in the side for several days past, in consequence of the paroxysms of laughter in which it was thrown by the denouement. We omit the names of the parties, but in other respects the statement may be relied on as full and faithful.

It appears that in the early part of last week Mr. —, of South Carolina, an "upper crust" gambler, arrived in town, with plenty of the fluid, for the purpose of betting on the approaching race between Peytona and Fashion, and of picking up any thing verdant that might come in his way. Soon after landing from the Philadelphia boat he wended his way to a well known restaurant in Park Row, where blacklegs most do congregate, for the purpose of meeting some of his old acquaintances and making professional inquiries. He had just lighted his segar and was in the act of raising a glass of brandy and water to his lips, when the flash of a large jewel on the finger of one of the craft who was performing the same operation, arrested his attention.

"That's a fine diamond," exclaimed the Southerner, setting down his tumbler, and stooping forward to obtain a closer view of the jewel.

"Yes," remarked the other, carelessly— "ought to be; I gave five hundred dollars for it, and got it cheap at that. I wish I had the value of it now though, for I got regularly cleaned out at —'s, Barclay street, yesterday."

"What'll you take for it cash down," said the Southerner, who, like most of his tribe, was fond of showing *bijouterie*, and having a pocket full of rocks, felt remarkably self-complacent.

"Well," said the New York land shark, speaking slowly, and taking a puff at his segar, at every second word, "as I want money, and you are a pretty clever fellow, I don't care if I let you have it at four hundred and fifty dollars."

"Say four hundred, and it's a bargain."

"Well, as it's you, the half hundred dollars shant spoil a trade. You shall have it."

The ring was transferred and the money paid. By this time the parties had become the centre of a little knot of knowing ones, upon whose faces sat a sneering expression, which the Southerner, who like all gamblers, was a good physiognomist, perceived and did not relish. When the transaction was completed, his keen ear caught the sound of a sniggering whisper which ran round the little circle, and he at once concluded he was done. He showed no symptoms of suspicion, however, but called for champagne, treated the company, declared himself delighted with the purchase, and bidding his friends good evening, left the place. Proceeding to the store of an eminent

jeweller in Broadway, he placed the ring on the counter, and asked the value of "that brilliant." The jeweller looked at him and smiled. "It is paste," said he, "and worth about fifty cents."

"Have you a real stone about the same size and shape?" said the Southerner.

"I have," was the reply; and a beautiful table diamond, of which the mock stone seemed a *fac simile*, was produced.

The price was four hundred dollars. The Southerner then exclaimed that he wished to borrow it for a few days, and would leave the value in the jeweller's hands until it was returned, and pay twenty-five dollars for the use of it. The proposition was agreed to, the real diamond substituted for the counterfeit, and the Southerner left the store.

On the next evening he paid another visit to the restaurant, and found the old party assembled. They all began to quiz him; declaring that he had been regularly "sucked in;" that his ring was not worth a dollar, &c., the former owner of the trinket appearing to enjoy the joke more than the rest.

"Well, gentlemen," said the supposed dupe, with a self-sufficient air, "you may think what you please; I know it's a diamond. I've travelled some, and I'm not to be taken in so easy as you think for. I'll bet a hundred dollars this is a real brilliant."

The bet was taken up in an instant, and others offered to the amount of five or six hundred dollars more, all of which were promptly met by the Southerner. The stakes being put up, out sallied the sportsmen to find a jeweller. The first they questioned pronounced it a fine diamond, and worth from four to five hundred dollars; so said the next, and the next. The betters stood aghast!—it was a real diamond, and no mistake; and as the Southerner pocketed the "tin," he coolly observed: "*I told you, gentlemen, I had travelled some!*"

The following day he took the stone back to the jeweller of whom he had borrowed it, and had the composition counterfeit replaced in the ring, and in the evening he sought the restaurant for the third time. The same set were there, but looked crest-fallen. After joking with them for some time, our hero gravely addressed the cute gentleman from whom he had purchased the ring, after this fashion:

"Well, my dear fellow, I have had my laugh out of you; I don't want to rob you, and I don't want the ring. Marquand has offered me three hundred and fifty dollars for it; you shall have it for two hundred and fifty dollars, and you can go to him to-morrow if you like, and make a cool hundred out of it."

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The shark bit, and the Southerner received two hundred and fifty dollars worth of gold, and the sharper fifty cents worth of paste. The next morning the Carolinian was *non est inventus*; and the overreached sharper found lying on his table a beautiful note sealed with perfumed wax, and stamped with a figure of Mercury, the god of thieves. On removing the envelope, the note was found to contain only three words, viz: "DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND."

This was a puzzle: but the first jeweller to whom our "sporting friend" showed the ring explained the mystery. The victim, unable to bear up against the ridicule brought down upon him by this *denouement*, has left town for a few weeks on urgent business.

College of Dental Surgery.

On the first Monday of November, the lectures of this Institution will commence. The professors are men of competent judgment, acquirements and experience, and I doubt not that they will acquit themselves creditably in their new relation to the science.

I have adverted two or three times to this subject, and regret that there appears so little interest manifested in it by my brother editors in Cincinnati. I suppose this results from their considering it simply a professional matter, in which the public at large have no direct interest. If so, it is a great mistake.

There are quacks in all professions, but in none are they so abundant as in dental operations, and the reason is obvious. There is no test apparent to the patient, which enables him to judge between a mere pretender and a man who understands his business. Hence, all around us we find men, who, having failed at making a subsistence in the practice of law or in retailing goods, or who have perhaps not been brought up regularly to any business, assume the practice of dentistry, to the irreparable injury of their patients. For all this there is no remedy except a regular education for this department of medical and surgical science, such as this College affords, and the evidence of it to the community in the diploma or certificate it issues.

The newly established *College of Dental Surgery* is actually a coadjutor to its neighbour, the *Ohio Medical College*, in which respect it deserves an equal share of patronage and support. It will, in the course of a few years, doubtless be felt equally influential and important, while the sphere of its operations must necessarily occupy a wider space.

Force of Habit.

In the days of my apprenticeship to the hard-ware business in Philadelphia, although quite young, I was salesman to our establishment. In that capacity I put up bills for the various-western merchants of 1806, and of even later dates. But the lapse of forty years has made many changes in this mutable world of ours, and with the exception of *H. G. Phillips*, of Dayton; *Samuel Perry*, of our own city; *Jephthah Dudley*, of Frankfort, and *J. W. Tilford*, of Lexington, Ky., who are now all out of active business, the merchants of that day have passed off the scene of life.

Tilford and Dudley I have not seen for almost forty years, until Saturday, the 13th inst., when I made myself known to Col. Dudley, on my late visit to Frankfort. I found him at his door cutting a piece of pine shingle, the *very employment he was at forty years before*, when I last saw him

and bid him good bye, on his departure from Philadelphia. The Colonel assured me, however, that it was neither the *same knife nor the same shingle*.

The English Language.

Various have been the attempts to reduce to system, the orthography, and prosody of our language—all to little purpose.

Many and weighty are the embarrassments which the anomalies of pronunciation disfiguring the English language, inflict upon the luckless foreigner, in his attempts to master its rules.

I will give a specimen of analogies of this sort. Take and follow it out in its various pronunciations.

Bough	ow	as	cow.
Cough	off	as	doff.
Dough	ow	as	flow.
Hough	ock	as	lock.
Lough			
Yough	och	as	cochran.
Youghiogany	uff	as	luff.
Tough	aw	as	law.
Fought	oo	as	leo.
Thorough	u	as	hunt.
Hiccough	up	as	cup.

Here are eleven different sounds given to the same monosyllable. Is not this example at once, a comment and a satire on the labour of grammarians and lexicographers.

Koenke and his Organs.

My friend Koenke is, I find, still busy making Organs for the West. His last, is a splendid instrument of six stops, made for a Church at Lancaster, Ohio, which I would recommend all who delight in musical sounds, to examine at his shop on Williams street, north of the corporation line.

Koenke's only fault as an organ builder, is, that every instrument he turns out, excels its predecessor. This renders it difficult to determine when he will reach the *ne plus ultra* of excellence.

MARRIED.

On Sunday, the 21st., by the Rev. W. P. Strickland, Mr. ISRAEL WEAVER to Miss PHEBE JANE SMITH.

DIED.

On Tuesday, the 10th inst., Mr. JOHN R. CLINEBEARD, in the 30th year of his age.

On Wednesday, the 17th inst., at the residence of her son, John Richards, Mrs. JANE DEW, aged 75 years.

On Thursday, the 18th inst., SAMUEL REAM, of Indianapolis, Ia.

On Friday, the 19th inst., at his residence in Storrs township, Mr. WILLIAM BICKHAM, merchant of this city, in the 45th year of his age.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, OCTOBER, 1845.

Nuisances.

It has long been a settled fact, that Corporations are bodies without souls. Hence, we see individuals every day countenancing practices as a corporate body, which they personally disclaim and despise. If the members of our City Council could follow out the consequences of their legislation in their final results, it would materially affect their votes on many questions, and cover their faces with shame, if shame be left in their veins.

A few days since the City Council gave a circus company license to exhibit at the corner of Broadway and Fifth, for a series of nights. This is a region of family residences simply, and there are some ten or twelve houses of worship within gunshot of the spot. It might have been supposed that a neighbourhood in which the individuals resided patronising such *moral and intellectual exercises*, would have been more appropriately selected for the convenience of all parties. No! Our Councilmen are friends to equal rights, and an establishment which up to eleven o'clock, and even beyond twelve o'clock, is making "night hideous" with yells and other noises, which might more appropriately come up from the bottomless pit, is placed where none of its patrons reside. What the effects of all this on the health and comfort of the unhappy neighbours is, may be readily imagined. It is a simple fact, neither heightened by fancy "nor susceptible of being so," that there is an amiable lady dying of consumption, and whose dissolution may be momentarily expected, whose death will have been hastened by these brutal orgies licensed by the City Council.

Did I say licensed;—I retract the statement. The case is worse. The license has expired, and the circus is permitted to torment the living and the dying, without even the consolation to our just and equitable City Solons that they have the money obtained at such a price, in the City Treasury!!

All this is done in the name of *equal rights*!

The State Bank of Ohio.

It may be matter of interest to the business public to learn the names of the Branches of this institution and its officers, as the notes will soon form the great body of our circulating medium.

Ten Branches are at present organized. The notes of like denominations in all the Branches

are from the same plate, engraved by TOPPAN, CARPENTER & Co., of Cincinnati. Their general phraseology thus: "THE STATE BANK OF OHIO will pay to bearer Five Dollars on demand at the

_____ Branch in _____
_____ Cashier. _____ President.

The name of the Branch and its location are inserted with the pen. All are signed by G. Swan, President of the Board of Control, and countersigned by the Cashiers of the respective Branches; as follows:

Franklin Branch in Cincinnati—T. M. Jackson, Cashier.

Mechanics' and Traders' Branch in Cincinnati—S. S. Rowe, Cashier.

Exchange Branch in Columbus—H. M. Hubbard, Cashier.

Franklin Branch in Columbus—James Espy, Cashier.

Merchants' Branch in Cleveland—Prentiss Dow, Cashier.

Chillicothe Branch in Chillicothe—J. S. Atwood, Cashier.

Xenia Branch in Xenia—F. F. Drake, Cashier.

Dayton Branch in Dayton—David Z. Pierce, Cashier.

Delaware Branch in Delaware—B. Powers, Cashier.

Jefferson Branch in Steubenville—D. Moodey, Cashier.

Miami University.

A pamphlet comprising the addresses delivered at the late inauguration of Professor M'Master, as President of the Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, has been left on my table, by the publisher, I suppose. Cincinnati contributed no less than three addresses to the days service, one of which only appears in print—that of *Edward Woodruff*, Esq., one of its trustees, and if I mistake not, a graduate of that institution. *Rev. N. L. Rice*, and *J. W. Taylor* of the Cincinnati bar, delivered the others.

Mr. Woodruff's address evidences the good sense and sound judgment which characterises the writer. It abounds in valuable suggestions, of which a few follow:—

"My object is not to discourage the study of the ancient languages or lessen their value as a branch of classic learning; but rather to elevate the modern sciences and languages to their true importance. Any one who will examine the course of studies prescribed in most of the colleges and universities of the United States, will

readily perceive that the study of the ancient classics receives much the greater share of attention, while the modern sciences and living languages, are matters of secondary consideration. If the one or the other must be neglected, either from the want of time or any other cause, let the ancients give way to the moderns."

"Another important advantage to be derived from a more general introduction of the modern sciences into the regular course of instruction, is, that they furnish new fields for the exercise of the powers of the mind, which exist in so many diversified forms, in different individuals. By elevating the sciences of agriculture, civil engineering, geology, political science, modern languages, and others of practical application, to their proper standard, so as to render them independent objects of honourable pursuit, it would greatly tend to equalize the genius and talent of the country, and prevent that unnatural and unprofitable rush which is constantly made into the ranks of law, medicine, and divinity. This immense mis-application of talent calls loudly for reform. Many who would within their appropriate spheres become highly useful members of society, often become mere *fungi* upon the body politic, wasting the best portion of their lives in slothful inactivity."

"The genius of the present age, differs essentially from that of classic antiquity. It is emphatically the age of money getting, or in one sense, the *golden age*. Almost every public and private action has for its end, pecuniary considerations, in some shape; and yet it is difficult to separate this feeling from those beneficial results which its influence exerts over the inventive faculties of man. It is said that knowledge is power, and yet we not unfrequently see that the power of money controls that of knowledge. It realizes, in no small degree, the idea of the archimedean lever. If indeed it were more liberally applied to useful purposes; if it were more frequently used in the endowment of colleges, and seminaries, and in furnishing them with libraries, philosophical apparatus, and the other appliances; if it were made subservient to the universal spread of knowledge and religion, it might indeed be considered a most substantial blessing."

"The evils, however, consequent upon so inordinate a thirst for wealth, are its tendency to contract the expansive qualities of the heart and its abridgment of all the moral and social virtues. Yet with these acknowledged and obvious consequences before them, men still press on, even at the age of threescore years and ten, to the accumulation of still greater wealth; and, doubtless, it will always be more fashionable to censure the evil, than to take the lead in reforming it. To counteract so morbid an appetite, there is no better expedient than the cultivation of a literary taste; it expands and liberalizes all the better qualities of the head and heart; it is an accomplishment in society, a companion in solitude, a friend in adversity, and an ornament in old age."

I learn incidentally by this address three facts. That the *alumni* of the Miami University in the twentieth year of its existence, amount to three hundred and sixty-two, and that there are twenty-one chartered institutions of learning, nine of which are in successful operation, with an aggregate endowment of \$1,500,000 yearly. The

whole annual attendance of students in all these does not exceed one thousand individuals.

The inaugural address of President M'Master, I shall not undertake to review. His Latin and Greek, are here paraded with a frequency which leads me to doubt his English scholarship, having made it a rule through life to distrust the pretensions of an author who shelters himself continually from the scrutiny of English readers, behind the thick shades of learned languages.

Seriously, if the Professor's intellect is not clearer in his Latin and Greek, than in his English, there is nothing lost to the popular reader, for his pedantry is insufferable, even in a preceptor by trade. I fear that Dr. M'Master is not the man to preside over this University, which the character of the west and of the age in which we live demands; that he wants the grand preeminent qualification, *good sense*, without which all other qualifications are of little value, and which, in the language of the poet, is

"Although no science, fairly worth the seven."

The Mother and her Family.

Philosophy is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met, was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and most forlorn of the human species; so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., that all happiness does not depend on outward circumstances. The wise woman to whom I have alluded, walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a grotesque collection of "shreds and patches," coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed she was wearied with her long journey.

"We han't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbours are very kind to me, but they can't spare their'n, and it would cost as much to hire one as all my thread would come to."

"You have a husband—don't he do any thing for you?"

"He is a good man—he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He's as kind a husband as a woman need have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I have great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! What a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It's a family, surely, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em that I'd be willing to lose. They are all as healthy children as need to be—all willing to work and all clever to me. Even the littlest boy when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand is sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep

them always delving for me; they are always willing to give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after the folks are a-bed."

"Don't you think you should be better off, if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why no, ma'am, I don't. If I had'n't been married I should always had to work as I could, and now I can't do more than that. My children are a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they'll do as much for me as I have done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.

The Miami Valley Settlements.

It is hardly possible for those who are now living in Cincinnati, in the enjoyment of every comfort and luxury which money can procure, to form any notion of the privations which were suffered by the hardy settlers of the west, the pioneers of the Miami Valleys among others. Fifty-five years ago the condition of the great thoroughfares to the west—of the route across the Allegheny Mountains especially—was such as to forbid taking by the emigrants any articles but those of indispensable necessity, for a six horse road wagon, at a slow gait, could not take more than what would now be considered, over a McAdamized road, a load for two horses. When the pioneer westward had reached Redstone or Wheeling, the difficulties of transportation were not much lessened. There were no wagon roads through the intermediate country, if the hostility of the implacable savage had permitted traversing the route by land in safety; and the family boats which carried the settlers down were so encumbered with wagons, horses, cows, pigs, &c., as to have little room for any thing else but a few articles of family house-keeping of the first necessity. On reaching their destination, cabins had to be erected, the land cleared and cultivated, and the crop gathered in, in the presence, as it were, of the relentless savage, who watched every opportunity of destroying the lives of the settlers, and breaking up the lodgments as fast as made. In the meantime, supplies of food not yet raised on the improvement, had to be obtained in the woods from hunting, which in most cases was a constant exposure of life to their Indian enemies. Under these circumstances some general idea may be conceived of the sufferings and privations which those endured, who formed the van guard of civilization, and prepared the way for the present generation to enjoy the fruit of past labours and sufferings. But it is not so easy, without some specifications such as I shall furnish here, to realise the nature and extent of the privations of individuals who, in many cases, abandoned comfortable homes and the enjoyment of civilized

life, at the call of duty. Especially was this the case in respect to several of the pioneer mothers.

A few notes from the recollections of one of the survivors, probably the only one of the party who landed with Major Stites at Columbia, a venerable lady of seventy-five, whose family have borne a conspicuous part in the civil, political, military, and religious history of the Miami Valley, will possess my readers of a more distinct idea of these sacrifices and privations, than they could otherwise acquire.

My informant was born and brought up in New York, her parents being in prosperous circumstances. Her husband, who was a surveyor, had been for some time in delicate health, and concluded to accompany Major Stites to his settlement at the mouth of the Little Miami. At this place, where they landed on the 18th Nov., 1788, and to which the settlers gave the name of Columbia, two or three block houses were first erected for the protection of the women and children, and log cabins were built without delay for occupation by the several families. The boats in which they came down from Limestone being broken up, served for floors, doors, &c., to these rude buildings. Stites and his party had riven out clapboards while they were detained at Maysville, which being taken down to Columbia, enabled the settlers to cover their houses without delay. The fact that the Indians were generally gathered to Fort Harmar, at the mouth of Muskingum, for the purpose of making a treaty with the whites, contributed also to the temporary security of the new settlement. Little, however, could be done beyond supplying present sustenance for the party from the woods. Wild game was abundant, but the bread stuffs they took with them soon gave out; and supplies of corn and salt were only to be obtained at a distance, and in deficient quantities, and various roots taken from the indigenous plants, the bear grass especially, had frequently to be resorted to as articles of food. When the spring of 1789 opened, their situation promised gradually to improve. The fine bottoms on the Little Miami had been long cultivated by the savages, and were found mellow as ashheaps. The men worked in divisions, one half keeping guard with their rifles while the others worked, changing their employments morning and afternoon. My informant had brought out a looking glass boxed up, from the east, and the case being mounted on a home made pair of rockers, served for the first cradle in the settlement. It had previously been set across a barrel to do duty as a table. Individuals now living in Cincinnati were actually rocked during their infancy in sugar troughs.

It was with difficulty horses could be preserved from being stolen, by all the means of protection to which the settlers could resort. In the family to which this lady belonged, the halter chains of the horses were passed through between the logs and fastened to stout hooks on the inside. But neither this precaution nor securing them with hobbles would always serve to protect horses from the savages. On one occasion a fine mare with her colt had been left in the rear of the house in a small enclosure. The mare was taken off by Indians, they having secured her by a stout buffalo tug. It appears they had not noticed the colt in the darkness of the night. As they rode her off, the colt sprang the fence after the mare; and made such a noise galloping after, that supposing themselves pursued, they let the mare go lest she should impede their escape, and the family inside of the house knew nothing of the danger to which they had been exposed until the buffalo tug told the night's adventure. On another occasion, several families who had settled on the face of the hill near where Col. Spencer afterwards resided, at a spot called Morristown, from one Morris, the principal individual in the settlement, had hung out clothes to dry. Early in the evening a party of Indians prowling around made a descent and carried off every piece of clothing left out, nor was the loss discovered until the families were about to retire for the night. Pursuit was made and the trail followed for several miles, when arriving at the place where the savages had encamped, it was found deserted, the enemy being panic struck, and having abandoned all to effect their escape. The plunder was recovered, but not until the Indians had raveled out the coverlets to make belts for themselves. But many of the settlers encountered more serious calamities than loss of property. James Seward had two boys massacred by the savages, and James Newell, one of the most valuable of the settlers at Columbia, shared a similar fate. Hinkle and Covalt, two of the settlers on Round Bottom, a few miles up the Miami, were shot dead in front of their own cabins, while engaged hewing logs.

In November, 1789, a flood on the Ohio occurred of such magnitude as to overflow the lower part of Columbia to such a height as first to drive the soldiers at one of the block houses up into the loft and then out by the gable to their boat, by which they crossed the Ohio to the hills on the opposite side. One house, only, in Columbia, remained out of water. The loss of property, valuable in proportion to its scarcity and the difficulty of replacing it, may be readily conjectured. Honour to the memories of those who at such cost, won as an inheritance for their successors the garden spot of the whole world.

Stove and Grate Manufacture.

A visit to W. & R. P. Resor's Foundry, on Plum street, has put me in possession of various interesting statistics, on a very important and extensive branch of Iron Castings—the manufacture of Stoves, which forms an indispensable class of foundry operations, as well as a distinct department of business in the sale of the article.

There are some thirty iron foundries in Cincinnati of various grades of importance, being nearly three times the number in existence at the census of 1840. And I shall confine my remarks at present to the operations of those engaged in the stove and grate manufacture, leaving the general casting business for a future article.

There are twelve foundries engaged in the manufacture exclusively, principally, or partially of these articles, two of which make grates entirely, and two others make stoves to a more or less extent, while their usual and more important business is general casting. These establishments are W. & R. P. Resor, Wolff & Brothers, Goodhue & Co., French & Winslow, Ball & Davis, Andrews, Haven & Co., Miles Greenwood, David Root, Horton & Baker, Bevan & Co., O. G. De Groff and Thomas S. Orr.

Having been familiar for years with the business of Messrs. Resor, which is probably the heaviest one of the number, I shall reserve what details I have to make on the subject as applying more especially to their operations, and close these statistics with a general view of the stove casting business at large.

Resors' establishment, including tenements for fifteen families, occupies a space of ground two hundred feet square. They have additional ground for depositing coke across Plum street. The blowing apparatus, with chimney and facing mills, are driven by a steam engine of eight horse power. The blowing apparatus was put up by Messrs. Holabird & Burns, and consists of a cylinder thirty inches in diameter and thirty-two inch stroke, and is capable of melting with ease three tons per hour with two cupolas, which are used, taking the melted iron from each alternately. The finishing shops and storing rooms are in 3 three story brick buildings of fifty-four feet front by seventy feet in depth. There are now, and have been during the year past, employed seventy-three hands, who make on the average one hundred and eighty stoves and three tons hollow ware weekly, or an annual aggregate of one thousand tons or two million pounds castings. Six to seven tons pig metal are melted daily in the establishment, and its consumption of coal exceeds eighteen thousand bushels. Eleven additional hands are employed over the sale rooms in trimming, blacking, packing, &c., the stoves for market.

The whole of this prodigious amount of melting is through daily in three hours. No castings are made here but for the proprietors' own use or sales. The firm pays out about \$500 in wages per week, and since the first of last January, the hands are paid off every Monday, to the mutual advantage of employed and employers. No running accounts are kept in the establishment. One statistic, not exactly in the casting line, I will add by stating that there is a child born on the premises every month in the year, for several years past.

Messrs. Resor were the first to introduce the neat and light patterns of stoves and hollow ware now so universally prevalent, and to demonstrate to others that stoves could be made in Cincinnati for the west, cheaper as well as of better materials—the pig iron of the Scioto region under the hot blast process—than at any other point on the Ohio.

Two thirds of the stoves made at these foundries are what are termed cooking stoves. For these there is an increasing demand, which will not slacken until every farmer in the land is supplied, economy in labour as respects providing wood, being as important to the husbandman as economy in the purchase of that article is to the city resident. There are not less than forty-five thousand stoves manufactured yearly in Cincinnati, thirty thousand of which are regular cooking stoves of various patterns and construction. The value of these articles, including the grate operations is five hundred and twelve thousand dollars annually, a business and product heavier than any city in the United States can exhibit, unless it be Albany and perhaps Troy, the great fountains of supply in this line for New York and the New England States. There are four hundred and thirty-five hands employed in these twelve establishments, on stoves, grates and hollow ware.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Jews in America.

MR. C. CARR:

In a former number I promised, if it should be considered interesting to your readers, to continue an article respecting the statistics, locations, and reminiscences of "God's ancient people the Israelites,"—extending the view to the whole nation dispersed throughout the world. It is well ascertained that previous to 1816, the Jewish people were not known to have located in the Mississippi Valley; and for several years subsequent, they were considered as a strange sight;—but it was necessary to the fulfilment of Prophecy, that the "dispersed of Israel" should inhabit every clime. There are supposed at this time to be in the city and its environs, about two

thousand five hundred Israelites; and it is a matter of notoriety, that where the Jewish people are well received, that nation or city becomes happy and prosperous, and vice versa, that country or people who persecute and plunder them, are punished in an exemplary manner. What has been the end of the enemies of Israel? "That they perish for ever!" I need not quote historical reminiscences! There are some singular and remarkable facts appertaining to this people in all their locations; in being good and peaceable citizens, seeking the welfare and prosperity of the country in which they reside; not anxious to spread the tenets of their religion among the nations; but looking forward to the time when "all shall know the truth." According to their numbers, less crime is committed among them than any other class of people. *Drunkards* and *paupers* are seldom known among them: they are cleanly and abstemious in their habits and diet. In one of the congregations of this city, composed of more than eight hundred persons of all ages, there has not been a death during the past year! Very few of the towns in the west but what have more or less of them located at this period, and increased numbers are constantly emigrating from Europe. Celebrated writers in making up statistics, have been constantly underrating the numbers of this people; and it has been generally supposed there were not more than four millions in the world; at the same time rating their numbers in the United States at only five thousand. As I proceed I shall prove to the satisfaction of your readers, that they are more numerous than in the most prosperous period of their history. In this number I shall merely allude to their settlement in America. The first settlement of Jews in the Western Hemisphere, was at the Island of Cayenne, under the protection of the Dutch, in 1569. The French captured it in 1664. The Dutch inhabitants and Jews were obliged to quit. The latter went to Surinam, where they became a thriving settlement, having the full enjoyment and free exercise of their religion, rites and customs, guaranteed to them by the British Government. In 1667, Surinam was taken by the Dutch, the privileges of the Jews confined to them, with all the rights of Dutch born subjects. They are now a considerable and highly respectable portion of the inhabitants of Surinam. In 1670, Jamaica and other West India Islands were visited, and considerable settlements of Jews formed, where they are now residing, being numerous, wealthy and respectable; enjoying all the privileges of citizens under the British Government, whose Colonies consequently have flourished. In 1683 the Jews were ordered to quit the French Colonies; and in 1685, all Jews found in the French Colonies

were seized and their properties confiscated. What has been the result? Who has got the Canadas? And what has become of San Domingo? In 1641, a considerable number of Jews who were banished from Spain and Portugal, settled in the Brazils, formed plantations, and built towns and villages; and were protected from the Spaniards by the Dutch. In 1654, on the Portuguese obtaining possession of the Brazils, the Jews were ordered to quit, their plantations and houses confiscated; but they very *indulgently* granted them the privilege to carry away their personal property, providing a fleet of ships to carry them wherever they chose.

It is supposed that a small portion of them landed about that time at Newport, Rhode Island, and at New Amsterdam, (now New York.) Soon after that period they erected a Synagogue in Newport, the first in the thirteen Colonies. The congregation thrived for about seventy or eighty years, when New York having overcome its rival in commercial pursuits, Newport declined, and the Israelites gradually withdrew to the rising city of New York, and not one family remained to protect its lonely Synagogue and burial ground. A sufficient sum was left by a legacy of the late Mr. Touro, to keep and constantly repair them, until at some future period Israelites might congregate there. This is faithfully performed by the corporation of the city. The Israelites in New York have flourished exceedingly. They have become numerous, wealthy, and respectable; nearly numbering at this time, fifteen thousand, having eight Synagogues. In 1733, forty Jews arrived in Savannah, Georgia, from London, where they and other emigrants have congregated to this day. They are highly respectable. In 1750, a congregation was founded in Charleston, which has gradually increased and become very numerous. They are many of them wealthy and respectable, having filled some of the first offices in the City and State of South Carolina. It is well known that during the War of Independence, the Jews were very active and patriotic in their exertions for their adopted country. We may also state that the late Col. David Franks, confidential aid to General Washington, was a member of the Jewish nation and religion. Since the Revolutionary War, Jewish Congregations have been established at various places in the United States and British possessions, viz: New Orleans, Mobile, Louisville, St. Louis, Little Rock, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Xenia, Albany, Troy, Buffalo, New Haven, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Richmond and Norfolk, Va.; also at Quebec and Montreal, Canada, and St. Johns, New Brunswick. There are several other locations in the U. S. not recollected. There is one important fact respecting

the Jewish nation, more especially amongst those who reside in America. I have conversed and been in contact with many thousands of my brother Israelites, and have yet to meet the first *one* ignorant of reading and writing! I shall conclude this part of my subject with a general statement of the number of their Synagogues and population in America, as far as can be ascertained.

	Syn.	Pop.
New England States, - - -	2	1,500
States of N. York and N. Jersey, 12		18,000
" " Pennsylvania and Delaware, 5		4,000
" " Maryland and D. Columbia, 2		2,500
" " Virginia and Kentucky, 3		3,500
" " North and South Carolina, 4		5,000
" " Georgia and Alabama, 2		2,000
" " Louisiana and Florida, 2		3,000
" " Missouri and Mississippi, 1		1,500
" " Arkansas and Texas, - 1		1,000
" " Illinois and Indiana, - 0		1,500
" " Ohio and Michigan, - 6		4,000
British Possessions, - - -	4	2,500
West India Islands, - - -	12	14,000
State of Mexico, - - -	0	1,000
States of Columbia and Central America, - - - -	0	1,000
State of South America, - - -	2	8,000
	58	74,000

Cincinnati, Sept. 22, 1845.

Excuses.

"Who broke this pitcher?" asked the master of the house of his lady. "It is not *broke*, my dear, it is only *cracked*." Some months afterwards he found it in the closet in fragments. "Who broke this pitcher?" he again asked. "Why that pitcher was *broke* long ago; it has been cracked more than four months."

This was a Cincinnati excuse, but, as the almanack makers say, will answer for any other meridian in our country, and in some beyond its limits. It is accordingly published for the benefit of those who have not ingenuity enough to invent excuses of their own.

Cultivation of the Grape.

The following communication addressed by the writer to the Cincinnati Horticultural Society, will be found one of the most valuable articles on the subject to which it relates, that has ever appeared in print.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 26, 1845.

Mr. President:

Upon referring to some memorandums of my father, I find amongst others, the following account kept of the produce of the vineyard since 1837. As a number of our members are cultiva-

ling the vine; I thought it would be interesting, as it is difficult to obtain a statement of the kind, kept minutely for a series of years.

It shows the actual produce, and the certainty of the crop before any other fruit in this latitude, and the difference between the Catawba and Isabella, as to the yield and certainty. The Isabella having borne a first rate crop for nine successive years, the Catawba failing occasionally from rot and the attack of insects.

The vineyard has a southern exposure, fronting on the Ohio River, was planted with rooted plants in 1834, and contained at that time seventeen hundred and seventy-five vines, placed in rows four feet apart and three feet distance in the row—the ground being previously trenched, and the stones taken out to the depth of two feet.

In the fall of 1837 the first crop was picked as follows:—164 bushels of Grapes, from which was made 667 gallons of Wine. At this time there was 1125 Isabella and Cape vines yielding 113 bushels, making 469 gallons, and 650 Catawba yielding 51 bushels, making 198 gallons.

1838—Vintage, Sept. 10th, produce 327 gallons.

1839 “ “ 5th “ 440 “

1840 “ “ 20, Isabella 260

Catawba 45—305 galls.

This year (1840) most of the Catawba rotted on the vines. From this time there were twenty-three hundred vines, about one half of each kind.

1841—Vintage, Sept. 15, Catawba 237

Isabella 275—512 galls.

1842 “ “ 12, Catawba 166

Isabella 319—485 “

1843 “ “ 15, Catawba 250

Isabella 288—538 “

1844 “ “ 12, Catawba 108

Isabella 306—414 “

1845 “ “ 9, Catawba 349

Isabella 283—632 “

About one-eighth of the Catawba Grapes were destroyed by bees and other insects after ripening. The quantity eaten by three families is not taken into the account.

The ground has always been thoroughly hoed in the spring and kept free from weeds; never manured until last winter, when the ground was covered and dug in, in the spring; and from the result this season it would pay well, as the vines are in better condition than they ever were, after yielding a heavy crop.

The vines have been trained to stakes, and the bearing wood cut out, after having borne one season, leaving two shoots, trained the same season, one to form the bearing hoop or bow, and the other cut to two eyes, to propagate wood for the next year, the vine never having but the hoop and the two eyes left for fruit, each year's growing at the same time.

This year the ends of the vines have been nipped and the suckers taken out four different times. The following estimate I have made from what it has cost this year, and is not far from the actual expense, although the labour has been done by the hands doing the other work on the farm, and in making wine extra hands were always employed. By planting cuttings, and preparing the ground by subsoil ploughing when it can be done, would lessen the expense. The price is what the wine was sold at from the press this season, and is a low estimate:

ESTIMATE.

2300 Vines, at 6c.,	\$138.00
2300 Poles, at 2c.,	46.00
1000 do. replaced,	20.00
Trenching ground and planting, . . .	80.00
Manuring last fall,	30.00
Two months work each year nine years,	225.00
Extra work in making wine,	150.00
Interest on investment before crop, .	15.00
Cr.,	\$704.00
By 4306 gallons Wine, at 75c., . . .	\$3229.50
	<hr/> \$2595.50

The expense of cultivation previous to the first crop is not accounted for, nor is the press, casks, &c.; but the actual expense of cultivating an acre of grapes, when persons are hired to attend to other work, would not amount to but very little, as but a short time is required to attend to clearing the vines during the season.

Yours respectfully,

WM. RESOR.

From the Cincinnati Herald.
Medical.

There is for sale at Robinson & Jones', 109 Main street, Cincinnati, a valuable publication of some hundred pages, on the subject of Consumption of the Lungs, by W. Hall, A. M. M. D., of New Orleans, who has an office in this city during the summer. As tubercular disease is estimated to destroy one in six in civilized society, a book on this subject is more or less interesting to all. The Preface is short, and explains the design of the publication.

“The design of the following pages is to encourage such as have Consumption, or are threatened with it, to use in time those means which have saved others, and may save them.

“The Author, both before and since visiting Europe, for professional purposes, has met with the most gratifying success, and hopes to place within the reach of many whom he may never see, the means of cure.

“Difficult terms are avoided, that the most common reader may easily comprehend all that is important to be understood.”

The main points stated are that—Consumption of the Lungs is a disease which admits of a perfect and permanent cure.

That it is curable in its last and worst stages.
- That these opinions are, and have been advo-

cated by the most distinguished physicians of the last half century.

That it is as susceptible of cure as Bilious Fever.

That like Cholera, when taken during the premonitory symptoms, it is manageable; and less so, as the symptoms progress.

That it is not only curable, but that it can be cured in different ways; the principles of cure, however, remaining the same.

That sea voyages more frequently kill than cure.

That going to the South for lung diseases, or to a warmer climate, is a useless, injurious and fatal practice.

That, under named conditions, a cold climate is preferable to a warm one.

The nature, causes and symptoms of the disease are stated in familiar language. All the remarks are founded on one hundred and fifty consecutive cases, treated by Doctor Hall with singular success. It is not pretended to offer a specific for the disease, or to cure every case. The great point seems to be, to make the reader understand what are the premonitory symptoms of the disease, and to induce him to make a prompt effort for their removal; and encouragement is given to make an effort in the very last stage. It may with great truth be said, that every class in society is interested in the topics presented, for who has not lost a friend by this ruthless disease? Who is exempt from it?

Obituary.

The death of JOHN H. JONES, a young and promising member of the Cincinnati Bar, on Thursday last, in the 22d year of his age, seems to call for something more than a passing notice.

Mr. J. was a young man of fine mind and bid fair for usefulness and distinction in society. "None knew him but to love him, nor named him but to praise." That such individuals should be taken away in the bud of their usefulness, while hundreds of no imaginable use to society survive, is one of those inscrutable dispensations of Providence, which are sore trials to near and dear friends.

Heaven takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

As regards the deceased, his friends have the best evidences of his preparation for future existence, in his possession of the Christian's hope, and his exemplification of the Christian's life.

To Readers.

The article on the Jews in America, is worthy of all confidence, the writer having ample opportunities of being conversant with the whole subject. I might assign another reason, however, for that community leaving Newport, R. I., than my correspondent gives. There is an old proverb "That a Jew can make a living in any part of Europe but Scotland, or America, but among the Yankees." Hence there are Jews neither among the Scotch nor New Englanders,

either class being the closest dealing people in the world, the other excepted.

Independently of the statistics, which are of deep interest, there are many singular details in "J.'s" statement, which should commend it to the reader's notice.

Early Jails.

In the last volume of the *Advertiser*, I spoke of the character of our early jails. *McClain*, one of the first turnkeys, was in the habit of getting drunk, and when he got into a spree, turned in and gave the whole batch of prisoners, whether such for debt or crime, a flogging all round, by way I suppose, of asserting his authority. The following document of those days speaks of other abuses:

OCTOBER 10th, 1807.

Sir,—We take this opportunity to inform you that Mr. Wheeler does not attend to his business here, as I expect, for I do not know the rules of keeping the jail; but Mr. Wheeler is absent from morning till night, and locks the keys in the cupboard, and takes the cupboard key with him, and we cant have nothing regular. When we speak to him about it he answers very abruptly and pays no attention. And in case of fire we cannot think ourselves safe or done justice by no means: And we hope you will not let these lines be known to the jailor, for it might cause disturbance between us and him, but that you will take these premises to your serious consideration, and have affairs better conducted, &c.

EVI MARTIN,
THOMAS COULTER,
JAMES HADLOCK,
JAMES NICHOLS.

To the Rev. Mr. AARON GOFORTH, Sheriff, Cincinnati.

I suppose it would be difficult for a prisoner, under any circumstances, to consider his jailor an angel of light, unless he came to announce to him his deliverance; but irresponsible authority is subject to abuse, and I have seen enough of jails and penitentiaries as a grand juror and a visiter, to satisfy me that they are worthy of having been invented by the Great Spirit of Evil, whose malignity against the human race might well find gratification in the miseries they inflict and the corruption they generate. And I should devote my energies to the abolition of the whole system, and the adoption of colonising for crime by the State of Ohio, if unhappily and unwisely our State Constitution did not prohibit the measure.

MARRIED.

At St. Paul's Church, on the 30th inst., by the Rev. George D. Gillespie, Mr. JOHN M. HUNTINGTON, of the City of New York, to Miss JANNETTE H., daughter of Horace Canfield, Esq., of this city.

DIED.

On Monday, the 30th inst., ELLEN AMANDA, only daughter of Willard and Rebecca S. Nichols, aged 22 months.

On same day, Mrs. ELIZA ANN CHASE, wife of Salmon P. Chase, aged 23 years and 10 months.

Conveniences of Side-Walks.

There is an article going the rounds of the press on the conveniences of a dish kettle, as follows:

"You want nothing but a dish kettle," said an old housewife in the back woods, to her daughter who had just got married. "Why, when your father and I commenced, I had nothing but a dish kettle. I used to boil my coffee in it, and pour it into a pitcher, then boiled my potatoes in it, and set them on a warm plate, while I stewed up the meat in it, and always after a meal I fed the pigs out of the dish kettle. You can do a great deal with a dish kettle, Sally, if you are only a mind to."

It might be thought that this is carrying to its full extent the principle of putting one article to as many uses as possible, and that nothing can therefore surpass the convenience of this remarkable kitchen appendage. But we can put other things to equally accommodating purposes in Cincinnati. I refer now to our city side-walks, in its business regions.

What the original design of side-walks was, on Main street, for example, can only be matter of conjecture. They might have been, as they probably were, designed as a substitute and improvement to the boat gunnels which once formed the path-ways from the mouth of Main street to the hill at Third street. But whatever was the original purpose, they are now made to serve as many uses as the remarkable *dish kettle*, if not more.

In a walk from the river up Main street, the other day, I noticed the following "conveniences" of side-walks:

1st. Retail stores for jewelry, &c. This is a great saving to all hands, as it enables the purchaser to see what he wants at a glance; and the seller to get clear of store rent. One such, for example, is nearly in front of Mr. Joseph Alexander.

2d. Warerooms to open goods. Such as *Trevor, Woodruff & Reeves'* auction establishment. Here boxes may be opened without being in the way—of the proprietors. If a coat has an incision by an awkward blow from a hatchet, or a lady's dress torn by a straggling nail; or the passer by has his boots ruined by the operations of a saw, the victim may console himself with the reflection that it is all for the benefit of trade, and that some one of the many customers who buy at that store stand ready to make good his or her loss at fair prices.

3d. Another purpose of side-walks is to display the amount of a merchant's sales, and thus form a species of permanent and costless advertisements of his goods. Such a display I found at the door of Messrs. D. Root & Co., in stoves, grates, &c.

4th. Our Hebrew brethren, on Main street, who

sell ready made clothing, find a different use—namely, to make a parlor or a drawing room of the side-walks. Here chairs are in rows for themselves and friends, and the whole air is redolent with the fumes of the cigar, and musical with the pressing invitation of "step in and see what you want," as the *subject* passes by. D. Spatz & Co. are an example of this nature.

5th. They form a counting room or store, where the merchant has no other, spacious enough. Here goods are marked, or invoiced, or packed, as the case may be. *Boylan & Co.*, for example.

6th. Lastly, where awnings are kept they form admirable shelters to the public in time of rain, and shady places in the heat of summer,—where Mrs. Smith rests with a basket or two at her feet, while she holds a deeply interesting colloquy with Mrs. Brown, who has probably a basket on each arm, to ascertain for mutual benefit the state of health of the "*old man*," or the "*darters*," or the "*byes*" of either party, which blocks up the passage long enough to give respite and rest to the weary footsteps of the business man on his way home from the bank or the post office.

The awning posts answer another valuable purpose, namely—to fasten horses to; and the side-walk affords at the same time a convenient stall where they may stand without being in the way of drays or wagons on the streets.

Out of the centres of business the side-walks serve other purposes also. Those sufficiently level for use, are chalked into various occult mathematical figures and horoscopes, such as Euclid never saw, or wizard never cast, with the design of playing *marbles* or *hopscot*. On ground sloping sufficiently for the purpose, the side-walks also are improved during the season of snow and ice, with hand sleds by the boys of Cincinnati. I say improved, for the foot-way is made so smooth as sometimes to enable a passenger to take but one step from the head to the foot of the hill, and get forward at the rate of a mile in two minutes; on his way into the business part of the city.

As the old lady might have said, "You can make a great many uses of a side walk as well as of a dish kettle."

Riches.

Almost all men desire to be rich. The exceptions are so few that they incur the imputation of affecting to undervalue what they cannot obtain, as the fox contemptuously spoke of the grapes as sour which were beyond his reach.

Yet there is no plainer proposition than that happiness is independent of wealth; and in the case of extreme wealth incompatible with it. John Ja-

ceh Astor's millions afford him his living, and do no more towards it, than the mere hundreds or thousands they possess, do to less wealthy individuals. He has innumerable cares and anxieties about his estate from which the men of the world are exempt. How would you like to take care of his large estate for your victuals and clothes? Yet this is all he gets. But you have nothing laid up for old age, and your children may be beggars. Not half as likely as his sons, let me tell you. Here is a decrepid old man, nearly bent double with age, and so feeble that it requires two servants to support his feeble steps as he takes his walk, or rather hobble, from the door of his dwelling to the next corner. He is nearly blind, and absolutely deaf, I understand, and his senses of taste and smell are nearly gone. What enjoyment are his millions to him? Would you barter health, youth, strength, and activity of mind and body with his infirmities, and take his wealth into the exchange? What do you envy in his possessions that the man poorer than yourself does not in yours? The rich man would give money for your appetite, as you would for that which hard labour earns.

I know a man in Cincinnati whose daily bread is supplied by his daily labour; and yet, in my standard of wealth and enjoyment, is one of the happiest and richest men in the place. If he wishes to relax from toil, he lounges in his friend Longworth's garden, eyes the beautiful shrubbery, or scents its perfumes with a sensation of exquisite enjoyment which its owner has long since lost. He contemplates the statuary or the paintings of the hospitable proprietor, with all the interest and delight which novelty imparts, and secretly feels that while the trouble and expense of keeping up such an establishment devolves on the owner, it is done all for his sake and that of hundreds in his circumstances. If he walks the streets a friend in more opulent circumstances than himself passes by in his barouche: he jumps in if he feels disposed to enjoy a ride. The gratification the owner knows, and remembers only among the things that were. The pleasurable excitement of the drive is his, the trouble and cost of maintaining the equipage another's. What wealth or luxury are to every man after the first relish is gone, may be summed up briefly as a possession, which, while it does not confer happiness in its enjoyment, distresses you in its loss.

City Solons.—Gallery of Portraits.—No. 2.

My present subject is a clear headed and sensible man, who understands his own interests well, and, of course, ought to understand those of the public,—as he does in a great measure.

He is excellent on a committee, but having

been looked up to by his acquaintances in private colloquy, has acquired quite a taste for making speeches at the board. I do not accuse him of doing so for display, but place him in the same category with *Edmund Burke*, who did not desire a man's vote even when ready to give it, without first making himself sensible it ought to follow his; and as Goldsmith characterised him—

“Who still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.”

No. 2 is an old member, and if report has not done him injustice, has had as much influence with his successors as with his original and present colleagues; I suppose from the fact that he has been for years a lobby member of the board.

Councilman Griffin once characterised himself as the lock chain of the Council, to check a too rapid progress when they were going hill, as he thought. Number 2 is his successor in this respect in the present board.

The subject of this portrait is a pleasant, good humoured and intelligent citizen. Having a keen perception of the ludicrous, as well as a cute knowledge of human nature, he delights in *boring* appropriate cases; but as is common in such individuals, cannot himself bear to be *bored*. A diverting circumstance occurred in respect to him, a few days since, which I must relate.

The Sons of Light, who are just finishing their fine Hall at the northeast corner of Third and Walnut streets, while projecting that edifice, felt themselves short of means. As one resource, they obtained subscriptions in work to the building, a liberal one from our friend among the rest. Still they were likely to fall short; and a suggestion being made in the building committee, to call upon members of the Order among our Hebrew citizens, for money on loan subscriptions, as their Christian brethren had already been, one of the board expressed his doubts whether they would realise anything from the Jews. This led *Elam P. Langdon* to remark, that he thought differently, for there was Brother ———, (Number 2,) who had already subscribed several hundred dollars. Mr. L. thus expressed himself, being under an impression that our friend was of that nation, having probably been led into the error from his being a particular friend of *Rabbi Jonas*. The mistake was of course matter of great merriment with the party; but it was a sore joke to our friend, who could not be induced to believe it a mistake, and for weeks was not able to bear the least hint on the subject.

First Ward.—Cincinnati,

I have commenced my annual enumeration of the buildings of Cincinnati. That of the First Ward follows.

There are 17 public buildings, and 828 dwell-

lings, shops, store houses, mills and offices—Total 845. Of these 3 are stone, 530 bricks, and 312 frames.

The public buildings are two fire engine houses, an observatory, two banks, theatre, the seminary *sœurs de notre dame*, a district school house, and the post office, with nine churches, to wit—Christ Church, on Fourth street; the Wesley Chapel, on Fifth st.; Welsh Churches, on Harrison and Lawrence sts.; Disciples Church, on Sycamore; Jews Synagogue, on Broadway; Pilgrim's Church, on Lock street, and Bethel and True Wesleyan Churches—coloured. Of these the church at the corner of Lock and Fifth streets, and an engine house at the corner of Ludlow and Symmes, have been put up the current year.

Of the whole number of dwellings there were at the close of 1842—

	Stone.	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
	1	403	223	627
Built in 1843,	0	22	4	26
“ “ 1844,	1	71	10	82
“ “ 1845,	1	34	75	110
Total,	3	530	312	845

This ward, with the exception of its eastern part, has been long built on, and the great increase consequently has been in a great measure across the Miami Canal. The First Ward was originally constructed of the whole city territory north of Third and Symmes, and east of Main street.

As a general rule each year's buildings are improvements on its predecessors in value, beauty, and convenience; but this will not hold good this year, as respects the First Ward. A large share of the buildings of 1845 here, is east of the canal and on the southern brow of Deer Creek, which are to a great extent frames. The bricks of this year's erection, although not as numerous as those of 1844, are equally valuable to their number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Pioneer Preachers.

MR. CIST:

Dear Sir,—As I have been giving you in former communications, some incidents of the early settlement of the Miami country, I will now give you some account of the pioneer preachers, for at that time we were not entirely without preaching in the stations. The first preacher I heard at North Bend was the Rev'd. John Tanner, whom I mentioned in a former communication. He then lived at Tanner's station, where Petersburg now is, in Boone county, Kentucky. The next was the Rev'd. Lewis Dewees, who came to the same station in

1792, and after Wayne's treaty settled near North Bend, in what is now Boone county, Ky., and continued to preach for us till about the year 1804, when he settled in Indiana in the neighbourhood of Brookville, where he died about ten years ago.

They were both ministers of the Baptist Church. Next the Rev'd. James Kemper of Cincinnati, frequently visited us, and preached in the station. The Rev'd. John Smith of Columbia, a member of the United States Senate, and of Burr notoriety, preached for us occasionally.

The Methodists did not preach in the country at so early a day as some other denominations. The first Methodist I heard at North Bend, was Rev'd. Mr. Oglesby, about the year 1804 or 5. The Rev'd. John Langdon, who was well known in this country, preached in this country about the same time.

Men subject to military duty, if they went in those days to Church, were obliged to go armed and equipped, as if going to battle.

Yours respectfully,

JOHN MATSON.

North Bend, Oct. 6th, 1845.

Friends' Testimony.

At a late trial in one of our courts, a member of the Society of Friends was called on to give testimony in a case of assault, &c.

Counsel.—You were present during the affray, and have heard the preceding witnesses' statements.

Yea.

You perceive the contradictory statement of the affair as testified by those who are already examined, both as regards the manner of the assault and the way in which the plaintiff's coat was torn. One says it was torn perpendicularly; another horizontally; others again transversely and diagonally; and some give it incisions and contusions. You will, therefore, have the goodness to represent to the court and jury the precise manner in which the assault was made, and the coat torn. My client relies mainly on your testimony for redress.

"Step this way," said the witness, "and I will be brief and explicit. (Placing his hand on the lawyer's collar.) The manner was thus: friend Patrick seized the coat of friend Andrew in this way, and according to my apprehension being in a mind not savouring of peace. After various words of vanity, spoken by Patrick, which it would be unseemly to repeat, he shook him after this manner! As to the coat, (suing the action to the word,) he rent it grievously."

M'Colloch's Leap.

The ground where Maj. Samuel M'Colloch took the great leap to avoid being made prisoner by the Indians, is but a few rods from Wheeling, and yet such is the negligence of those who inhabit the scenes of great exploits, that we venture the remark that not one dozen men have thought of Major M'Colloch, or been upon the table

land from which that leap was taken, during the last year.

We have not been to the point for five years, until last evening. We then mounted a very pleasant racker for a short ride, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills. We cared but little where we rode, if we but found relief from suffering and the usual concomitants of that much lamented and ridiculed disease called Dyspepsia; but we had ridden but a short distance, before we felt like seeing and enjoying. We therefore turned our horse's head toward the top of the hill. In a few minutes we were at the top, and what a gorgeous scene presented itself. It was rich, magnificent, sublime. We have indeed, no language for a scene like that.

The western sun was just then sinking behind the tops of the trees on the western hills:

"With disk like target, red,
Was rushing to his gory bed,"

and great and glorious—the god of day, indeed he looked; and the western sky, like the timid maiden, blushed brighter rose, as she bade her lord goodnight. The green trees on the hill top were tipped with a golden crown, as they gracefully waved adieu; and the houses on the far off hills shone in the setting sun, as it were the light from the diamond mine, wherein the fairy queens hold revel, and their crowns and thrones, and wands of office are mingled in a brilliant mass. In the broad western valley far below you for miles you see the brown stubble, the green grass, and the waving corn chequering the earth o'er which night is already drawing her sombre veil, and which is creeping slowly up the hill sides. Westward, is the island calmly slumbering, presenting on every rod of it evidences of usefulness to the sustenance of man, yet not the less beautiful and romantic in its location, or its appearance! By it meanders our honoured river, now narrowed almost to a creek in size, and showing along each margin a broad, white gravelly beach. On its bank, and almost beneath your feet, rests Wheeling. The hum of the city is still heard, the thousand children, the still clinking hammer, the puff of the engine, and all those sounds that are made by men in masses, rise to your ears.

But no such sounds or sights as these we have imperfectly described, were seen when M'Colloch took his leap. The hill sides were then covered with trees, and the island and the eastern valley was nearly all a dense forest. Fort Henry and two or three log houses, situated near where the old court house was, could then be seen from the hill, and the little corn growing in a field north of it. These were the only evidences of civilized life to be seen: but savage life was plenty enough.

It was on the 27th of September, 1777, that Fort Henry was attacked by the Indians, led on by the notorious Simon Girty. The Indians were estimated at about five hundred warriors. The fort contained at first but forty-two fighting men; of these twenty-three were killed in the cornfield below the hill, before the attack on the fort. The siege of the fort was sustained by these nineteen men, until the next morning about daylight, when Major M'Colloch brought forty mounted men from Short Creek to their relief.

The gate of the fort was thrown open, and M'Colloch's men, though closely beset by the Indians, entered the fort in safety. M'Colloch, like a brave officer, was the last man, and he was cut off from his men, and nearly surrounded by the

Indians. He wheeled and galloped towards the hill, beset the whole way by the Indians, who might have killed him; but who wished to take him alive, that they might revenge more satisfactorily upon one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters upon the frontier. He presumed he could ride along the ridge, and thus make his way again to Short Creek; but on arriving at the top, he was headed by a hundred savages. On the west they were gathering thick and fast up the hill, among the trees and bushes, while the main body were following in his path.

He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular, and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf, near two hundred feet beneath him. This too, would have been protected by the cautious savage, but the jutting crags of limestone and slate, forbade his climbing or descending it even on foot, and they did not suppose that the fearless horseman or high mettled steed could survive the leap if made. But with the Major it was but a chance of deaths, and a narrow chance of life. He chose like a brave man. Setting himself back in his saddle, and his feet firmly in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand, and his reins adjusted in the right, he cast a look of defiance at the approaching savages, and pressing his spurs into his horse's flank, urged him over the cliff. In an instant of time the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they had looked on with horror and astonishment, merging from the valley of the creek below, still safely seated on his noble steed and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

There never was, we venture to say, in civilized or savage warfare, a more desperate or daring act, than this leap of M'Colloch. We have looked at Gen. Putnam's celebrated race ground, and we very much prefer his taste in the selection of a route for a morning ride; at least consulting our ease and convenience.—*Wheeling Times*.

The Nautilus.

The latest novelty in Cincinnati is an article designed to protect the wearer from drowning, being an ingenious substitute for the awkward "life preserver;" heretofore relied on for that purpose. It bears an appropriate name, "The Nautilus," and may be described as follows:

Its principle is that of the distension of an air bag, so constructed as to inflate itself in being stretched to its length. No time is therefore lost in the instant of need or in the confusion of the moment for filling it, as in the old mode, and the inside springs which press and support each other upon the outer coat of the article render it impossible that the air can escape, after the *Nautilus* is once tied under the owner's arms.

Now that travelling across the Lake via Toledo, is our usual course east, no person on that journey should be without one, to guard against the dangers of fire and shipwreck, which have destroyed so many vessels on Lake Erie. The *Nautilus* being sufficiently portable to be carried when empty in the pocket of an overcoat, and capable of being made ready in a second of time, for the use of any person falling overboard.

Wm. Dodd, Main, below Fourth street, is the agent in Cincinnati for this article, which is as worth seeing as many an object which will attract visitors the whole length of the city.

Market Statistics.—No. 2.

In my *Advertiser* of the 24th ult., I gave the market statistics of Cincinnati, so far as beef, pork, veal, and mutton were concerned, and showed by the conclusive evidence of figures, that while our population is but one half that of Philadelphia, and one fourth that of New York, our consumption of meat fell little short of either. Two or three reasons will explain this.

The consumption of food in a given place, depends on its money, value, and the facility of earning that price. Meat is always eaten more freely and wasted, also, where it is abundant. The finest beef, pork, and lamb here, average to the consumer perhaps five cents per pound. In the Atlantic Cities it is one hundred to one hundred and fifty per cent. higher; and the comparison is wider apart with fruit and other luxuries. But this is not all; nor the most important part of the subject. The means of earning and saving are greater here, wages being higher and more steady, and other expenses lighter. Not fifteen years ago, spare ribs, such as no resident of New York or Philadelphia can purchase in the market houses of those cities, were emptied by cart loads into the river Ohio, as I have repeatedly seen, and with deep regret, knowing what a luxury they would have been alike to rich and poor elsewhere. We can now consume our spare ribs upon our tables, it is true, but even yet, a dime will get a half bushel basket filled at any of our pork houses with what is not barreled for sale.

There is another reason for the difference. There is a much more abundant supply of fresh fish as well as of better quality, there than here, and of course salt fish, also, is more extensively consumed. But the main difference is caused by the higher price of meat, compelling the mass to resort more freely to vegetable diet.

It would be curious and instructive to institute the comparative consumption of Cincinnati with some of the cities of Europe, but the materials are wanting which would do the subject justice. I observe, however, that the consumption of Paris for the half year of 1845, expiring the 30th June last, is—Beefes 40,531, Cows 9,049, Calves 40,763, and Sheep 226,476. As every live animal driven into Paris for market pays the *Octroi*, these statistics must be accurate. In Cincinnati, during the same period, the consumption was—Beef Cattle 19,450, Cows and Calves 10,245, Sheep and Lambs 50,472, Hogs 226,750. This to be sure comprehends pork put up for exporta-

tion, but after making every allowance, our consumption in a city of one fifteenth the size of Paris, must be one third of theirs. It is true there are 966 Bulls, 32 Goats and 53 Kids, and 760 Horses, to put into the Paris catalogue during the same dates; but this would not vary the proportion greatly.

It seems then that the average consumption of animal food to an individual in Cincinnati, is five times that which his fellow being in Paris uses. The difference in France is made up in soups, vegetables, and bread, of which last enormous quantities are consumed in that country. Fruit, especially grapes, constitute a share even of breakfast, there, also.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Cincinnati in 1794.

Mr. C. Cist:

Sir,—In reply to your enquiry what kind of timber first covered the site of Cincinnati, I can state my recollections, which are very distinct on the subject.

The bank of the river had a heavy growth of beech trees, many of them very large. At *Hobbsen's Choice*, on the river, west of Western Row, the encampment of Gen. Wayne, they were cut down and the stumps dug out, over so much of the bank as to make a parade ground; some of the largest being left standing adjacent, for purposes of shade. Where the swamp came in between the river bank and foot of the hill, was a growth of white walnut, soft maple, white elm, shellbark hickory and white ash. On the second table of Cincinnati was spread a variety of timber, such as beech, ash, black walnut, hickory, black and red oak, generally of vigorous growth. Here and there white oak and poplar interspersed the rest. A space of perhaps one hundred and fifty acres north and west of Barr's dwelling, down to Stonemetz's ford, on Mill Creek, was filled with poplar and beech. Of the latter, there is, as you know, a small grove still standing, and called Loring's woods. This is the only relic of the original growth of Cincinnati, except scattered trees. An abundant growth of spice wood was the undergrowth. They grew so thick that out at North Bend after cutting off the bush, and digging the roots loose, I have not been able, unassisted, to lift the clump out of the ground. For three or four years prior to the year 1794, there had been a large scope of *out lots*, as they were called, in a worm-fence enclosure extending from about Sixth street north to Court street, and from Main street west to the section line, which nearly follows the line of what is now John street. There was hardly a building on that space. I recollect but one—a small frame building on Main st. on the St. Clair

square, between Seventh and Eighth. This had been put up by Thomas Gowdy, a lawyer of that period, as an office, but was not occupied as such, being found too much out of town for business purposes. In May of that year one of the occupants of the enclosure, being engaged in burning brush at the west end of it, the fire accidentally spread over the whole clearing, fastening on the deadened timber which had been girdled and was by this time as dry as timber could become. The wind was from the west, and was very high, which was what first caused the conflagration, and the sap wood as it burned peeled off in very large flakes, spreading the fire farther and farther east until it reached to the Main street front. It may easily be imagined what a magnificent sight was presented by more than one hundred acres of dry timber in flames. The whole population was engaged as far as practicable, in saving the rails, of which in fact, but few escaped. On Gowdy's office three or four men were stationed, while buckets of water were handed up to them from time to time. As this was the first fire in Cincinnati, so it was the most extensive as respects the space it covered. It compelled the settlers to clear the out lots much sooner than they would have done to get rid of the partially burnt timber left standing unsafely, or lying on the ground in the way of putting in the corn crop, for which they were preparing at the time.

Yours,
JOHN MATSON.
North Bend, Oct. 4th, 1845.

Population of Indiana.

New York and Indiana have been making an enumeration of their population, or rather of their white male inhabitants, over twenty-one years of age. The final return has not yet been made, I believe, in New York; but that of Indiana, as officially reported by the Auditor of State, is 154,169;—in 1840, by the United States census, 142,128—an increase in five years of only 12,041.

This would indicate an aggregate population in Indiana of 743,972. As the census of 1840 gave a result of 685,866 for the population of that State, this would be an increase of not quite nine per cent., or less than twenty per cent. for the decade ending in 1850. This is manifestly incorrect and falling far short of the truth, the ratio of increase from 1830 to 1840 being one hundred and one per cent., and the sources of increase nearly as copious in the present decade as the last. I cannot account for the causes, of what I have no doubt is a gross error somewhere. No intelligent man can believe that the male inhabitants of Indiana have increased within five years only 12,041, when the increase of population for the previous ten years was 354,284, a ratio which

should exhibit an increase of white male inhabitants six times as great as reported.

Taxation in Cincinnati.

As there is no feeling so deep and general as that which lies in the pocket, the following exhibit of the increase of our city taxes will interest, and may well startle our tax payers.

In another aspect of the subject, it furnishes evidence of the rapid growth of Cincinnati.

1826—Corporation and			
Township,	\$3,157 39		
School,	1,578 69	\$4,735 08	
1827—Corporation and			
Township,	3,692 30		
School,	1,846 15	5,538 45	
1828—Corporation and			
Township,	3,738 84		
School,	1,869 35	5,607 19	
1829—Corporation,			
School,		22,257 46	
Township,			
1830—Corporation,	8,191 35		
School,	11,263 11		
Township,	3,071 75	22,526 31	
1831—Corporation,	9,199 50		
School,	12,661 29		
Township,	3,473 27	25,334 26	
1832—Corporation,	16,127 36		
School,	16,127 46		
Township,	5,375 78	37,630 50	
1833—Corporation,	16,466 93		
School,	16,466 93		
Township,	8,233 46	41,167 42	
1834—Corporation,	21,724 95		
School,	16,401 80		
Township,	13,527 63	51,654 39	
1835—Corporation,	31,718 42		
School,	19,166 38		
Township,	18,856 40	69,721 20	
1836—Corporation,	32,969 18		
School,	21,137 73		
Township,	15,592 61	69,599 52	
1837—Corporation,	32,969 18		
School,	21,137 73		
Township,	15,922 25	70,056 90	
1838—Corporation,	37,011 28		
School,	26,917 29		
Township,	16,823 31	80,771 88	
1839—Corporation,	50,590 38		
School,	19,686 77		
Township,	19,686 46	98,963 61	
1840—Corporation,	49,325 87		
School,	18,497 20		
Township,	18,497 20	86,320 27	
1841—Corporation,	63,785 85		
School,	15,107 13		
Township,	19,459 07	98,352 05	
1842—Corporation,	94,343 18		
School,	20,965 15		
Township,	27,953 53		
City Road,	5,191 28	148,453 04	
1843—Corporation,	94,106 74		
School,	20,965 15		
Township,	29,165 73		
City Road,	5,041 43	146,201 50	
1844—Corporation,	97,233 94		
School,	20,835 84		
Township,	27,781 12		
City Road,	3,472 64	149,323 54	
1845—Corporation,	102,171 50		
School,	28,602 02		
Township,	24,521 16	155,300 68	

New York Two Hundred Years Ago.

New York—then New Amsterdam—had its first town watch appointed in 1653. It consisted of six persons. In 1658, a permanent system of watch police of eight men was established. These were divided into two reliefs, of four at a time for duty, and relieving each other from sun rise to sunset.

The first fire police was established in 1648. Fire wardens were appointed in 1650, and ordinances regulating buildings were passed between 1650 and 1656.

In 1659, it was resolved to send to Holland for two hundred and fifty leather fire buckets; but on account of the length of time which must elapse till they could be made and sent out, an effort was made by the authorities to have the buckets manufactured in New York. Proposals were issued, and the whole shoemaking craft—four in number—of the town were required to hand in offers for the contract.

After the delay of some months, answers were given as follows:—Coenrad Ten Eyck "was not minded to undertake the work." Peter Van Haalen had no materials. Finally, Remoute Remoutgen, the principal shoemaker of that day, agreed to make one hundred of the buckets at six guilders and two stuyvers. Andreas Van Laer agreed for fifty more at the same price. For one hundred and fifty years after this date, every housekeeper was compelled to have buckets in his house, which were given out to the citizens or carried to the spot in case of fire, on the ringing of the bells; and on the morning after the fire, were regularly collected at the old City Hall, and redelivered to the housekeepers.

Post Office Balances.

Every body recollects Rev. Obadiah B. Brown, who was once the "*Nick Biddle*" of the Post Office. Brown's accounts, of which he could give no account intelligible, and his balances, which could never be made to balance, are facts in American History, which, with Governor Marcy's breeches, have passed into proverbs and are enshrined in immortal remembrance. Brown was once at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in the fashionable season when this place was crowded, and on the lookout, as the Athenians of old, for the latest novelty. A slight of hand man arrived at this juncture, and attracted immense houses. Among other exploits he balanced several dishes and plates edgewise, in so remarkable a manner as to excite general astonishment. Brown, who had taken a dislike to the performer, addressing him, observed that he had seen a man once balance three sticks, one over the other, which was still more extraordinary than the present performance. "Well," said the slight of hand man,

piqued by Brown's remarks, "You have not yet seen what I can do: I will balance anything on the spot any gentleman present will show me, except the post office accounts; and I'll balance them too, if Mr. Brown will produce what will make the balance."

Post office balances now-a-days are different things from what they once were, being at the present time scales for weighing letters under the new laws of postage.

W. B. Smith & Co., have received and are selling a remarkably convenient and portable article, which, unlike O. B. Brown's balances, or like Nick Biddle's, may be kept in the pocket, either of the breeches or the vest.

John Randolph of Henneke.

In the midst of one of his finest tirades on the extravagance of the existing administration, and while the eyes and ears of his audience in and outside the Hall of Representatives were riveted on him with breathless attention, he suddenly paused a few seconds, and as abruptly began,—"*Mr. Speaker, I have found the philosopher's stone!*"—again he paused,—no man better understood stage effect—"it is composed of four words, *PAY AS YOU GO.*"

He had been speaking for four hours ostensibly on the Panama mission, I think it was, but actually travelled over every thing by and large, in the world, illuminating and ornamenting all that he touched, and giving way for a motion to adjourn, resumed his speech on the next day. It was in the same vein, a tissue of sarcasm and invective against the President and his Cabinet, being the string on which he fastened his pearls and diamonds of every shape and colour, but all variegated, angular and brilliant. He took occasion to refer to the Revolutionary pensioners' law, spoke of their number at the close of the revolution, the large proportion left who were found to claim the benefit of the act, and the increasing number of pensioners from year to year under its operations. "Yesterday, Mr. Speaker, I told you I had found the *philosopher's stone*. I now tell you, sir, I have discovered the *elixir of life*. Give a man a pension and you make him immortal. Nay more, you raise him from the dead."

His sarcastic force was usually felt in some sting, brief, pointed, and generally envenomed. After some allusions to Burr; he once observed, "Wilkinson, I forbear to touch, let alone, handle. He is in the last stage of putrefaction—touch him and he falls to pieces."

The Missing Wig.

While Lord Coalstoun lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburg, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the

custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns, and wig, and cravats, at their houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed, were in the habit of leaning over their parlor windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened, one morning, while Lord Coalstoun was preparing to enjoying his mutual treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Democles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner had the girls perceived what sort of a landing place their kitten had found, than in terror and surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig fixed full in its determined talons. His lordship's surprise on finding his wig lifted off his head was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between, altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke, soon explained and pardoned; but assuredly the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait for honest men's wigs.

Books of Fiction and the Bible.

The Bible contains the literature of Heaven—of eternity. It is destined to survive in human hearts every other book, and command the ultimate veneration and obedience of the world.

When Sir Walter Scott returned a trembling invalid from Italy, to die in his native land, the sight of his "sweet home" so invigorated his spirits that some hope was cherished that he might recover. But he soon relapsed. He found that he must die. Addressing his son-in-law, he said, "bring me a book." "What book?" replied Lockhart. "Can you ask," said the expiring genius, whose fascinating novels have charmed the world, but have no balm for death—"can you ask what book?—there is but one"

A Kiss for a Blow.

A visitor once went into a school at Boston, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was

working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said she, "you had better kiss your brother than strike him."

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister, and with her little handkerchief, she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men and women, families and communities and nations would act on this principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nations would not lift up the sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more."

Trickery in Trade.

A late number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine, contains an interesting memoir of Gideon Lee, from which we derive the following anecdote, illustrative of his own fair dealings, and of the usual effect of trickery in trade. No man more thoroughly despised dishonesty than Gideon Lee; and he used to remark, no trade can be sound, that is not beneficial to both parties, to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than it is worth; but the very effect of such operations must recoil on himself, in the shape of bad debts and increased risks. A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him, that he had on one occasion obtained an advantage over such a neighbour; and "To-day," said he, "I have obtained one over you." "Well," said Gideon Lee, "that may be; and if you will promise never to enter my house again, I will give you that bundle of goat skins." The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterwards, he walked into Gideon Lee's office. At the instant of seeing him he exclaimed, "You have violated your word; pay me for my goat skins." "Oh," said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," said Gideon, "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for over-reaching others must ever keep you so."

Epitaph.

In a work entitled Church-yard Poetry, we find the following epitaph, copied from the marble sarcophagus of "Ladye Eudora Vennome," in one of the church-yards of Yorkshire, England:

"This shelle of stone within it keepeth,
One who dyeth not but sleepeeth;
And in her quiet slumber geometh
As if of Heaven alone she dreameth.
Her form yt was so fayre in seeminge,
Her eyne so holy in their beaminge,
So pure her heartie in everie feeling,
So high her mind in each revealing,
A band of angelles thought that she
Was one of their bright companie;
And on some homeward errapd driven,
Hurried her too away to Heaven."

Coulet and his Protegee.

Heaven be praised, the *coucous** have almost entirely disappeared from the neighbourhood of Paris! In a few years, not a trace will be left of these detestable vehicles. Under pretence of conveying travellers, these horrible machines subject unhappy mortals to the most dreadful joltings; keep them, besides, in a constant cloud of dust, and exposed to the hottest rays of the sun, as well as to every passing shower; and again, do not furnish the least protection against the winter's cold. Strange solution of that problem, how one can continue to move without advancing, it takes them two hours to travel a single league! And then, too, the surly driver, the broken winded and sorry horses, the seats, mere planks, only planed down, the stocks in which one was compelled to keep his feet. With only a few alterations, the *coucous* would have served an executioner in the middle age, as a fearful instrument of torture.

It was in one of these contrivances of affliction, on one rainy morning, that an individual was obliged to take a seat, in consequence of an accident that had happened to his own carriage. He submitted to the misfortune with a joyous, and almost child-like resignation, and seemed very much amused at the idea of terminating his journey in a *coucou*. Whilst the domestics were actively employed in raising the fallen carriage, and taking the axletree to the village blacksmith, the traveller climbed up the dangerous steps that led to the interior of the *coucou*, and took his seat; not, however, without a smile, at the grotesque appearance of the driver, whose projecting chin, flat nose, and low forehead, seemed to belong to an orang outang, rather than to a human being. The Automedon did not appear to be in a great hurry to start, and his only unlooked for passenger did not seem to mind this delay, for he wished for some companions on his route, that he might lose none of the amusing incidents of his situation. After about twenty minutes delay, which the traveller passed in turning over the leaves of a book, and the coachman in looking around him, from his seat, but without seeing anything, like sister Anna, in the tale of Blue Beard, except the grass of the fields and the dusty road, it was at length necessary to start. The horse groaned under the lash, the wheels cracked, and the traveller hastily changed his seat from the back to the front; for such was the pitching of the *coucou*, that no one could stand the first shock it gave him. From the first seat he returned to the second, but he could not find any that were comfortable. The unfortunate sufferer began to regret that he had not remained at the village to await his own carriage, when all at once the vehicle stopped. A young girl, hardly giving the driver time to open the heavy door, sprung upon the heavy steps and seated herself on the lower seat, by the side of its occupant. He scrutinized the companion, whom chance had thus thrown into his way. A smile lightened his whole face, which, until then, had retained a serious, but benevolent expression. He had never seen a more lovely maiden. Of a fair complexion, rosy cheeks, small in size, her large blue eyes indicated at once vivacity and innocent frankness. Although the heavens were darkened by thick clouds, her golden locks seemed almost irradiated by the rays of a sun. She put a basket of flowers at her feet, adjusted the ribbons of her pretty little lace bonnet, looked by turns upon the coach-

man and her unknown companion: "Thank Heaven," said she, joyfully, "That I have arrived in time."

Without minding the rough jolts of the carriage, and as much at her ease apparently, as if she were seated in the softest arm chair, she began to look out through the glass at the trees, the country, the road, and the little birds, which were covering themselves with the moistened dust in the ruts of the road. Soon, however, the rain beat so violently against the glass that it was no longer possible for her to look out. Without showing an uneasiness at this, she took her basket upon her knees, took out the flowers it contained, and essayed to arrange them in bouquets. She did this, however, so unskillfully that the bouquet was not at all in good taste, and her travelling companion could not repress a half smile. She raised her head as gracefully as a bird, and blushing slightly, but without any show of displeasure, said:

"I do this but poorly; do I not, sir?"

He gave a friendly smile, in assent. She endeavored, but in vain, to do better. Two or three times the flowers were arranged in different ways, but neither time were they fixed tastefully. At length she gave up in despair.

The traveller had carefully watched her efforts.

"You ought, indeed, sir," said she, this time, with a slight vexation, and that air of authority which youth and beauty always give, "you ought, sir, to show me how to arrange them better."

He smiled at her proposal, which seemed to amuse him mightily, and replied:

"With the greatest of pleasure, Miss."

She put all her flowers in his lap, and watched him while he arranged them. As soon as she saw the manner in which he proceeded, the young girl imitated him so well that when the *coucou* had reached the barrier, two pretty bouquets were completely finished. But it must be acknowledged the pupil had surpassed her teacher; the latter candidly confessed it.

The girl took her two bouquets, placed them in the basket, and a profound silence succeeded the intimacy which the lessons in bouquet-making had brought about between them.

The *coucou* approached the end of its route. The young girl appeared very much occupied by thoughts to which she hesitated to give utterance, and her cheeks were suffused with a beautiful blush, and she said:

"If the gentleman will accept one of these nosegays it will give me great pleasure."

"Thank you, my pretty child; your flowers are very beautiful, but I ought not to deprive those of them for whom you destined them."

This argument seemed irresistible to the young girl, for she did not insist upon it; but took from the bouquet the most beautiful pink she could find, and presented it to her neighbour.

This time he took the flower, and placed it in the red riband tied to his button hole. The young girl appeared delighted with the value which he seemed to attach to her gift. At this moment the carriage had reached the end of its journey.

The girl put her head out of the door, but soon drew it back. "It rains hard," cried she, and she gave an anxious look at her neat coloured linen dress, her black silk apron and her new buskins, which well set off her pretty foot.

"Mademoiselle," said the stranger to her, in a friendly manner, "you have shared your bouquet

* A kind of stage coach.

with me, permit me to offer you a seat in the carriage which I am going to order." As he spoke, he bestowed so liberal a sum upon their sturdy driver as almost to restore him to good nature. He ran as quickly as possible, procured a carriage, opened the door, held the large flap of his great coat over the head of the young girl, instead of an umbrella.

"Whither am I to take you?" said her companion, much amused at the confiding artlessness with which the grisette had accepted his protection.

"Rue du Pas de la Mule, No. 3."

It was some moments before the carriage reached the designated place. The unknown imitated the contrivance of the driver, to protect the dress of the young girl. When he had conducted her in safety to her door, he received the thanks of his fellow-traveller, who invited him to walk in and rest himself.

This proposal appeared to amuse him much, and he accepted it with an eagerness almost child-like.

"Since I have taught the child how to make nosegays," said, he to himself, "I might as well make her a visit." Preceded by the grisette, he gaily climbed four pair of stairs. She knocked at the door: it was opened—and an old woman, followed by two girls, came out.

"Maria! dear Maria!" cried they, throwing themselves into her arms. "Good day, little mother."

She embraced and caressed them, and extended her cheek to the old woman; and, for the first time, thought of her companion."

"Pardon me," said she, naively; "I had quite forgotten you."

"I do not complain, Miss; your pretty little sisters, and your mother, are ample excuse."

"These are not my sisters; they are my children!"

"Your children?"

"Her adopted children," interrupted the old woman. "My daughter, sir—a poor woman, left in poverty by the death of her husband, an honest and industrious labourer—died of grief, in the garret above this little apartment, and left me alone, and without resources, with these two orphans. It was then necessary for us to have recourse to the hospital; for, old and infirm as I am, I could do nothing, either for myself, or for these poor creatures. My despair was noticed by those in the house; and, the same evening, I heard some one knock at the door. It was Maria, sir." "Mother Marguerite," said she to me, "I lost my mother, about three months since. I am alone in the world, without any relatives. You and these two children shall, henceforth, be mine." And since that time, sir, we have dwelt with her. To my great distress, the generous girl has to work, night and day, to meet the expenses which she has thus imposed upon herself, and which she is not fully able to do; for, every month, she is obliged to expend a small portion of her little capital of fifteen thousand francs, left her by her mother. If I was alone in the world, I would, long since, have left her, that I might not ruin my benefactress; but these two children prevent me—I have not the courage to do so. Must I take them to the hospital, sir?—my daughter's children to the hospital!"

Whilst Marguerite was speaking, Maria stood with her eyes upon the ground, confused and ashamed, as if what she was telling had not been to her credit.

"I was an orphan: I could not live alone, and without some one to love," interrupted she, as if to excuse herself. "Marguerite watches over me—her children love me—ought I not to feel under obligations to them, sir?"

"You are a good girl, Maria," replied he, much moved. "You deserve that others should take an interest in you; and I will now prove how much I take in you, by giving you a little scolding. Yes, by scolding you. Listen to me, my little friend; you should not thus travel alone in public carriages."

"Sir," interrupted Marguerite, "she has been for the last eight days to work, as a seamstress, at the house of the Marchioness de St. Vincent, who employs her."

"That is all very well, but recollect, Maria, that you ought not to converse with fellow travellers, whom you do not know, and still less make nosegays with them; and moreover, a young girl ought not to permit a person, whom she does not know, to conduct her in a carriage. God has this time thrown into your way a man in whom your beauty and your innocence have only inspired such respect and admiration as we feel for angels. But there are many others who would have made an unworthy return for your confiding frankness. Be then, for the future, more prudent and silent, when you ride in a *couche*, and even suffer your pretty bonnet to be spoiled, rather than invite a stranger to your house. Now as a reward for my lesson, let me kiss this fair brow, and the fat cheeks of these charming little girls, who call you mother." He pressed his lips upon the forehead of Maria, slipped two pieces of gold into the hands of the two children, and departed without leaving his name.

"That is a very kind man," said Maria.

"Let us pray for him to-night," added Marguerite, "for he has given you good advice, my child."

Maria expected to see again the unknown, who had been so kind to her. But eight months passed without his coming again, and they were very painful ones for the poor girl! During their long and trying duration, she shed nearly as many tears as in those days of distress, when she saw her mother slowly dying before her. Old Marguerite fell sick first, after her the two young girls, Lydia and Zenais, took their turns. Maria was obliged to take care of all three, and was unable to leave their bed side either by night or by day. When at length it pleased God to put an end to these painful trials, and the old woman and the two children were at length restored to health, there no longer remained upon the cheeks of Maria, any of their late peculiar freshness. Pale, worn out by her long watches, her fatigue and anxiety, she seemed at least five or six years older. From the dreaming illusion of youth, she had passed at once into the stern realities of life. She had now seen life as it really was, and with all the cares of a mother before she had ceased to be a young maiden, she had tasted all its bitterness. Before, a smile of happiness was ever playing upon her lips; now all felt moved by a mysterious anxiety when they beheld her sad resignation and sweet contentment.

As soon as the sickness and its attendant anxieties were once fairly out of the house, it was necessary she should once more restore order and attention to her work. The cost of the physician, and the medicines, had made a sad breach in the little fund left to Maria, by her mother.

She set herself courageously to work, that she might not have to resort to it any more.

One morning, surrounded by her two children, whom she was teaching to sew, having been sewing herself since sunrise, she heard old Marguerite, all at once, utter a cry of surprise and joy, exclaimed:

"Is it indeed you, sir?" "You have not, then, entirely forgotten us."

The door of her chamber opened, and the mysterious friend of this industrious little family entered. He wore a uniform that Maria did not recognize—several decorations shone upon his breast.

"I thought, sir, you had forgotten your pupil," said the maiden, smiling.

"My child, I have never once ceased to interest myself in you, and I hope soon to prove this to you. I wish to take you with me. Will you get ready and accompany me?"

"Whither are you going to take me, sir?"

"That is a secret. Be speedy; I will give you ten minutes to prepare your bewitching toilet. Your little lace bonnet, your rose-coloured robe, your black apron, and those little buskins—have you them still?"

"Alas! sir, I have not worn them once since the day on which I met you. They have not even been taken out of this wardrobe."

"So much the better; that is the dress in which I desire to see you. To your task, then, my child! Ten minutes, my dear; you hear, not one moment more."

He took out from his pocket a paper of good things, which he divided between the two little girls, and inquired, with much interest, what progress they were making in the difficult science of reading. At first somewhat afraid of him, these little rogues ended by getting on such a familiar footing with the gentleman that they played with his hat, and had climbed upon his knees, when Maria returned from her dressing room, very neatly and tastefully attired.

"You are dressed just as I wish to have you," said her unknown friend. "Embrace your children and dame Marguerite, for I do not expect to bring you back before the evening."

He offered his arm, which Maria took with some timidity. When they had descended the stairs, the young girl saw a carriage awaiting them at the door. This time it was no hack, but an elegant and convenient landau.

The coachman whipped up his horses, traversed a part of the Boulevards, crossed the Seine, entered into the court yard of the Institute, and stopped before one of the flights of steps. Maria's guide took her by the hand and led her in by a private stair-way. A small door was hastily opened, and the young girl found herself all at once in the midst of a brilliant and crowded assemblage. All eyes were directed towards him, as well as upon herself. Maria was moved, even to tears.

"My child!" whispered her protector to her, "there is a lady in this assembly, who wishes very much to make your acquaintance. She is my wife; I am going to take you to her side."

He conducted the maiden to the side of a lady of distinguished appearance and benevolent countenance. She took her hand in both of hers, just as a voice was heard to say,

"The session has now commenced."

Several gentlemen, dressed in the same uniform which the friend of Maria wore, took their seats around a large table, and one of them arose

to deliver a discourse. His subject was noble and generous deeds.

"We have reserved," said the speaker, towards the close of his address, "to conclude our long series of charitable and virtuous deeds, the generous and unsolicited devotedness of a young girl, who has nobly taken upon herself the burthen of two little girls and an old grandmother of seventy years. To be able to assist them without being separated from them, she has not only passed nights of hard labour, but she has not even hesitated to sacrifice a portion of her little inheritance from her mother. For the last six months it has pleased God to subject her courage and devotion of this young maiden to a new trial; disease has prostrated her three beneficiaries. This orphan girl has exhausted her own strength, health, and her little wealth in devotion to them, and has not once given way to any discouragement, not even during the time that all three were dangerously ill. Therefore, gentlemen, let us not hesitate to adopt the suggestion of our distinguished colleague, M. George Cuvier, to decree the prize of the Institute to the Maria."

A loud burst of applause came from every part of the hall. Every one rose to look at the young girl, while the ladies showered down upon her wreaths of flowers. While her eyes were filled with tears, and she hardly realized that it was not all a dream, the illustrious naturalist came and took her by the hand, and conducted her to the president, who bestowed upon her the prize she had so worthily gained.

"Oh, sir," said she, "how happy you have made me."

"My child," said the illustrious naturalist, "this day is the most interesting one of my whole life."

This ceremony over, Cuvier took home with him, to his house, in the Garden of Plants, his lovely protegee; the young maiden dined with the family of the member of the Academy, and that evening, just as she was about to leave, she received from his hands a small portion of green morocco.

"You have expended five thousand francs of the fifteen which you inherited from your mother; the Dauphiness has directed me to present you with this sum; you have there, also, the papers of a pension of twelve hundred francs, which the King has presented to you. Thus you see, Maria, industry, virtue, and charity, are rewarded with happiness. Adieu; you will come every fortnight, on Sunday, to dine with my daughter, my wife, and myself."

We leave our readers to imagine the joy and happiness which Maria took home that evening to her little household; what blessings came from the aged lips of Marguerite, and with what fervor the whole happy family addressed that evening their prayers to God.

The day succeeding this eventful one, which had seemed to her like a dream, Maria was employed with her work near the window; in spite of herself, the recollection of all that had occurred to her the last evening caused her to let her sewing fall from her hands, while she fell into a long and sweet reverie; all at once her eyes, which were wandering vaguely around, chanced to rest upon the opposite house. Some priests were coming out with a coffin. Before them came a young man weeping bitterly. He was following the coffin of his mother. Maria could not restrain her own tears, for she felt moved with

compassion, and shared the grief of the young man, recalling the day on which she had seen them carry out the coffin of her own mother.

Whether it was by chance, or whether Heaven willed that it should be so, the young man looked up and beheld the tears of the maiden, and understood that they were shed for him. Her compassion made him feel less cast down and forsaken in his grief. He no longer felt deserted by all on the earth.

That evening, when he returned to his devoted chamber, where he found no more his mother to welcome him home, he opened the window, and sat down to watch, through the panes of glass, lighted by her lamp, Maria, who was still at work, with Marguerite and the two children about her.

A month passed away. One morning, Cuvier came to make his protegee a visit. As he came out, a young man, of good personal appearance, dressed in deep mourning, was standing by his carriage.

"Excuse me, sir, for the liberty I take; but may I crave the honour of conversing with you? It is something that concerns Miss Maria."

Cuvier desired him to step into the carriage and take a seat by his side. The young man informed him that his name was Philip T——; that he was a journeyman printer, and that he loved Maria, and desired to marry her.

"I am not without means," said he, "I have a small income, amounting to a thousand francs;—besides which I earn seven francs a day, by working for my employer. Besides, sir, I lead a very correct life, and have been well educated. I would make Miss Maria happy; at least I would do my best."

Cuvier left him, and re-ascended the stairs of Maria.

"A young man, your opposite neighbour, desires to speak with you."

A blush of scarlet covered the cheeks of the young girl.

"Come, this is at least a good sign for him," added the naturalist; "I need not tell you, I see, that he loves you, and asks your hand in marriage."

"My kind protector," replied Maria, recovering from her first emotion, after a few minutes silence, "such a proposal from a worthy man, who wishes to make me his wife, and who makes that proposal through you, can only be regarded as an honour. But before I give my answer, let me tell you a few circumstances—or rather, when you have heard them, you will be so kind as to decide for me!"

"My father was a merchant; he dealt in fancy goods; he married my mother, who was well connected; the marriage met with much opposition from the families of both. This led to much sorrow, and to many dreadful scenes. Both sunk under them, and left me an orphan and alone in the world. Although thus deserted by my kindred, and although poor, sir, I hesitate to marry one who is only a journeyman. If it is wrong, sir, to feel so, I will overcome this feeling. I look to you, sir, for advice."

"I will report our conversation to Philip, and leave it to his decision."

He returned to the young man, and related to him the whole: he heard it with downcast head.

"Sir," said he at length, "entreat Maria to wait for me two years, before she thinks of marrying another. I beg of her that favour, in the

name of her mother and mine, who are watching their children from above. By that time I shall have won, I hope, a name and condition in life worthy of her."

Cuvier once more ascended the four pair of stairs to Maria, to report the answer of Philip.

"This, time, Monsieur Cuvier," said she, after a few moments reflection, "I will myself deliver my answer to Philip: Do you not advise me—do you not think I would do well to place myself under the protection of one who has so noble a heart?"

Marguerite went to invite Philip to come in. "Sir," said Cuvier to him, "let me present to you your future bride."

Tears started to the eyes of the young man, and, for a moment, he was overcome with emotion.

It was not three months after this that the wedding supper took place, at the house of their benefactor, in the Garden of Plants.

At the present moment, Philip T—— is one of the most celebrated, as well as one of the most wealthy, of the printers of Paris. Maria has furnished him with efficient aid, in praiseworthy endeavours to acquire an independence.

In the parlour of the young wife stands a marble statue of Cuvier, and a bunch of dried flowers. Need we add, that it is ever with feelings of deep emotion that she contemplates either the bust or the bouquet of flowers.

Fair of the Mechanics' Institute.

The Eighth Annual Fair of this institution is just now in progress, and appears to have lost none of the variety, excellence and attractiveness of its predecessors.

The place of exhibition is at the corner of Pearl and Walnut streets, in what is usually known as the Assembly Rooms.

Here are displayed specimens of the useful, the ingenious and the ornamental to supply every want and please all tastes—almost. The limits of the *Advertiser* permit only a brief notice of some of the articles which grace or give value to the present Fair.

Glenn & McGregor, with locks of all descriptions; Miles Greenwood & Co., with butt hinges and malleable iron fabrics in every variety; and Teasdale with his dyeing hues of every shade and tint, and others, are back again paying their respects to visitors. Their specimens cannot be beat. Lard oil from six or seven establishments, fancy boots from two or three, and ploughs from a dozen shops, are here competing for superiority in the judgment of the spectator as well as in that of the respective committees.

A variety of fine painting, daguerreotype and statuary, generally by Cincinnati artists, decorate the walls and the tables of the exhibition. The usual display of articles of fancy work gives variety to the scene.

Of curiosities there is an ample store. Among them, an enormous Morocco skin, large enough to form a carpet for some rooms; the mastodon

relics lately dug up on Main street, near the court house; a set of open work iron steps, which must be of great value where light is wanted to the basement; a type casting machine, which is at work every evening; and a printing press which daily throws off "The Artist and Artisan," the periodical of the Institute, are novelties as well as curiosities to the mass of visitors.

Let me say to my readers of every description, pay a visit to the Institute; you can hardly pass an hour more profitably. The mechanic and manufacturing interest is the right arm of Cincinnati, which is building us into population, wealth, physical and moral importance; and if you would cherish the industrious and enterprising artisan of our city, manifest the interest you take in their prosperity and *your own*, by an early visit to the Fair of the Institute.

Next week I shall go into details on the subject of articles exhibited at this time.

Steamboat Andrew Jackson.

I notice from time to time steamboats built here, merely for the purpose of marking the progress our unrivaled mechanics are making in the beautiful art of building naval craft. The Andrew Jackson, the last trophy of Cincinnati skill, left our landing on Saturday last for New Orleans. As she has been built for a packet to ply between that port and ours, a description of her distinctive features may interest my readers.

The hull of the Andrew Jackson was built by Burton Hazen; joiners, Swain & Green; engine builder, David Griffey. Bell weighing five hundred pounds, from Coffin's Buckeye bell and brass foundry. Her measurements and equipments as follows:—length one hundred and seventy-six feet, breadth of beam thirty-one feet; water wheels twenty-five feet diameter, length of buckets ten feet and twenty-four inches wide. Her hold is but seven feet, as she has been built with as light draft as possible. She has three boilers twenty-six feet long and forty-two inches diameter. Her engine has a twenty-six inch cylinder and eight feet stroke. The boat draws three feet four inches light, and seven feet six inches with her freight on board. There are forty-eight state rooms and consequently ninety-six berths, all for passengers, the boat officers being supplied with state rooms in the pilot house. The mattresses in the ladies' cabin are hair, and bed posts are supplied to all the berths for the purpose of hanging curtains to exclude flies, mosquitoes and gnats. To the ladies' cabin there are permanent sky lights, by which the supply of warm or cold air is regulated at pleasure. Every thing is of the best quality and highest finish, convenience, strength, and ele-

gance being every where apparent. The floors are covered with the finest carpets, and the chairs of a novel pattern, equally remarkable for ease and neatness.

Ample provision is made for the security of the boat in the employment of safety guards, wire tiller and bell rope, sheet iron roof, a store of water casks on the upper decks, and one hundred and sixty feet hose, which is sufficient in case of necessity, to carry water the whole length of the boat. Nearly five hundred doors and shutters which lift from the hinges will supply floats for as many persons in any emergency that may occur.

The whole building, finishing, and furnishing interest at Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Louisville, or St. Louis, may be safely challenged to exhibit a boat of finer model or equipment. She is indeed worthy of her great name.

I close this statement in which I have briefly seized on the more important statistics, by adding that a beautiful stand of colours, and a splendid portrait of the Old Chief, a copy by a Cincinnati artist of Healy's picture painted expressly for Louis Philippe, has been presented by the citizens of Cincinnati to the boat in honour of her name.

Thomas F. Eckert is captain, and G. R. Dudley clerk of the Andrew Jackson. Capt. Eckert I believe is the oldest Cincinnati steamboat captain in the service, having made one hundred and sixty-two entire trips on the Ohio and Mississippi.

Second Ward—Cincinnati.

The second ward is one of the oldest and most compactly built wards in the city; and late improvements have generally been made, as they must hereafter also be effected, by the removal of existing buildings. Its enumeration of dwellings, &c., follows:

Public buildings 29; store houses, workshops, offices—brick 931—frames 212. Total, 1143.

Of the public buildings there are four banks—Lafayette, Franklin, City, and Citizens'; Classical Academy, on Longworth st.; Peter's Orphan Asylum, Cincinnati and Medical Colleges, Engine Houses, on Fourth, between Walnut and Vine, and corner of Race and Centre streets; Masonic and Odd Fellows' Halls, District School House, and Mechanics' Institute. Fifteen church edifices as follows:—the First, Second, Sixth and Central Presbyterian Churches—brick—at the corner of Plum and Fourth streets; the Unitarian, Universalist, and Restorationist Churches; St. Paul's, Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Associate Reformed and Burke's Churches; New Jerusalem Temple, African Churches, on Baker and Third streets. All these are of brick except that last referred to, and Burke's Church, which is

not only the oldest edifice of the kind in Cincinnati, but probably older than any other building here, Mr. Wade's house excepted.

Of these buildings there were at the close of the year 1842—

	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
	721	200	921
Built in 1843,	27	6	33
“ “ 1844,	97	5	102
“ “ 1845,	86	1	87
	931	212	1143

No ward in the city has received such an accession of fine buildings, especially of a public character, during the current year, as the second ward. Among the public buildings may be noticed in the order of magnitude and beauty, the Cincinnati College, Masonic Hall, Odd Fellows' Hall, and Central Presbyterian Church, the first and last being ornaments to their respective neighbourhoods. The two Engine Houses are also erections of 1845. A block of nine stores, corner of Walnut and Fourth; two store houses at the corner diagonally opposite; a spacious hotel at the corner of Walnut and Sixth, and two or three blocks of private residences are among the more important improvements of the second ward, among store houses and private dwellings.

Stultz the Tailor.

Every body has heard of Stultz who is among tailors as Rothschild among bankers—preëminent. The following from a German *Zeitung*, gives a graphic narrative of his progress to fame and fortune. It is so true to nature that it vouches its own authenticity.

In this region and throughout Germany there is now a passion for rebuilding old castles. This aristocratic fever has been raging ever since the King of Prussia removed the castle of Stolzenfels, where he is, at this moment, receiving the Queen of England. With the ruins disappear the old chivalric legends, which are replaced by very prosaic modern chronicles, like that which I gleaned on the railroad, passing by the lately rebuilt castle of Ortenberg.

About forty years ago, a young workman, named Stultz, born in the village of Lahr, near Ortenberg, left his country to seek his fortune in England. Stultz was a youth of good gifts; he joined to German patience and sagacity a finesse and ingenuity very rare in the land of his birth. The wily German is like a cold Southron; he has a great chance in succeeding in what he undertakes. Fortunes ought thus to smile on the young Stultz, who chose a profession of which his compatriots are fond—that of a tailor; he learnt of the best masters, then took for himself a little establishment, in which he succeeded well. He was soon in good circumstances, as to money, but this did not suffice his ambitious mind; he dreamed of wealth and glory, and wanted to be the first tailor in London. His employers were citizens, merchants and attorneys' clerks; while

doing justice to these good people, who paid him well, he felt himself worthy to clothe those of another quality. His shears trembled in his fingers as he thought of the brilliant gentlemen who set the fashions in Hyde Park and Regent street. "That," thought he, "is the custom to make a tailor illustrious and rich. But how can I ever obtain it."

At this time the famous Brummel was the king of fashion, master and model of the gilded south of London. His tailor was the only one employed by men who had pretensions to elegance. Stultz turned the whole force of his mind to the work of supplanting this unfortunate tailor, who was named, I believe, Thos. Gibson. To dispossess Gibson and assume the same position, was the aim to which he directed all his patience, sagacity and finesse.

Brummel was his hero; his object of attentive and laborious idolatry. Stultz followed him in the streets, went to all public places to watch. His justness of eye and memory served him well in his study. If he had been a painter or sculptor he would have made from memory a portrait of this great man, being a tailor, he made exactly to his measure a delightful coat, on which he exhausted all the resources of his talent and the graces of his imagination.

When this master-piece was finished, Stultz waited one morning on Brummel, and after waiting three hours in the ante-chamber obtained the honour of an audience, on which he entered, coat in hand.

"Ah! ah!" said Brummel, "a new coat which appears charming. You are, then, one of the men of that rascal, Gibson."

"No, my lord," replied Stultz, who thought this title would propitiate the dandy.

"You are his partner, then."

"Not so, my lord, I am a tailor, little known, as yet, who expects from you his reputation and offers you this sample of his talent."

"I am in despair, my good fellow, that I can do nothing for you. If I were to wear a coat of which Gibson is not the author, it would cause a rupture between us."

"But observe, my lord, what a perfect fit it is."

"It is so, and I am astonished at it, as you have never taken any measure."

"I took it on the statue of Antonine."

"Oh! oh! flattery! that suits me very well. I receive a well deserved compliment and am willing to repay it. The coat is delightful; it has originality in its cut; grace in its details. But I cannot wear it on account of Gibson."

"Gibson would not do the same. He is growing old, falling into routine, but, my lord, I am young; I have the sacred fire, and, with a hero like you, could go far on the path of innovations."

"I believe it, but honour forbids my breaking with Gibson. Think that he has dressed me gratis for ten years."

"It was for his own advantage; the merit is not great."

"He does not, however, fail to give himself airs upon it when I receive him into audience."

"What impertinence! it is in fact he who is in your debt. I should act more conscientiously. Please, my lord, to keep my coat and examine it with care. I will return to-morrow for your definite answer."

It is well known that the delicacy of Brummel was not excessive. Wholly without fortune he lived on his position. All kinds of trades, peo-

ple furnished whatever he wanted for the honour of his patronage. Stultz, knowing this, had ventured a step further and left in one of the pockets of the coat a hundred pound bank note.

Next day he returned boldly. Brummel received him graciously, observing with a perfect aplomb,

"I have examined the coat, and it cannot be excelled; especially the trimming pleases me."

"I am enchanted to meet your approbation, my lord."

"Decidedly as you said yesterday, Gibson grows old; he has no new ideas now; he never would have thought of that trimming. But, tell me, Mr. Stultz, do you intend to make the same additions to all your coats?"

"Only to those I have the honour to make for you."

"Truly; but do you know that I may require many suits?"

"I will furnish you every month a coat like this in every respect. As to other clothes, you will order them at your pleasure on the same terms as with my predecessor."

"Very well; I accept your offer. From this moment you are my tailor, and I promise you the custom of all my subjects."

In fine, Gibson was dethroned. Stultz set up a splendid establishment at the West End; lords and gentlemen rushed to his shop; his fortune grew with the greatest rapidity; and he never failed to send Brummel every month a coat with the promised bank note, thus paying him in money thirty thousand francs a year, besides his clothes, which came to at least as much.

This was not the only ingenious trait that signalized the career of Stultz. The monarchy of fashion is no less than others, subject to revolutions. Brummel, ruined by his excesses, was obliged to leave England. Stultz, with the tact of a statesman, knew how to bend to circumstances so as to conciliate the dynasty. The monarch who succeeded Brummel was a young lord of one of the first families of England. He would not have endured having bank notes put into the pockets of his dresses; nothing in the world would have induced him to make with his tailor an arrangement not to pay his bills. He merely omitted to pay them, which as far as his convenience was concerned, amounted to the same thing.

Unluckily his disciples imitated him in this also, and Stultz found himself creditor to the young aristocracy for large sums, whose recovery seemed lost in the shades of a doubtful future. This difficulty became alarming; it was necessary to put an end to it. Stultz found in his fertile imagination an expedient.

One morning the reader found in one of the most respectable newspapers of London, this notice.

"At the moment for setting out for Bath, Lord C. (the name of the reigning king of fashion was here printed in full), has ordered coats of the newest taste, and paid the tailor's bill. It is the fashion now among our most elegant men to settle their accounts before setting out for the watering places."

This notice excited to the highest degree the surprise of Lord C. He sent for Stultz.

"What does this notice mean?" said he, showing it to the tailor.

"It means that I am paid," replied Stultz, with his admirable German *sang-froid*!

"Paid! Has my steward taken upon himself to pay without consulting?"

"No, my lord, your steward is incapable of betraying to such a degree the confidence which you design to bestow upon him."

"Explain to me, then, this riddle."

"I know not how to reply, my lord, unless that, as the authority of such a journal cannot be disputed, the notice is the same as a receipt in full to you."

"How do you mean, sir? I will, if I choose, remain in your debt all my life, but to take a receipt without having paid—! Do you take me for a Brummel?"

"Heaven forbid, my lord. I had not thought of wounding your delicacy; it is simply an innocent *ruse* which will do you no harm and me great good. People will believe you have paid me; what harm can that do you? This piece of originality will, without injuring you, lead all the men of fashion to do the same, and I shall be paid. Thus I have used your magic name to call in my friends, and I hope you will excuse it."

The successor to Brummel was a good Prince; he pardoned. The stratagem succeeded admirably. It was, afterwards, the fashion to pay Stultz's bill on setting off for Bath.

After having realized a fortune of twelve millions, Stultz withdrew from commerce and gave up his establishment to one of his nephews who bears his name. He wished to see once more his birth place, and returned seven or eight years ago to the village of Lahr. The Grand Duke of Baden, who wished to keep this great fortune in his dominions, proposed to Stultz to buy the estate of Ortenberg, rebuild the Castle, and assume its lordship, with the title of Baron.

The tailor would thus have found himself in the first rank of the nobility of Baden. His vanity urged him to accept, his wisdom said no, and while he hesitated, Ortenberg was bought by a Russian, M. de Berkhols, who has restored it to its magnificence of the times of the Crusades, when it belonged to the sovereigns of the country. Stultz, more modest, built a hospital; he died shortly after its completion, and his countrymen have raised a monument to his memory. His nephew continuing his work, has already made a fortune equal to that of his uncle; he, too, has founded, they say, a hospital for the old and poor tailors of London. The people of Lahr hope he, too, will finish his days among them; there are many old castles in the neighbourhood to rebuild, and the Grand Duke keeps the title of Baron in abeyance for him.

Life on a Steamboat.

One of the lower country papers narrates two or three amusing incidents of steamboat life. One was the case of a steamboat ploughing along at the rate of twelve miles an hour, and hailed by a man on shore, which on rounding to, ascertained it was merely to learn whether they could take his hemp to New Orleans next trip. The other referred to a boat which observed a man on shore, steadily looking at the vessel, and making signals with one hand and then with the other. The yawl was put off accordingly, to receive a passenger, as supposed, but on getting ashore, the fellow explained that he had only been

brushing the mosquitoes right and left to enable him to read the steamboat's name.

The following colloquy actually occurred some few trips back, between Capt. Brickell and a customer on the banks of the Mississippi, who was sitting on a pile of cord wood, as the boat passed by.

Captain B. hailed him—"What wood is that."

"It's cord wood," replied the chopper, with great unconcern.

"How long has it been cut," enquired the captain.

"Four feet," said the wood merchant.

"Give her a lick ahead," said the captain, to cut short the sparring. "Tell your friends if ever you get drowned to look for you at the Falls of St. Anthony."

Corded Skirts.

In the *Atlas* of the 26th ult., there is a statement, partly original and partly copied from the *New York Evening Post*, that the ladies are in progress of exhausting the supply of coffee bags, by their consumption of the article in corded skirts. On reading that article I was led to suppose it emanated from one of those ill-natured bachelors who are continually throwing out insinuations respecting the ladies. But the advertisement of Mr. C. A. Schumann, No. 37 Main street, for two hundred coffee bags, an article never made matter of commerce heretofore, appears to give some colour to the charge that they are consumed by the milliners. Perhaps Mr. S will say what they are wanted for, and tranquillise a community which is in anxious doubt on this subject.

The Jews.

The Englishman's fireside is proverbial for domestic happiness, "the only bliss of Paradise that has survived the fall," but of all firesides, the Jew's fireside, as far as relates to their affections, is the most abundant in good feeling. I have observed this in all families, from the most opulent to the most indigent. Let Christians, instead of yielding to the spirit of intolerance, seek the fireside of a Jewish family. They will find in many houses two or three generations—the young dutifully waiting upon the old and infirm, with a love and respect never to be excelled, and seldom to be equalled, by the members of any religion. Parent and child, husband and wife, united together in one sweet bond of union. That love which made victory bitter to David while he mourned Absalom, and which smote Jephthah to the dust while he wept for his daughter—that love still warms the heart of his descendants; and the Jew, who is not allowed to have power, or place, or country, has a home which his oppressors may

envy, where the Almighty is with him, and his children are about him. Such is the nature of their affection; it is the fruit of their religion, which abounds with love of kindred. * * * It is not, however, only in domestic life that their kind natures appear, they are distinguished for their public and private charities, for their readiness to relieve misery wherever it exists. "The Christians talk much of charity and kindness," said a bankrupt "the Jews practice it. I have experienced more kindness from the few Jews with whom I have dealt than from all my Christian customers." A friend of mine had the misfortune to lose a beloved wife in a childbirth; opposite to him lived an opulent Jew. His lady had just recovered from her confinement; she heard of my friend's loss; she immediately sent and requested that she might nurse the baby; she reared it. It is not, however, to private life that their kindness is limited; it extends to every form of benevolence.

Side-Walks.

In my last appeared an article on the conveniences of side-walks. In reply to inquiries made of me since, it may be stated that the city ordinances provide for keeping our side-walks clear of obstructions. Why standing impediments are permitted to block up the passengers' path must be therefore left to inference. The following may shed light on the subject.

In conversation a day or two since, with the officer whose business it once was to enforce the ordinances, he stated that he was offered at different times and by different persons, hats, coats, and other articles, by way of *douceur*, to wink at infractions by certain individuals, of the laws on this subject. It is but justice to Mr. Hulse, our present superintendent, that I acquit him expressly of the imputation of connivance in this case.

Guttony.

The capacity for eating with some men is as remarkable as the intellectual capacity of others. At Manoh Chunk, Penna., lately, Thomas Farran, of Summit Hill, agreed to pay ten cents for as many raw eggs as he could eat at one time. He ate forty one and would have eaten more, but for the apprehension of the party who bore the expense, who fearing that there was no bottom to his stomach, interfered with the further betting.

In Philadelphia, during the year 1810, John Moss, a broker and merchant of that city, on a wager, after finishing his ordinary supper, swallowed three dozen hard boiled eggs. I understand Moss is still living and one of the wealthiest men in Philadelphia.

First Presbyterian Church Edifice.

Most things are great and important, or small and insignificant, by comparison, merely. To those who had been destitute of schools, as the first settlers here, the original log academy which occupied the site of the present Council Chamber, nearly, was an imposing structure, although thrown into shade by its successor, which from 1816 to 1843 was known as the "Cincinnati College." This was deemed a magnificent structure when put up, as the new college is now. What this last will be considered five and twenty years hence, I must leave to the year 1870 to settle.

In like manner, those who had no regular place or permanent building as a house for worship, might feel proud when they got into what is now Burke's Church; and when the progress of Cincinnati justified a larger and more permanent erection, supposed they had reached the Ultima Thule of elegance and improvement, in putting up the First Presbyterian Church, on Main street, which, uncouth as its exterior now appears, and defective as its plan and inside arrangement undoubtedly were, is a building of uncommon solidity, and well adapted in most respects to its appropriate use.

The following is the subscription list towards defraying the expense of building that edifice. It will forever form a record of the liberality of Cincinnati in its infancy; better understood and appreciated when it is recollected that four-fifths of the present wealth of Cincinnati has been created since the period when that enterprise commenced.

We, the subscribers, bind ourselves, our heirs, &c., to pay to the Treasurer of the First Presbyterian Congregation, in Cincinnati, Ohio, the sums annexed to our names, on the condition and in the manner following, viz:

1. The sums subscribed are to be appropriated for the purpose of erecting a house of public worship in Cincinnati.

2. Each subscriber shall have an opportunity by himself or proxy, of purchasing a pew in said house at public auction, in the price of which he shall have a credit to the full amount of his subscription; and an additional credit of twenty per cent. on all that part of his subscription which he may have paid in cash: Provided, that if his pew shall have cost less than the amount of his subscription, none of the money shall be refunded.

3. The pews shall be subject to an annual tax for the support of a minister in the congregation.

4. The payment of our subscriptions shall be in cash, or such materials, produce, manufactures, merchandize or labour, as may be accepted by the Treasurer under the direction of the Trustees or their committee for the purpose of

erecting the edifice; one-fourth in sixty days after public notice given in the Cincinnati papers; one-fourth in six, one-fourth in twelve, and one-fourth in eighteen months afterwards, completing the payments of the whole amount subscribed in one year and eight months after the first public notice.

In testimony whereof we have set our names, and annexed the sums to them, in the year of our Lord, 1812.

Names.	Sums.	Names.	Sums.
Jac. Burnet	\$500 00	Martin Baum	\$500 00
Wm. Lytle	1000 00	Danl. Symmes	400 00
David E. Wade	400 00	Jesse Hunt	400 00
Jacob Wheeler	400 00	D. Zeigler	400 00
Jas. Ferguson	400 00	Joel Williams	400 00
N. Longworth	250 00	Samuel Stitt	300 00
Francis Carr	250 00	Casper Hopple	200 00
G. Yeatman	200 00	Saml. Lowry	200 00
W. Barr	200 00	John Kidd	200 00
David Kilgour	200 00	Wm. Irwin	200 00
Jacob Williams	200 00	W. Woodward	300 00
N. Reeder	200 00	Jesse Reeder	200 00
Wm. Betts	200 00	J. Crammer	50 00
Z. Biggs	100 00	Robt. Caldwell	150 00
J. Jenkinson	100 00	G. P. Torrence	100 00
O. M. Spencer	100 00	S. Ramsay	100 00
John Riddle	200 00	Isaac Bates	100 00
Clark Bates	100 00	E. Hutchinson	100 00
Wm. Stanley	300 00	J. B. Enness	50 00
James Riddle	250 00	Dan. Drake	75 00
Robert Allison	75 00	John H. Piatt	400 00
Isaac Anderson	100 00	Th. Ashburn	100 00
John Jones	50 00	H. Bechle	100 00
J. Baymiller	200 00	T. Graham	300 00
Solomon Sisco	25 00	A. St Clair, Jr.	125 00
W. Noble	150 00	S. W. Davies	50 00
A. Johnston	30 00	W. C. Anderson	50 00
W. H. Hopkins	25 00	J. B. Robinson	100 00
Jeremiah Hunt	100 00	O. Ormsby	100 00
Samuel Kidd	50 00	John Brown	25 00
E. Williams	300 00	J. S. Wallace	200 00
P. Dickey	200 00	Saml. Perry	100 00
A. Dunseth	200 00	J. McIntire	100 00
Saml. Newell	100 00	E. J. Dayton	100 00
Wm. Ramsey	100 00	Joseph Prince	150 00
John S. Gano	100 00	Wm. Ruffin	100 00
J. Carpenter	100 00	C. Park	200 00
Joseph Ruffner	300 00	H. Flint	100 00
James Conn	100 00	Jos. Warner	75 00
L. Sayre	75 00	J. P. Spinning	75 00
Robert Meraie	75 00	Peter M'Nicoll	75 00
J. Reeder	75 00	A. Moore	100 00
John Mahard	50 00	Davis Embree	75 00
Geo. St. Clair	75 00	J. Gibson, Jr.	50 00
Daniel Mayo	50 00	J. Andrews	50 00
I. Spinning	100 00	A. Hamilton	50 00
Wm. Corry	100 00	C. L. Homedieu	100 00

John Watson	50 00	Thos. Beal	100 00
Jos. McMurray	100 00	James Dover	30 00
Andrew Hopple	50 00	Saml. Garart	100 00
Wm. Carey	50 00	Chas. Marsh	25 00
Jabez C. Tunis	50 00	J. Armstrong	200 00
Henry Hafer	50 00	Stephen Butler	25 00
J. Heighway	25 00	R. Archibald	75 00
Thos. Sloo, Jr.	50 00	Francis West	50 00
J. N. Gluer	25 00	Jonah Martin	50 00
A. Ferguson	30 00	Nath. Edson	50 00
Josiah Halley	50 00	David Wade	50 00
Andrew Mack	50 00	Benj. Cross	30 00

Emigration.

So large a city as Cincinnati not only receives continued accessions by emigration from Europe and the Atlantic regions; but furnishes a fair share of emigrants to various points west. Of the hundreds upon hundreds of individuals who have thus left Cincinnati during the last five and twenty years—settling themselves in the far west and south, I suppose the proportion that has since returned must be nine out of every ten. As far as my acquaintance extends, it is nineteen out of twenty. Indeed I cannot recollect half a dozen of these who are still residing abroad. The general testimony of those, who, in the pressures of 1834 and 1841, had returned to Cincinnati, after trying their fortune elsewhere, being that hard as the times were, they were better here than where they had been; and that if a man could not make a living here, he could not make it any where.

While engaged taking the census of 1840, I obtained the facts embodied in the following narrative from a citizen of ours, conversant thoroughly with the family referred to.

Among the emigrants from Europe in the earlier days of Cincinnati, was a Mr. L——, who after struggling long for a living in England, in his business as a coppersmith, concluded to settle in the United States. Accordingly he visited Cincinnati, where he decided on establishing himself, rightly judging it a good location for one in his business. His family consisted of the wife, two or three boys, and as many girls, all small. Mr. L—— soon got in a good business; and his boys becoming able to help him in it after the lapse of three or four years, he was fast getting into good circumstances. Unfortunately for his comfort, Mrs. L—— having few acquaintances as well as little leisure to make more, and living under a different state of manners, customs, pursuits and recreations from those existing in that part of Europe from which the family came, had never been reconciled to Cincinnati. In the enjoyment of many comforts and privileges which she did not possess at home, her thoughts dwelt with regret on those

only which she had left behind, and as a consequence, by every means in her power, endeavored to induce her husband to return. His remonstrances were to no purpose, and for the sake of peace he consented, and they resumed a residence whence they originally came. A few months, however, sufficed to teach Mrs. L—— the folly of the step thus taken. Absence and time had severed old links of acquaintance and friendship; her own tastes had insensibly changed, by conforming to the state of things in a new country, and now, when too late, she perceived the various advantages and enjoyments she had abandoned in leaving the United States. The change rapidly going on in her feelings, of course, soon became apparent to her husband, but desirous that a thorough cure should take place, he forbore saying a word on the subject, well aware that it would come to a bearing in the natural course of things. One day she came home from market with a leg of veal in her basket, "There," says she, "is all I got for a guinea, I wish I was back again in Cincinnati," and setting down on her chair, fairly burst into tears. "Do you say so, my dear," said L., "we will set off then, if you please, next Monday." And on Monday they started accordingly, and were soon again in the old dwelling and shop, on Main street, where the old man spent the remainder of his days, and the boys, now among our most intelligent and wealthy citizens, are doing an active and extensive business.

There is an undoubted tendency in the West, however it may be accounted for, to dissatisfy those who have once resided in it, with a new residence in the Atlantic cities, and still more with European society and modes of life.

Ante Revolutionary Relic.

Every student of American history will remember the name of Sir William Pepperrell, the commander of the Colonial Expedition, in 1746, to Louisburg, Cape Breton. The following is an original letter of his, which has been handed me by Hon. Bellamy Storer, great grand son of the officer whose address it bears. It is publishd—verbatim et literatim—as a feature of the times:

"KITTERY, April 18th, 1759.

"COL. JOHN STORER:

"Sir,—It fills me with great concern to hear the men returned impressed for the Canada Expedition have not attended their duty as directed.

"I expect if they don't immediately go to Castle Williams as directed, they will some of them be hanged without benefit of clergy, and it will be a scandal in this country. Here is at my wharf a schooner that designs to sail next Monday morning for Boston: if they come by that

time they may go in her and all will be well; but if they don't, every officer, civil and military, and all His Majesty's subjects, should assist in apprehending them. You ought to bestir yourself in this affair; my health will not permit me.

"I am your friend and humble servant,

WM. PEPPERRELL."

Extraordinary Facts in Natural History.

The mesmeric discoveries made within the last five years, have kindled a spirit of experimenting on divers subjects, which promise remarkable results. A striking instance of the kind is recorded below.

If we go on at this rate, Natural History will soon require to be rewritten, to keep up with the progress of modern science. There are those, no doubt, who will ridicule statements of fact as well established as those attested by Major Pillers; but with the endorsement of so respectable a print as the Charleston Courier, and the many kindred facts in mesmerism equally incredible, yet familiar to hundreds in Cincinnati and elsewhere, I do not see why the Major's testimony should be disputed.

From the Charleston Courier.

Maj. John Pillers, a farmer of great respectability in this county, informed us that while he lived at his father's in Missouri, some twenty years ago, a buzzard (is not this bird the real vulture?) was taken alive, having gorged itself over a carcase to such a degree as to prevent its flying—its weight being too heavy for its wings, when he, together with his father, brother, and a neighbour, with a small shoemakers' awl, *ripped open its eyes so that no part of the ball of either remained.* The head of the bird was then put under one of its wings, in which position it remained a few minutes, when to the surprise of all, it gradually relieved its head from its wing, shook itself as if to arrange its disordered feathers, and reappeared with two good sound eyes, free from blemish, possessing in every degree the power of vision. This seemingly cruel experiment was repeated with the same bird on different occasions, in the presence of different persons, fifty times, and always with the same result, and not the least injury appeared to have been occasioned by it. After the lapse of a few months the bird flew away to its accustomed haunts. I have mentioned this fact to several persons, who, though they had never "seen the like," expressed no surprise or doubt of its truth, but replied that they had always heard that the down from the inside of a buzzard's wing was a cure for blindness in horses, and one man remarked that he cured a most inveterate case of approaching blindness in himself by it. He procured the down, spread it on a bandage, applied it to his eyes, and recovered.

In corroboration of Major Pillers' statement, whose deposition is hereunto subjoined, I can state my own experience on the subject. Traveling, some three years since, on the American bottom, I staid part of a day with a friend of mine, whose step son had the day before taken a half grown buzzard—as soon as I saw the bird, the statement of Major Pillers came fresh upon

my recollection; and as I had always been incredulous, I was determined to put it to the test of experiment, and accordingly mentioned the fact to the young gentleman who had the bird, and desired him to operate upon it. Having no sharp pointed instrument at hand, other than a pin, with that he punctuated one of the eyes, and all its lustre instantly disappeared. The head was then placed under the wing of the bird, where it remained a few minutes only, and when taken off, the eye had assumed its usual brilliancy, appearing as sound as the other, with not a speck upon it. In this experiment, it is true, the eye ball was not ripped open—the operation seeming too cruel to have my participation; but, as far as it goes, it serves to inspire belief in the statement of Maj. Pillers. And why should there not be a healing virtue in the down of a buzzard's wing? No man can say why not. Do we know whence those animals and mineral substances, resorted to for the cure of all maladies, derive their healing powers. The fact that certain substances possess such qualities has been ascertained by experiment, and until that infallible test, has disproved the efficacy of the down, no one can say it will not cure blindness? And why should not the buzzard have the power to reproduce its eyes? There are many mysteries in nature that we shall never be able to fathom. It is a mystery that an acorn can develop itself and become an oak; that an unsightly worm can, in a short time, become a most beautiful fly; in short, the whole world is but an open volume of mysteries, which all wonder at, but few can unravel. It is true, that—

"There are more things in Heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

We know that many insects and reptiles have the power of casting their old skins every year, and appearing in an entirely new one; that the common house spider gets a new skin and a new set of legs every year; and that if you pluck off one of its legs, it will, in two or three days, have a new one in its place. The shedding the teeth and reproduction of the nails in the human species are certainly remarkable, and would be so considered, were they not of daily occurrence. Upon sober consideration, it cannot be regarded more wonderful that a buzzard should have the power to reproduce its eyes, than a spider its skin and legs, a horse his teeth and hoofs—our species their teeth and nails, or a deer his antlers. They are all remarkable phenomena of animal philosophy, and cannot be accounted for on any known principles.

The fact stated in the conclusion of the deposition, relative to the bald eagle, has not, I venture to say, arrested the attention of any one. Who would believe that the feathers of that bird cannot be plucked out? The idea of feathers and plucking are ever associated, yet you cannot get those of the bald eagle without taking the skin with them—unless, perhaps, through the agency of some chemical application, of which we "far west in the backwoods" know nothing.

SIGMA.

DEPOSITION.

I, John Pillers, a citizen of Randolph county, Illinois, do depose and say, that I am the individual alluded to in the above communication, and that the facts stated therein, so far as I am concerned, are true in every particular. The experiment of ripping open the buzzard's eyes, during the time we kept it, from February to

May, was repeated, I dare say, fifty times; and once at a log rolling, ten times in one day. An old African negro, belonging to Mr. F. Valli, Jr., of St. Genevieve, named Joseph, (though supposed to be upwards of one hundred years old,) first told me of it, and I have tried it frequently since, on different buzzards with the same result. This same negro told me that the feathers could not be plucked out of a bald eagle. This is true. You may try it any way, and scald it, and you cannot pull out a feather.

Signed, JOHN PILLERS.

Deposition taken before me,

Signed, JAMES HUGHES, J. P.

Third Ward—Cincinnati.

In the enumeration of buildings to this ward, I find twelve hundred and twenty-five dwelling houses, workshops, public stables, store houses, mills, factories and offices. Of these, seven hundred and eighty are bricks, two are of stone, and four hundred and gve are frames. Besides these there are of public buildings,—the Botanical-Medical College, and Bethel Chapel; City Water Works, an Engine House, two Public School Houses, and the new and extensive Little Miami Rail-Road Depot.

Of these buildings there were at the close of the year 1842—

	Stone.	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
	2	535	325	860
Built in 1843,	0	69	44	113
" 1844,	0	71	46	117
" 1845,	0	50	65	115
	2	725	480	1206

This ward embraces most of the original improvements of Cincinnati, in its western section; and the whole ward having been built on for years, there is less room for new buildings than in suburb wards. But many of the edifices put up this year and the last are of very imposing extent and character, such as the foundries of Niles & Co., on Deer Creek; Griffey, Harkness, &c., which not only cover a great space of ground; but are many stories in height. Four-fifths, at least, of this ward is built to its utmost capacity.

The Third Ward is the great beehive of Cincinnati. Planing machines; iron, bell, and brass foundries; breweries, saw, oil and rolling mills; boiler yards, boat and machine shops, &c., contribute an extensive share of its business.

Early Business Dealings here.

In the early ages of a community, and before banks and the mint afford a currency for the people, not only is one description of goods bartered for another, but debts are contracted, payable in trade. Many amusing specimens of due bills and other contracts have fallen under my notice, which illustrate this state of things in the

early days of Cincinnati, and some of them have gone to press in my columns.

I have before me a due bill of a farmer of Hamilton county, dated 1793, for professional services to one of our first lawyers, *first* in every sense of the term, "for a cow and calf—payable next spring." Another due bill of the same period is for thirty dollars, the debt having been incurred on the same score, payable in pork. It seems pork has always been a staple here; but the present dwellers in Cincinnati probably do not suppose it ever formed the currency. Flour was exchanged in early days here extensively with the bakers, pound for pound, the baker making quite a fair profit under the operation. In store dealings, change was made by giving a row or two of pins or a few needles.

Such is society, always, in its first stages.

Fair of the Mechanics' Institute.

The 8th anniversary exhibition of this institution closed on Saturday last. It fell short in the number and variety of articles displayed, as compared with some of its predecessors, and the place of exhibition, the only one, on the whole, suited to its purposes, was not well adapted either for display or access. The Fair, making these allowances, however, was creditable to those concerned in getting it up. There were many splendid trophies of the ingenuity, taste, and excellence of our Cincinnati artisans, and various interesting contributions in the fine arts, and of curiosities both of nature and art.

I have not space in the restricted limits of my columns to notice more than a few articles, whose number corresponds with the catalogue.

No. 2. An extremely ingenious, efficient and cheap apparatus for roasting coffee thoroughly and equally, and at the same time to preserve the aroma from escaping, as it always does when burnt in an open vessel.

7 and 26. A variety of locks from Glenn & McGregor, of unrivalled excellence in structure, accuracy and finish.

13 and 25. Bank note and fancy engravings, from Rawdon, Wright & Hatch, and Tappan, Carpenter & Co., rival establishments here, equal to any thing in the United States.

14. Cards of Hinges, and a great variety of building Hardware of malleable iron from Miles Greenwood. There is nothing in the city of greater importance, in the various aspects of the subject, than Greenwood's manufacturing operations, and a minute examination there of these various articles can alone do justice to their merit and value.

30. Various specimens of book binding, by Jacob Ernst, all of the best quality, and some of them truly magnificent, especially a Doway

bible, ordered for the new Cathedral, and McKenney's Indian Biography and Portraits, intended to be sent by Bishop Purcell to Rome, as a present to the Pope.

5, 38, and 119. Daguerreotypes, from E. C. Hawkins, Abel Shawk, Faris & Plumbe, all of great excellence. A very interesting case affording the portraits of the early pioneers of Cincinnati, attracted general notice.

44. Specimens of Parlor Grates and Fire Stands, from Horton & Baker, a variety of elegant patterns, beautifully executed.

46. Various specimens of dyeing by William Teasdale, who has this year not only maintained his usual excellence, but appears to have driven his competitors from the field.

49, 13. Specimens of Umbrellas and Parasols, from I. Sleeper. The travelling umbrellas are a great convenience, and of equal excellence; all well worthy of a fuller examination than this exhibition afforded time to make.

50. Printing Ink, from Stearns & Co., of various qualities, all equal to the corresponding articles from the East.

57. An improved Hose Reel, from I. & B. Bruce, a model of taste and beauty. The lamps, brass and plating work cannot be surpassed any where.

68. A large balance of 1500 lb. capacity, by P. Medearis, of such exquisite accuracy, that, notwithstanding its great size and weight, and its resting on a solid wall, the mere passing of the visitors over the floor kept it in constant vibration.

94. A lithograph of the steamboat Yorktown, by J. B. Rowse, an admirable engraving, by a young Cincinnati artist, of one of our most splendid boats. This piece of work needs no eulogium of mine.

79, 102. Valise, Carpet-bag, and Ladies'-bag, saddle and harness. Of these it suffices to say that they are from the establishment of Isaac Young.

104. Fire Engine and Garden Hose, from Paddock & Campbell; abundant proof that these articles can be made as good and as cheap here as elsewhere.

There are a number of other articles to which I have not time to refer, particularly, as specimens of Hair Mattress work, Marble Mantles, Lard Oil of Emery, Cheever, and others; Whips and Canes from C. Penrose; Baskets sent by Ballauf; Fancy Chairs from W. H. Ross, Hats from C. R. Camp; Japaned ware of Greenfield & Winchell; Paddle Wheel for steamboats, by Chase & Cole; Flutes by J. D. Douglass; Glass paper from J. Van Amringe; Cotton Batting of J. A. Richardson, and a Patent Detector Bank Door Lock, by Glenn and McGregor, many of which are re-

markable for their ingenuity and taste, and others for their excellence in materials and workmanship.

Robert Elliott.

One of the few marble monuments in the Presbyterian burying ground, on Twelfth street, has been erected to the memory of one of the early business men of this region, and in some sense, one of the pioneers of the west. I refer to Col. Robert Elliott, who, in connection with Col. Eli Williams, of Hagarstown, Md., was one of the several contractors of supplies for Wayne's Army, on his march to the Indian country. Various incorrect accounts having been published of the circumstances attending his death, I put upon record the following from an authentic source, and which I believe is the truth in the premises.

Col. Elliott was a native of Pennsylvania; had settled in Hagarstown, and at the period to which I am to refer, 1794, was out west superintending the deliveries of his contracts. He left Fort Hamilton, accompanied by a waiter, taking what is now called the Winton road, to Cincinnati. On reaching about four miles of his journey, he was fired on by the savages in ambush and killed. He fell from his horse, which made his way back to Hamilton, followed by the servant upon the other horse. Elliott was an uncommonly large man, being both tall and heavy, and weighed nearly three hundred pounds. He wore a wig, which of course came off under the application of the scalping knife, without exhibiting marks of blood, to the great surprise of the Indians, who viewed it as a great imposition, and spoke of it afterwards as "a d—— lie." The horse was a remarkable one—worth one hundred and twenty dollars in those days, when it required a good horse to bring seventy-five dollars. He was a dark brown, but just where a pillion would have been fastened to the saddle, and exactly corresponding with it in size and shape, was a space entirely white. Elliott's body was boxed up and put into his own wagon, and sent the next day to Cincinnati for burial, the waiter accompanying it, and riding the Col's horse. Nearly, if not exactly where Elliott had been killed the day before, a ball from Indians in ambush killed the servant also, the horse escaping as before to Hamilton, and the wagoner flying for his life. The box was broken open by the savages in expectation of it containing something of value. It was left, on discovering the contents, only the wagon horses being carried off. A party was then detached from the fort, which delivered the body at Fort Washington, and it was buried in the usual burying ground, at the corner of Main and Fourth streets. Many years after, his son, Commodore Jesse D. Elliott, then on a visit to

this city, having ascertained the place of his interment, removed the body to the present burial ground of the First Presbyterian Society, erecting, as the table itself states, the monument to the memory of his father, Col. Elliott.

Steam Sash Factory.

There seems to exist a general conspiracy in Cincinnati, to put down the sales of eastern articles to the south and west of the whole United States, and a systematic effort to introduce article by article into our manufacture here by machinery of what has heretofore been fabricated merely by hand, so as to command the supply of those markets at rates which defy competition in the Atlantic cities.

I have already referred to the bedsteads, bureaus, tables, &c., made by steam propelled machinery. My present notice relates to the supply of window sash, which is now turned out under the same process.

Mr. S. Vanemmon, occupying the upper story of Bicknell & Jenkins' new planing machine, on Canal, between Race and Elm streets, has just put into operation an ingenious series of machinery, which takes the raw material of lumber in its roughest state, and, as its finishing touch, presents window sash of every desired size, ready fitted for use, at a saving of labour, time and expense of nearly fifty per cent. on the old system of manufacture.

The boards in their rough state are first cross cut to the necessary length by a circular saw; taken to the facing machine, where they are planed by the action of a wheel of great power and steadiness, having bits which act successively on the surface of the boards to reduce it to an uniform evenness and smoothness. The boards are then taken to a slitting machine, where they acquire the necessary breadth for their various purposes; and thence to an instrument which adds a delicate and perfect moulding to the various parts of the sash. Lastly, the sash rails are taken to a machine which forms the mortices and tenons with great exactness, as well as rapidity, the whole operation of turning out the sash being by machinery, except the pinning together the entire frame. Some idea of the celerity of these operations may be formed by observing the movement of the slitting wheel, which performs twenty-five hundred revolutions in a minute, a degree of speed which mocks the power of the eye, to discern form or colour to the saw.

Most of the machinery is the invention of Mr. Vanemmon, and all of it is highly ingenious and efficient.

It must be obvious from this statement that sash can thus be furnished for home, and especially distant points in the west and south,

cheaper and of better quality than have heretofore been supplied to those markets.

Human Life.

It is melancholy to reflect how large a portion of life is lost or wasted before we learn its value. I do not know how it is with others; as to myself, I rarely close a day without regretting that it is not three or four hours longer. Of course I have little sympathy with those who kill time purposely and avowedly.

But take the case of a professedly industrious individual, and deduct lost and wasted time, and see even in a long life how little is left. Suppose our subject has reached his three score years and ten, a hale, vigorous old man. Deduct eight hours for sleep, and, on an average for each day, two hours for meals, between eating and waiting for them; and for dressing and undressing, washing, shaving, and other kindred employments, two hours more. Here is half the life time, or thirty-five years spent to no result.

The ordinary maladies of childhood, the diseases and accidents of maturer years, will deduct at least one day to the week, or one-seventh of the residue, say five years. This brings the period down to thirty years.

Deduct from this, time idly wasted, especially in youth in unprofitable reading, and still more unprofitable company, and it will probably reduce the residue to fifteen years, actively and profitably spent.

This calculation refers to, perhaps, the most favourable view that can be taken of the subject. What period of life can those be said to live who have left the world no better, richer, wiser or happier for their existence!

When a poor man gives, he begs.

There is a Spanish proverb, "*A poor man who gives, begs*," of which I have been forcibly reminded by the contemptible practice which many Americans, unworthy of the name, indulge in forwarding presents to crowned heads, and men of authority and wealth, in various parts of the world. The latest case is that of Mr. Day, a two penny gumeleastic manufacturer in New York City, who lately exchanged with the Bey of Tunis a pair of Indian rubber boots and breeches, accompanied with an Indian rubber boat, for a gold snuff box set with diamonds, valued at \$2,500. *Allah Biemillah!* no doubt exclaimed the barbarian, when he examined his costly elastic treasure.

I well remember many years ago, a series of plough inventors or improvers sent their plough patterns to the Emperor Alexander, the mighty Czar of Muscovy, as presents. They were all graciously received and paid for like Mr. Day's

presens, in rings, snuff boxes, &c. The shipment of ploughs increased to such an extent as to point his majesty out as the great patron of agriculture for the wide world. At last the emperor's patience, or his rings, &c., began to give out. Accordingly, the receipt of the next plough that came was acknowledged by the present of its predecessor of the same kind, which effectually stopped this species of speculation in the Russian market. I fear his Tunisian highness must send back his India rubbers in exchange for his next present, unless he is prepared to empty his treasury.

From the Wheeling Times.

History and Tradition.

We have heard some persons remark, on the strength of traditions, that our account of M'Colloch's leap, given some days since, was not strictly correct as relates to the circumstances attending it. The facts we related are such as they appear in the most authentic records to which we have access. There are always variations in the traditions by which all incidents are handed down; but so long as they do not change the facts of the case, they are of but little importance. History will be made up of the earliest printed accounts of transactions, and thus, whether they are literally correct or not, they become established as facts.

In this sense we refer to incidents most interesting in the history of our town and surrounding country. We do not profess any great knowledge of our early history; but we have often referred to the productions of our former fellow-townsmen, Geo. S. M'Kiernan, who devoted much time to the examination of all the papers connected with the early history of this city and the surrounding country. We have not many of his pages at hand; but we have often perused them and others, and often reflected with regret that so few of us had taken the pains to make ourselves familiar with the history of the frontiersmen who settled on the ground we inhabit, when almost every leaf covered an arrow, and every tree shaded an Indian and a foe.

We do not know what may be the feelings of others; but we never pass a plain grave stone standing between Wheeling and Grave Creek, without a feeling of awe, and suffering our mind to wander back to the days of Indian warfare, of blood and carnage, of war whoops, of Indians, scalping knives, and tomahawks. That stone bears this inscription, "This humble stone is erected to the memory of Captain Foreman and twenty-one of his men, who were slain by a band of ruthless savages—the allies of a civilized nation of Europe—on the 25th of September, 1777.

So sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest."

This stone stands in a retired spot about seven miles from Wheeling, and just where the hill approaches the river to commence what is called the Grave Creek "narrows." So fine a place for ambush could scarcely be found elsewhere, and it is by no means surprising that the Indians succeeded in cutting off nearly the whole force.—Grave Creek had then a fort, having been settled by Mr. Joseph Tomlinson, only one year after

the settlement of Wheeling by the Zanes, in 1770.

On the 25th of September, 1777, a smoke was seen from the Wheeling fort in the direction of Grave Creek. Apprehensions were entertained that the smoke was caused by the Indians burning the fort at Grave Creek. Foreman, with forty-five men, marched down to Grave Creek, and finding all safe there, started home. When they had reached the foot of the narrows, Mr. Lynn, an old Indian fighter, advised Capt. Foreman to return by the ridge route and thus secure themselves against any attack by the Indians, whom he presumed saw them go down from the opposite side of the river, and intended attacking them on their return.

The captain did not rely sufficiently on the opinion of Lynn, and continued up the valley, while Lynn and some of the soldiers went over the ridge. The last were safe; but when Foreman with his men had nearly reached the place where the stone now stands, they found some trifling Indian trinket in the road before them. Their attention was attracted by it, and at the instant, half a dozen Indians stepped into the path before them, and as many in the rear, and then, as they attempted to meet their assailants, on every side, and from every bush, an Indian rose up. They were butchered without the remotest hope of escape or successful defence.

A few reached the hill; some succeeded in climbing it; but the majority were shot as they went up, and either killed or lamed. Capt. Foreman fought well, but was among the first who fell. The number killed was twenty-two, and it is supposed that the Indian force was not less than three or four hundred. This was among the most bloody of the frontier skirmishes, and deserves to be placed on record, not on account of any particular courage or skill, but as it shows the determined boldness of the savage foe with which our frontiersmen had to contend.

The Fuschia.

Mr. Shepherd, the accomplished conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, is the authority for the following anecdote respecting the introduction of that elegant flower shrub, the Fuschia, into the green houses of Europe. Old Mr. Lee, a well known nursery-man and florist, at Greenwich, near London, about fifty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a person who suddenly turned and said, "well, you have not in your whole collection so pretty a flower as one I saw to-day in a window at Wapping!" "Indeed, and what was this Phoenix like?" "Why, the plant was beautiful, and the flowers hung down like tassels from the drooping branches, their colour was the deepest crimson, and in the centre a fold of rich purple."

Particular inquiries were made as to the exact whereabouts, and Mr. Lee posted off to the place, where he discovered the object of his pursuit, and immediately pronounced it a *new plant*. He saw and admired.

Entering the humble dwelling, he said, "my good woman, this is a nice plant of yours; I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir! I could not sell it for no money, it was brought me from foreign parts by my husband, who has gone again, and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir, I can't spare it."

"Here," emptying his pockets, "here is gold,

silver and copper," (his stock amounting to more than eight guineas.)

"Well a day, sure this is a power of money."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine, my good woman. I'll give you one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake. I will, indeed."

The bargain was struck, a coach called, in which old Mr. Lee and his apparently dearly purchased flower was deposited. On returning home, his first work was to strip off and destroy every blossom and bud; the plant was divided into small cuttings which were forced into bark beds and hot beds, and again subdivided. Every effort was employed to multiply the plant. Mr. Lee became the delighted possessor of three hundred fuchsias, all giving promise of fine blossom. The two which first expanded were placed in his window. A lady came in, "why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"'Tis a new thing, my lady, pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely! its price?"

"A guinea, your ladyship," and one of the two plants that evening stood in beauty on her ladyship's table in her boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte! where did you get that elegant flower?"

"Oh, 'tis a new thing, I saw it at old Mr. Lee's; pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful! what did it cost?"

"Only a guinea, and there was another left."

The visiter's horse trotted off to the suburb, and a third beauteous plant graced the spot from whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the fuschia adorned another drawing-room of fashion. This scene was repeated as new calls were made by persons attracted by the beauty of the plant. Two plants, graceful and bursting into flower, were constantly seen on the same spot. He gladdened the faithful sailor's wife with the promised flower, and before the season closed, nearly three hundred guineas jingled in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window at Wapping, as a reward for old Mr. Lee's taste, skill and decision.

Benefit of Advertising.

Our fellow citizen Isaac Young, whose taste in such matters is well known, got up, some time since, a neat lithograph business card, decorated with fancy trunks and other professional devices.

A friend of his on Lower Market, being about to visit England, Mr. Y. gave him some of the lithographs to be left at Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, &c., which was accordingly done.

On Saturday evening, a genteel stranger, evidently an Englishman, accosted Mr. Young at his saddler shop, "Mr. Young, I presume."—Young bowed assent. "I saw your card at Ibbotson & Sons, Sheffield,"—a heavy cutlery establishment there—"and I made up my mind if I visited America to buy a trunk of you, and really, sir," added he, "I saw nothing in New York or Philadelphia in this line, like these Cincinnati articles." "They tell me," added the stranger, "that this place was a forest fifty years ago; can it be possible."

Mr. Young sold the Englishman several other articles besides the trunk, feeling as much gratification in finding Cincinnati and *himself* so well appreciated abroad, as in the profit he might have made by the sale.

Irish Ingenuity.

An intelligent traveller in Ireland recently remarked one peculiarity of the people. He says "every peasant I met asked me the same question, namely—*what time, of day it was!*" An Irish gentleman bet a dozen of claret with an English officer, that he would ride from Cork to Mallow on a market day without being once asked this question—and won, too—simply by putting the question *himself* before any other person could do so.

Anecdote.

Judge Dooly, of Georgia, was remarkable for his wit, as well as other talents. At one place where he attended Court, he was not pleased with his entertainment at the tavern. On the first day of the Court, a hog, under the name of a pig, had been cooked whole and laid on the table. No person attacked it. It was brought the next day, and the next, and treated with the same respect; and it was on the table on the day on which the Court adjourned. As the party finished their dinner, Judge Dooly rose from the table, and in a solemn manner addressed the Clerk, "Mr. Clerk," said he, "dismiss that hog upon his recognizance until the first day of the next Court. He has attended so faithfully during the present term, that I don't think it will be necessary to take any security."

In a Predicament.

"Hallo, Jim, how are you," inquired a young man of a friend whom he had called upon, and found *confined* to his chamber.

"I'm not well!"

"Not well! what's the matter with you?"

"I'm in a predicament."

"In a predicament! How do you make that out?"

"I have not paid my board these six weeks."

"Is that all? why my dear fellow you don't pretend to say that is the cause of your illness!"

"Yes, but I do! They won't allow me to go away till I pay my board, and they won't allow me to eat till I settle up."

His friend picked up his hat and remarked he must begone.

St. Peter's Cathedral.

The new Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Plum street, after progressing nearly five years in its erection, has become so far advanced to its completion as to admit of its consecration; and the religious rites and ceremonies peculiar to that faith will therefore be celebrated for that purpose on Sabbath, the 2d November next, which is the day following that of All Saints Day in the calendar of that church.

As much interest is felt on this subject by a share of my readers, I have prepared some interesting statistics in reference to this edifice, which, when completed, will be the finest building in the west, and the most magnificent in appearance of any of the Cathedrals in the United States belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, the metropolitan edifice in Baltimore not excepted.

St. Peter's Cathedral is a parallelogram of two hundred feet in length, by eighty in breadth. It is fifty-five feet from floor to ceiling. The roof is partly supported by the side walls, which as well as the front, average four feet in thickness, but principally upon eighteen free-stone pillars, nine on each side, which are of three and a half feet diameter and thirty-three feet in height. The ceiling is of stucco work of a rich and expensive character, which renders it equal in beauty to any cathedral in the world, as I am authorized to say by competent judges, although executed in this instance by Mr. Taylor, a Cincinnati artist, for a price less than one half of what it would have cost in Europe. The main walls are built of Dayton limestone, of which this building furnished the first example in Cincinnati. The basement is of the blue limestone of the Ohio river, and forms an appropriate contrast with the superstructure. The tower and steeple are not yet finished. It is contemplated to put up a chime of the usual number and range of bells. The cathedral will be finished with a centre aisle of six feet, and two aisles for processional purposes, eleven feet each, adjoining the side-walks. The residue of the space will form one hundred and forty pews ten feet in length. The roof is composed of iron plates whose seams are coated with a composition of coal tar and sand, which renders it impervious to water. The edifice was put up under the superintendence of Mr. Henry Walter, and has cost short of \$90,000, with the addition of \$24,900 for the half square which it occupies in part. Not a drop of ardent spirits was consumed in its erection, and notwithstanding the unmanageable shape and size of the materials, not an accident occurred in the whole progress of the work. Every man employed about it was paid off every Saturday night; and as the principal part of the labour was performed at a season of the year when working hands are not usually

employed to their advantage, the heavy disbursements have proved a reasonable and sensible benefit to the labouring class. The payments were made in cash, also, the principle of giving orders for work not being resorted to here.

Let me now advert to its interior condition, as it will exhibit itself when ready for the services of the 2d proximo. An altar of the purest Carrara marble, made by Chiappri of Genoa, occupies the west end of the Cathedral. This is embellished with a centre piece, being a circle with rays, around which wreaths and flowers are beautifully arranged. It is represented to me by those who possess more knowledge and taste on such subjects than I pretend to, as a piece of exquisite design and workmanship. At the opposite end is put up an immense organ of forty-four stops and twenty-seven hundred pipes, lately finished by Schwab of our city, which cost \$5,400. One of these pipes alone is thirty-three feet long, and weighs four hundred pounds. There is no doubt that this is an instrument superior in size, tone and power to any on the continent, that in the German Roman Catholic Church at Baltimore, by Schwab, perhaps, excepted. The following paintings will occupy the various compartments in the Cathedral:

St. Peter liberated by the Angel.

Descent from the Cross.

Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin.

St. Jerome in the attitude of listening to the trumpet announcing the final judgment.

Christ in the Garden.

Flight into Egypt.

The St. Peter is by *Murillo*, well known as the head of the Spanish school; and was a present to Bishop Fenwick by Cardinal Feuch, uncle to Napoleon. The others are by some of the first artists in Europe.

The two windows next the altar are of stained glass, and serve to give us the west an idea of that style of diffusing light to edifices devoted to religious purposes in the old world.

There will be the largest assemblage of prelates and subordinate clergy of the church on the occasion of consecrating St. Peter's, which has ever been gathered in Cincinnati. Archbishop *Boyle*, of Baltimore; the Bishop *Flaget*, of Louisville; *Miles*, of Nashville; *Henni*, of Milwaukee; *Kenrick*, of St. Louis; *Chaney*, of Natchez; *Dea Hillandere*, of Vincennes; *Purcell*, of Cincinnati, and the Coadjutor Bishop of N. York, *McGlockey*, attended by the usual retinue of vicars general, pastors of congregations, acolytes, &c., will perform the consecration services.

There will no doubt be an immense attendance upon that day from all parts of the west, as well as spectators from our own city.

I learn upon inquiry, that the ceremonies of

the day commence at six o'clock, A. M., and that to a great extent they will take place outside of the Cathedral and within the Cathedral grounds. Some of the rites require the floor of the building to be kept free for the passage and repassage of those engaged in the consecration services. In the afternoon the Cathedral will be thrown open for public worship.

Rev'd. J. F. Wood, a native as it were of our city, will deliver an address on that occasion to the audience assembled outside, explanatory of the exercises, &c., of the day.

I have devoted a larger share to-day to this than is usually allotted in the Advertiser to such subjects; but much inquiry has been directed to this matter, and I have collected or ascertained these facts to gratify the curious on such topics.

Journal of John G. Jungmann.

Who has not heard of the Moravians? A band of Christian brethren who were the first since the days of the Apostles to embark in the missionary enterprise; and in the lapse of an hundred years after, having wakened up in some sense to their duty various powerful and extensive denominations of Christians, are still as they always have been in proportion to their numbers at home, the largest body of missionaries in the world.

More than one hundred years since a colony of the *Unitas fratrum*, or Moravians, emigrated to Pennsylvania, and made settlements in Bethlehem and Nazareth, in Northampton, and Litz, in Lancaster counties, in that state. Having succeeded in placing the Indians to the north and west under the influences of civilization and christianity to a great extent, they formed missionary establishments in what were then the forests of Ohio, their principal settlements being on the waters of the Muskingum. Here they succeeded also in gathering churches among the Indians of the west; and up to 1782, the period of the memorable massacre, by a horde of white savages from Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, which has rendered their memory for ever infamous, the labours of these brethren were abundantly successful in causing the desolate and solitary places to be glad, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

What dangers had to be met and privations endured by these missionaries, may be judged by the history of early pioneers of Kentucky and Ohio. The narrative which follows gives a graphic picture, by one of that band who laboured with Spangenberg, Zeisberger, Senesman and Heckewelder, for a long series of years in the pangs. I give it from the journal—hitherto unpublished—in his own words:—

"My father, J. Jungmann, was a Huguenot,

driven from France in 1720, by the persecutions of that date. He fled to Heckenheim, Germany, where he found employment as a teacher of mathematics and music. After remaining there eleven years, he emigrated to America in 1731, landing in Rhode Island, after enduring, with others, almost unheard of sufferings on board the vessel in which he embarked from Germany. I was born in Heckenheim, shortly after his arrival there, April 19, 1720, and with the rest of the family accompanied him on the voyage.

"There had been a great emigration from Germany to America, which had been encouraged by letters received from the emigrants. My parents concluded ~~to visit~~ that country also, and came by water from Neckenhausen to Rotterdam, whence they sailed on a vessel bound to America, having one hundred and fifty-six passengers, besides the ship's crew, expecting to reach that country in six weeks, although provisioned for twelve. We put into Falmouth, England, where we remained three weeks, taking on more passengers. We again sailed, and twelve days afterwards the captain observed that we were now one half our journey, which filled our hearts with thankfulness and rejoicing. But we were becalmed—visited soon after with a dreadful storm—and after being eight weeks out from England, were put on short allowance of bread and water, the last four weeks having no bread at all, and but one pint of water per day to supply father, sister, and myself—my younger sister, step-mother, and her two children having died under their sufferings. We were obliged to purchase cats at one shilling and six pence, and rats and mice at six pence each, and buy what water we needed for subsistence. We found out that the villainous purpose of the captain was to starve us all to death, that he might obtain our effects, in which he succeeded to a great extent, only forty-eight of the passengers surviving to reach the land, and those only escaped by revolting on the captain, and compelling him to make the American shore, where we landed, after being twenty-five weeks on our passage from Rotterdam. Judge the state of suffering in which we all were, and our indignation on finding out that the captain and crew had secret supplies hidden in the long boat. On landing, four Indians stepped on board the vessel, of whom one of the passengers who could speak a little English, falling on his knees, supplicated a little bread and water, and assistance to take us on shore. Our ghastly looks told our sufferings, and the Indians returning for their friends, came down in a body and compelled the captain to release us all. They took us to their cabins where we were fed like little children, and by the mercy of God were restored finally to health and strength, after

a long confinement. Such benevolence in savages appeared amazing to us. After being thus recruited, which took five months, my father concluded to remove to Philadelphia, and bought one hundred acres of land in the neighbourhood for fifteen pounds ten shillings."

Here the family settled down in peace and comfort, and soon prospered in their worldly circumstances. The father married again, built a distillery and brew house, and carried on a cooper shop. The son cut himself severely with an axe, and no one knowing what to prescribe, he mixed white and yolk of eggs in some fresh butter of which he made a poultice, applying it as hot as could be borne, taking *gunpowder* inwardly, and effected a cure. He now gets acquainted with the Moravians at Bethlehem, under whose preaching he becomes under religious exercise, and joins the society. I shall resume his journal in my next.

Steamer Great Britain.

It is a curious circumstance that the progress of steamboat building for ocean navigation has just brought us, as the point of perfection, to the model and proportions of the first vessel of which we have any record. I allude to the ark built by Noah. The dimensions of the Great Britain are—length three hundred and twenty-two feet, breadth of beam fifty feet, depth thirty-one and a half feet. The dimensions of the ark were—length three hundred cubits, breadth fifty cubits, depth thirty cubits. It will be seen, therefore, that the ark was nearly twice the size in depth, breadth and length of the steamboat, the cubit being twenty-two inches. Both had upper, lower, and middle stories.

If, after the experience and accumulated knowledge of forty centuries, we have not improved on the proportions of the first sea vessel, after resorting to every shape and species of water craft, have we not here an additional argument to the truth of divine revelation, that a vessel so completely adapted to its purpose, must have been planned by the Great Architect of the Universe. "As for God, his work is perfect."

Irish Wit and Humour.

I was much struck with the peculiarities of the Dublin audience. The national anthem, followed by "St. Patrick's day," was invariably played in the course of every evening's performance at the Crow Street Theatre. These two airs constituted the barometer of public opinion. When pleased, Pat applauded both. But if things did not go to his liking, he vented his spleen on the first, and applauded his own national air in proportion. At all times, the gallery stamped an accompaniment to this latter, as well as to all other popular airs, besides joining in chorus. But when a new Lord and Lady Lieutenant visited the theatre

for the first time, Pat's peculiarities became most diverting.

"Pat Mooney!" shouts a voice in the gallery. "Halloo!" answers Pat, from the opposite side. Voice.—Can you see 'em, Pat? (Meaning the Lord and Lady Lieutenant.)

Pat Mooney.—I can.

Voice.—Well, what's he like?

Pat Mooney.—Oh, mighty like a grazier, or a middle-man. Any way, he has a good long nose of his own. (Loud laughter, in which his Lordship joins.)

Voice.—Is he clever, think you?

Pat Mooney.—I'd be sorry to make him sinse-keeper. (Laughter again.)

Voice.—Does he look good-natured?

Pat Mooney.—Well he does, and enjoys a joke, too.—Heaven bless him!—like a gentleman as he is.

Voice.—Then we'll not have to send him back?

Pat Mooney.—No, I don't think we shall. We may get a worse. (Roars of laughter.) They say he's mighty generous, and means to spend his money amongst us like a prince.

Gallery.—We'll keep him, then—we'll keep him. Three cheers, lads—three cheers for the Lord Lieutenant! (Cheers and laughter.)

Voice.—Well, and what's she like, Pat?

Pat Mooney.—Oh, nothing particular. She'd not frighten a horse. (Roars, her ladyship joining.)

Voice.—Is she tall?

Pat Mooney.—Wait till she stands up.

Voice.—May be she's stout, Pat?

Pat Mooney.—Faix! you may say that. It isn't the likes of her lives on buttermilk, (Roars.)

Voice.—Do you think she's good-natured?

Pat Mooney.—Oh, I'll engage she is. She has the real blood in her, and there's plenty of it. (Roars and "Bravo!" from the gallery.)

Many voices.—She'll do then, Pat?

Pat Mooney.—Och! she will—she will. I'll engage for her Ladyship.

Voices.—We may keep her then, may we?

Pat Mooney.—Och! the longer the better—the longer the better. (Roars.) It's her Ladyship that'll speak the good word for the man that's in thrubble, and never let the decent woman want that's in the straw—God bless her!

Gallery.—Bravo! bravo! Three cheers for her Ladyship! Three cheers for the Lady Lieutenant! (Cheers and Laughter.)

Pat Mooney, (seeing the Lord Mayor)—My sowl to ye! Dan Finnigan, is that you?

Gallery.—Ah! ah! Is that you, Dan Finnigan!—is that you? (Hisses and laughter.)

Pat Mooney.—Faix! it's good for the likes of us to see you down among the ginty there, Dan Finnigan. (A loud laugh, at which his Lordship does not seem particularly pleased.) Och! you needn't look up so soug at us! Many's the good time you've sat up here yourself; you know it is, youould vinegar bottle! (Roars.)

Voice.—Sure the world's gone wolk with you any way, Dan Finnigan. Ye had'n't them white kid gloves—

Pat Mooney.—No, nor that grand cocked hat there—

Voice.—No, nor that white wand, ye cormorant! When you kept the chandler shop, and cheated Mike Kelly out of a farden's worth of pipes, and—

Gallery.—Ah! ah! Who cheated Mike Kelly?

—who cheated Mike Kelly? (Great confusion, during which the orchestra strikes up.)

But these gallery blackguards did not always let their rulers off so easily. When the Duke of Rutland, whose family name was *Manners*, with the Duchess, first visited the theatre, Mooney and his echo were in the house also. In the interval between the play and afterpiece, a voice was heard from one side of the gallery, "Who slept with Pig Plunket last night?" which was instantly answered on the opposite side by the reproof, "*Manners! Manners!* you blackguard." The Duke, himself not remarkable for bashfulness, could not stand this rasping down, and with his Dutchess precipitately quitted the theatre.

St. Clair.

The reverse of fortune which Belisarius is said to have experienced, when poor, old and blind, he was reduced to ask alms, *Date obolum Belisarius* is usually considered the most striking in history, and so extraordinary as to raise doubts of its truth. But the downfall of the Roman soldier was hardly more abject, than we have an authenticated case of, in the instance of St. Clair.

Arthur St. Clair was a patriot and soldier of the Revolution, high in the confidence of Gen^l. Washington, a good judge of men and their merits, and received at his hands the command of the troops raised in 1791 to chastise the aggressions of the hostile Indians of the Northwest, as well as the commission of Governor of the territory of that name.

The unfortunate issue of that expedition is well known; but it is not so well known at the present day, that St. Clair was little more successful in carrying on the government of the Territory committed to his charge, he being involved in continual difficulties with his associates in the legislative council, as well as the judicial authorities. These grew out of mistaken views of the nature and extent of his authority, and had the effect of rendering him as odious in his civil capacity as he had previously become as a soldier. Yet St. Clair, although unsuited by temper and disposition, and still more by the gout, to which he was a martyr, for the active and arduous labours devolving on him in the west, was a good man, a gallant soldier, and an accomplished scholar. But the campaigns of the west, with the exception of that of Wayne's, have never been successfully waged by other than western men. St. Clair was a European, had hardly become Americanized thoroughly, when he came to the frontiers, and never was a western man in habit or in feelings. This was in fact an unfortunate appointment, a rare exception in the exercise of a judgment of men and merits, for which Washington was remarkable.

When the territory became a state, and the people of Ohio sovereigns, St. Clair, like Othello, found his occupation gone. He had nothing to expect at their hands, and returned to Pennsylvania, where he had formerly resided. His resources limited at best, were soon exhausted by journeys to Washington to obtain the allowance of unsettled claims against the government. His pecuniary circumstances became worse and worse, and he was finally compelled as a means of support to sell *whisky by the gill and chestnuts by the quart*, to travelers crossing the Allegheny ridge.

After dragging out a miserable existence for several years in this mode, Congress granted him a small pension, which, however, he lived but a short period to enjoy, sinking to a melancholy grave under privations, which former habits ill fitted him to endure. Such was the close of a life, the prime of which was spent among the great fathers of the Revolution in council and in camp, as their leader or their equal. He had succeeded Hancock as President of the Continental Congress, and bore arms amidst the severest scenes of the Revolution, and through its whole course.

As usual, what was denied to the living was freely accorded to the dead. His countryman, Burns, was nearly starved to death. A tithe of the expense lavished on monuments to his memory, recording a nation's shame rather than the poet's glory, for it needs no such record, would have made his life comfortable. So with St. Clair. He too asked for bread and they gave him a stone. After the lapse of years, his resting place was traced out with some difficulty, his remains removed to Greensburg, Pa., where an obelisk twenty feet in height, erected by his Masonic brethren, emblazons the bitter lie that republics are not ungrateful.

Rats.

A correspondent who is greatly annoyed by rats, and finds no remedy in the various traps, dogs and cats, rat butter, &c., to which he has resorted, asks if I cannot point out some method of getting rid of these vermins. He could hardly have applied to a better source of information, and as others doubtless labour under the same difficulty, I shall communicate my reply through my own columns, for general benefit.

In Pennsylvania, as an older settlement and an extensive grain growing district, these vermins of course are abundant. There, as here, traps have been resorted to with little effect, barely serving to act upon the young and inexperienced rats. The Pennsylvania Germans, finding they cannot extirpate the race, make it a rule, when these pests become too troublesome, to get the

neighbouring schoolmaster to write a notice to these rats to quit the premises, just as they would to any other tenant. The document is left in one of the rat holes and immediately gnawed to pieces, which is the usual acknowledgment of service. The rats, without delay, then take up their march, and may be seen traveling of a moonshiny night, along the public road, in battalions, to the dwelling or barn of the individual to whose premises they are directed to remove.

I annex a copy of one of these notices, issued by a farmer in Lower Saucon township, Northampton county, which may serve as a form in like cases. Perhaps if used here it had better be translated into English, as our Cincinnati rats may not understand *dutch*.

R e h m t D b a c h t.

Mit dem seydt ihr benachrichtet das ihr key Empfang dies, die von euch bisher bewohnte gebäude verlassen müßet, im fall ihr dies nit thut, werd ihr die straf empfangen von die vorgeschriebten Geseß.

Nieder Saucon township märz 10 1820.

Conrad K r m i g.

Ich wünsch das ihr zum Hans Hellsperger gehn sollt.

I well recollect the trial of a case before a magistrate in a German settlement in one of the western counties of Pennsylvania. *John Eisen-nagle* brought suit against *Jacob Breyfuss*, for damage incurred by the said John in the said Jacob sending his rats to the premises of Eisen-nagle. The magistrate, Esq. M——, was a man of good sense and some humour, and concluded the best way of settling such a difficulty was to let it take its course, alleging, however, that as the parties were both neighbours and on good terms with him, he proposed for the sake of saving costs, that the witnesses should be examined without being sworn, which was assented to. The parties made their statements, and the witnesses were heard. It was clearly proved that the rats had been, up to a certain period, abundant at Breyfuss' house, and scarce at Eisen-nagle's, and scarce at Breyfuss' and plenty at Eisen-nagle's at a later date. One of the witnesses proved the fact of a notice being given the rats by Breyfuss; but did not know to whom they were sent. There was much irrelevant matter, owing to the nature of the suit. After hearing the case fully, the Squire remarked that it appeared very probable that the rats at Eisen-nagle's were the same lot which had infested Breyfuss; but gravely remarked, that he sat there not to judge of probabilities, but by proofs, and therefore, as there was no evidence to the identity of the rats, or any one of them, he was con-

strained to give judgment against Breyfuss for costs of suit.

I have known much ill-will on this score between farmers in that neighbourhood, who were supposed thus to have exchanged rats; but this was the only instance within my knowledge in which things proceeded to extremities.

Charlemagne.

On the occasion of the late continental visit of Queen Victoria of England, at Aix-la-Chapelle, the great Cathedral was lighted up at night from roof to floor, with a brilliant display of wax tapers, which rendered the spectacle as light as day. And this at the tomb of Charlemagne, whose ashes repose in this great temple—himself its highest trophy—one of the greatest men of any age or country! Napoleon, a being better qualified to appreciate the character of Charlemagne, behaved with more dignity and in better taste on his visit to the scene. In 1804, just when Bonaparte had progressed into Napoleon, he visited Aix-la-Chapelle. Josephine, who accompanied him, indulged in the caprice of sitting upon the marble throne. But the Emperor, though he did not control this indecorous whim of his Creole wife, attired himself for the occasion, from a deep sense of deference to that mighty name, in full regimentals, and stood, silent, motionless, and bareheaded, before the chair of Charlemagne. Charlemagne died in 814. In 1814, one thousand years afterwards, almost to an hour, occurred the fall or moral death of Napoleon. In the course of the same fatal year, the allied sovereigns visited the grave of Charles the Great, when Alexander of Russia mounted his gala uniform, in imitation of Napoleon, while Frederick William of Prussia appeared in an undress, and the Emperor of Austria in a great coat and round hat. The King of Prussia entered into all the details of the coronations of the German Emperors, with the Provost of the Chapter; but the two Emperors observed a profound silence. All these are now as silent as Charlemagne! Napoleon, Josephine, Alexander, Frederick William, and Francis II., are cold in their graves.

I say nothing of the military exploits of Charlemagne, for he has been equaled if not surpassed in this line. But the man, who in 793, conceived and commenced the plan of connecting the Rhine and the Danube, by a canal, an undertaking which he was compelled by circumstances to suspend, and which he never had an opportunity to resume, must have had a mind one thousand years in advance of his contemporaries, and well deserved the honors, which Napoleon, in the plenitude of his glory, felt due to the illustrious dead.

The canal connecting those two great rivers of Europe, was nearly completed at the last accounts. It was to have been opened for navigation in a few days, between Nuremberg, and shortly after, through its whole extent, from the Danube to the Mayn.

Though the completion of this great work has been reserved for modern time, its conception and commencement belong to an age and generation ten centuries distant. In 793 the Emperor Charlemagne formed the purpose of establishing a water communication from one extremity of Europe to another, by means of a canal which should unite the waters of the Rhine with those of the Danube. With this object an army of workmen was assembled, the Emperor himself superintending and directing their labors, and for several months the undertaking was most industriously prosecuted. But sickness breaking out among the laborers, and distant wars demanding Charlemagne's attention, the enterprise was abandoned, only to be resumed after the lapse of more than a thousand years.


A Chapter on Business Signs.

If I had space, a volume would hardly do justice to this subject. Half a column must suffice at this time.

Some partnership firms are oddly put together. In Philadelphia a dry goods firm on Second street, bore the euphonious title of *Sheepshanks & Shuffelbottom*. On Front street, the firm of *Schott & Fell* carried on business. As each side of the door bore a partner's name, it became a regular amusement of the boys to read and call out as they passed by, James *Schott*—and Jonathan *Fell*.

A sign which gave the schoolboys another reading exercise was *Speakman & Say*, apothecaries, at the corner of Market and Second streets. To this they gave, as commentators with a favourite author—a new reading, *Speak, Man, and Say*.

At Fairchild's corner, some years ago, Dr. D., one of our most respectable physicians, had on the Main street face, "Dr. D——, around the corner." On the Front street side was another sign, "Dr. D——, up stairs." It was no fault of the boys who passed the corner, if the whole community did not know the contents of these signs.

A German by the name of Brandt, a turner by trade, who lived back of one of our streets, put up his shingle to read thus—"Turning  around the corner. Half the passers by, seem going to his shop! *ai*.

We had a barber on Front street, years ago, as black as the ace of clubs, named *London Porter*, whose sign was placed conspicuously over the

door. There were no coffee houses, hardly, in those days, and it was a constant jest among steamboat characters to send thirsty souls off the boats to London's to wet their whistle. Porter usually told them he could shave them; but if they wished to be half shaved they must go up on the hill.

There is a firm in Hudson, New York, of Ketchum & Cheatham, which the boys read off, Catchem & Cheatem. The friends of the firm, that it might have its true reading, proposed that the Christian name of the parties, Isaac and Uriah, should be added, which was assented to. But the artist, not being able to crowd the whole upon the board, abbreviated the names to their initials, and the sign read—not in bad keeping for business men—"I. Ketchum & U. Cheatham!"

A man, still a resident in this state, named Death, kept a store on Main street, nearly opposite our old friend Jonathan Pancoast. Over the door was the sign, "Rectified Whisky," and directly underneath, the name *Absalom Death*. An old lady from the country, had been in to market with her son, who drove the wagon, and was going up Main street on her way home, when the sign caught her eye—"Stop! Rectified Whisky—Absolute Death. That's a fact, Johnny. Let me get out, there is one honest man in Cincinnati. I want to see what he looks like."

Fourth Ward—Cincinnati.

The public buildings of this ward are six in number. The Ohio Life Insurance and Trust Company, an Engine House, one of the Public School Houses, Disciples' Church, on Third st., and the German Reformed Church, on Second, late the Third Presbyterian Church edifice, and Cincinnati Museum. Dwelling houses, offices, workshops and store houses 1081. Of these four are of stone, of brick 589, and 488 are frames.

Of these buildings there were at the close of the year 1842—

	Stone.	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
	4	413	395	812
Built in 1843,	0	45	14	59
" " 1844,	0	75	44	119
" " 1845,	0	56	35	91
	4	589	488	1081

A very valuable description of buildings have been put up both this year and the last. Blocks of permanent store houses, spacious and convenient, adorn the intersections of Walnut and Front, and Walnut and Second streets. Reser & Co. have put up two fine warerooms at the lower end of Pearl street. Three or four fine new ware rooms and factory buildings have been put up on Columbia or Second street; besides various other scattered improvements in different sections of the ward. This ward is one

of the oldest improved parts of Cincinnati, and is now built up to three-fourths of its capacity. It must eventually become the seat of trade and manufactures to a much larger extent than it even now is.

Massy Herbeson's Escape from Indians.

With the heroine of the following narrative I was well acquainted in 1815. She then resided in Butler county, Pennsylvania, was a woman of great energy of character, nicknamed Bonaparte by the neighbourhood, and able to fight her way through any crowd, male or female. The child with whom she was encumbered at the time, grew to be a man in years; and at the period to which I refer above, sued his mother for a piece of land in the Butler County Court. This created great indignation among the people, and if Judge Lynch had only been present to give impulse to popular feeling the young man would probably have been tarred and feathered. He lost his case, probably as much through popular prejudice as any thing else.

An account of the sufferings of Massy Herbeson and her family, who were taken prisoners by a party of Indians.—Given on oath, before John Wilkins, Esq., one of the Justices of the Peace for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

Massy Herbeson, on her oath, according to law, being taken before John Wilkins, Esq., one of the commonwealth's justices of the peace in and for the county of Allegheny, deposes and saith, that on the 22d day of this instant, she was taken from her own house, within two hundred yards of Reed's block-house, which is called twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh; her husband, being one of the spies, was from home; two of the scouts had lodged with her that night, but had left her house about sunrise, in order to go to the block-house, and had left the door standing wide open. Shortly after the two scouts went away, a number of Indians came into the house, and drew her out of bed by the feet; the two eldest children, who also lay in another bed were drawn out in the same manner; a younger child, about one year old, slept with the deponent. The Indians then scrambled about the articles in the house; whilst they were at this work, the deponent went out of the house and hallooed to the people in the block-house; one of the Indians ran up and stopped her mouth, another ran up with his tomahawk drawn, and a third ran and seized the tomahawk and called her his squaw; the last Indian claimed her as his, and continued by her; about fifteen of the Indians then ran down toward the block-house and fired their guns at the block and store-house, in consequence of which one soldier was killed and another wounded, one having been at the spring, and the other in coming or looking out of the store-house. This deponent telling the Indians there were about forty men in the block-house, and each man had two guns, the Indians went to them that were firing at the block-house, and brought them back. They then began to drive the deponent and her children away; but a boy, about three years old, being unwilling to leave the house, they took it by the heels, and dashed it against the house, then stabbed and scalped it. They then took

the deponent and the two other children to the top of the hill, where they stopped until they tied up the plunder they had got. While they were busy about this, the deponent counted them, and the number amounted to thirty-two, including two white men that were with them, painted like the Indians.

That several of the Indians could speak English, and that she knew three or four of them very well, having often seen them go up and down the Allegheny river; two of them she knew to be Senecas, and two Muncies, who had got their guns mended by her husband about two years ago. That they sent two Indians with her, and the others took their course towards Puckety. That she, the children, and two Indians had not gone above two hundred yards, when the Indians caught two of her uncle's horses, put her and the younger child on one, and one of the Indians and the other child on the other. That the two Indians then took her and the children to the Allegheny river, and took them over in bark canoes, as they could not get the horses to swim the river. After they had crossed the river, the oldest child, a boy of about five years of age, began to mourn for his brother, when one of the Indians tomahawked and scalped him. That they traveled all day very hard, and that night arrived at a large camp covered with bark, which, by appearance, might hold fifty men; that night they took her about three hundred yards from the camp, into a large dark bottom, bound her arms, gave her some bad clothes, and lay down, one on each side of her. That the next morning they took her into a thicket on the hill side, and one remained with her till the middle of the day, while the other went to watch the path, lest some white people should follow them. They then exchanged places during the remainder of the day; she got a piece of dry venison, about the bulk of an egg, that day, and a piece about the same size the day they were marching; that evening, (Wednesday, the 23d) they moved her to a new place, and secured her as the night before: during the day of the 23d, she made several attempts to get the Indian's gun or tomahawk, that was guarding her, and, had she succeeded, she would have put him to death. She was nearly detected in trying to get the tomahawk from his belt.

The next morning (Thursday) one of the Indians went out, as on the day before, to watch the path. The other lay down and fell asleep. When she found he was sleeping, she stole her short gown, handkerchief, a child's frock, and then made her escape;—the sun was then about half an hour high—that she took her course from the Allegheny, in order to deceive the Indians, as they would naturally pursue her that way; that day she travelled along Conoquenessing creek. The next day she altered her course, and, as she believes, fell upon the waters of Pine Creek, which empties into the waters of Allegheny. Thinking this not her best course, she took over some dividing ridges,—lay on a dividing ridge on Friday night, and on Saturday came to Squaw run—continued down the run until an Indian, or some other person, shot a deer; she saw the person about one hundred and fifty yards from her—the deer running and the dog pursuing it, which from the appearance, she supposed to be an Indian dog.

She then altered her course, but again came to the same run, and continued down it until she got so tired that she was obliged to lie down, it

having rained on her all that day and the night before; she lay there that night; it rained constantly; on Sunday morning she proceeded down the run until she came to the Allegheny river, and continued down the river till she came opposite to Carter's house, on the inhabited side, where she made a noise, and James Closier brought her over the river to Carter's house.

Sworn before me, at Pittsburgh, this 28th day of May, 1792,
JOHN WILKINS.

Dr. Bailey.

A letter from Dayton was shown me on Saturday, in which I observe the following flattering notice:

"*Abby Kelley* is here on her way down to your city, with her friend *Foster*. Abby says that Dr. Bailey is an arrant hypocrite, and she means to prove him so. He need not think to soap her down with his deprecatory remarks."

Those who like to see their fellow-beings *rasped down*,—and there is this feature of human nature in most of us—will have rare sport when this lady, who holding to the largest liberty of tongue, gives herself great liberty of speech, makes her curtesy to Cincinnati. I anticipate a crowded house at the Tabernacle.

Progress of Cincinnati.

As late as 1809, Cincinnati was not able to sustain more than one newspaper, and at a period ten years later—1819—there were but three in existence. As late as 1832, we had only fifteen periodicals; three daily, two semi-weekly, seven weekly, one monthly and one quarterly publication. There are now published here twelve daily, fourteen weekly, and fourteen monthly periodicals; besides directories and almanacs of various descriptions. Ten of these dailies issue weeklies, and three of them tri-weeklies also.

Our progress in moral influence otherwise, is equally remarkable. As late as 1811, I believe there was but one house of worship in Cincinnati. As late as 1827, there were but twelve; in 1832, twenty-five. There are now sixty-nine.

This synopsis affords an evidence of rapid and extensive growth, which it may be safely asserted, finds no parallel in any other part of the United States, not to say in the world. It is an epitome of the progress of the great west.

Mind your Business.

Grant Thorburn, in one of his rambling reminiscences, gives the following illustration of a principle which is the foundation of success in business:

"Never leave your shop except on business. Horse, foot, or hurdle races, fishing, fowling and sailing parties will never pay your rent. When you are out on business, hurry back to your shop as soon as possible. Don't stand in the streets, talking politics, news or anything, except may be something wherein your interest is concerned. Forty years ago, when I first commenced tra-

ding, my wife was my storekeeper, my book, my housekeeper, my cook, my everything. One morning returning from the old Fly Market, foot of Maiden Lane, I met at the corner of William and Liberty streets, with a friend. At that time Bonaparte was in the full tide of manslaughter, killing at the rate of half a million per annum; that morning an arrival had brought news of his progress. We stopped probably ten minutes rehearsing the matter. When I got to my store, I inquired of my wife if any one had asked for me. 'Yes,' she replied, 'Mr. C——n called to pay his bill, but wished to see yourself.' That night he cleared for Texas. Thus I lost thirty dollars by standing in the streets, when I might have been in my store. Ever after when a friend wished me to stop in the street, 'Not here,' says I, 'but go to my store, and you may there talk all day if you please.'"

Adopting a White Man.

The chiefs of the Seneca Indians, at a late council, adopted Philip E. Thomas, of Baltimore, a benevolent Friend, a member of the Seneca tribe. After raising to his feet the Quaker gentleman, who was sitting by a table in the council, and laying his hand three times on his shoulder, the chief addressed him as follows in the Indian language:

"By this ceremony we do at this time adopt into the Seneca nation this our friend, Philip E. Thomas, by which he becomes a member of the tribe and a brother of the Swan family, and is entitled to the name of a Seneca Indian, and to all the rights and immunities of the nation. We now give him the name of Sagouan, (Benevolent Giver, or Bountiful,) by which we express our sense of his character, and under which he will hereafter be recognized among us, and we have appointed George Deer to be his cousin."

This must have been an interesting ceremony. I wonder what *Friend Thomas* thought, felt, or said, when he was painted over, the calumet put in his mouth, rings in his nose and ears, and the war club, tomahawk and scalping knife placed in his hands.

Corrections.

It seems almost impossible to correct popular errors, after they have once taken root, and mistaken efforts to do so render the matter worse.

There is a variety of apples well known in our market, which is generally called the *Peenick*, and which others, who desire to give it the correct name, term the *Phenix*, from which appellation they suppose the other corrupted. The apple is an eastern variety like many others, and is named after the *Pennoch* family of Chester county, Pa., who first raised it.

Another vulgarity which I frequently find, even in city advertisements, is *Mashannick potatoes*. This should be *Neshanock*, the name of a creek in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, on whose banks this excellent variety originated.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, NOVEMBER, 1845.

Journal of John G. Jungmann.—No. 2.

"I removed to Bethlehem in 1742, and incorporated myself fully into the church; and having in 1745, married the widowed sister *Bittner*, we were sent to the missionary station at *Faulkner's Swamp*, and took charge of the nursery of Indian children there; were, however, soon recalled to Bethlehem, whence I was sent with *Spangenberg* to *Gnadenhutten* in 1746. Here I was employed building a grist and saw mill, which together with the tavern were placed under my superintendence. In 1751 we opened a school for religious instruction among the Indians, which was productive by the blessing of God of the best effects in bring the savages to a knowledge and reception of the truth. We cleared a sufficiency of land to keep the Indians employed farming; and taught them various mechanical employments. After labouring among these dear people seven years, we were recalled in 1753 to Bethlehem, whence we were sent in 1755 to *Bachgotgock*, one of our Indian stations in New England."

I must condense his narrative at this point, so as to get more rapidly forward. He works with the same spirit and energy, both in his secular and religious employments among the Indians, until the French war in 1757, suspended missionary operations there by carrying off the natives into the army: he returns to Bethlehem, whence the same year he visits *Bachgotgock*. Here he remains a year, when he is relieved and returns to Bethlehem,—is sent to *Christiansbrunn*, Pa., and subsequently made superintendent of the mission at *Wyalusing*, in the same State. I regret that the space, as well as the character of the Advertiser, forbids my copying the whole narrative, which, for its incidents, as well as the ardent and active piety of the writer, which without the least display, runs like a thread through the journal, reminds me continually of the record of Paul's labours in the Acts of the Apostles. In journeyings, fastings, sufferings, and persecutions most abundant, and continually rejoicing in every opportunity of labouring in his master's cause.

After a variety of adventures, in 1770, he is sent out to the Mission among the Indians in Ohio to a station called *Langundodaning*, probably just over the Pennsylvania line. Here the Moravian brethren, *David* and *Senseman*, had been already labouring. Jungmann set out with his wife, who accompanied him in all his jour-

neys; and after traveling twenty days, reached his destination Oct. 28th, 1770. He was now more than four hundred miles from home, a howling wilderness occupying the whole intervening space. The missionary labours here appear to have been eminently successful. "The Indians sang and prayed, day and night without ceasing," he observes in his journal. In 1772, he removes to *Schoenbrunn*, one hundred miles further into the wilderness, where a missionary station had been maintained for several years in great prosperity. "Here," says he, "we were received with much affection."

"We saw with great gratification, our Indian brethren and sisters, industriously raising their huts for winter, and fell to work to rear our own. *Schoenbrunn* was a pretty, prosperous little village, having been founded only four years—having forty houses, besides the huts—three hundred Indian residents, who were all true Martyrs and Disciples of Jesus Christ and his cause;—two hundred acres of land cleared, producing excellent fruits, grains, &c. In the fifth year the unfortunate Indian war broke out—the place given up. After a happy residence of four and a half years, in April, 1776, with heavy hearts, we were compelled to start for *Lichtenau*. A council of consultation determined to give up the Moravian stations, until peace should be restored. We glorified God—sang praises for his manifold blessings and protection. We started for Bethlehem, August 6th, arriving safely on the 19th August. We remained three years with our son John at the Lehigh ferry. July, 1780, we were appointed, with our brothers *Reichel* and *Zeisberger*, to remove back to our dear Indian brethren and sisters in the Ohio stations, which we safely accomplished, July 28, 1781, having no idea of being compelled to leave so shortly again. September 2d, we were visited by a Captain of the Hurons, with six warriors, friendly shaking hands. I was making a red cedar milk bucket, which, fancying, they were determined to have; but I refused on account of its immediate wants. They then examined all my implements, and I explained their use; at which they were very much surprised. They left me in my workshop, and walked into my house—my wife absent—examining every thing there; at last left us in a friendly manner, and went their way on to *Gnadenhutten*. Next morning I received a very gloomy letter from brother

Zeisberger—September 3, 1781—stating that he could not see how matters and things relative to the welfare of our *Missionary* stations would turn out; it appears as if the very air were filled with every evil spirit; our only hope is in our Dear Saviour, and await the upshot. September 3, 1781, in the evening, brother *Ignatius* came running, out of breath, to inform us that our brethren at Gnadenhutten were taken prisoners, and that a similar fate might befall us; of which three runners came to inform us of its contemplation. I repaired at once to the brethren and sisters, to communicate to them, and while there, three riders came by, stopping at my house, and entered it. I started to meet them; found one of them to be the captain who had visited me the day previous, with his sister and a runner. The captain took me by the hand in a friendly manner, seating me beside him. The runner drew a pistol and held it to my breast, at the same time holding a rifle in his left hand. The captain told me he had come to take us, and all we had, under his protection: if we would not resist, he would keep all harmless; but if we resisted him, he would send for his warriors to cut us to pieces, and destroy our effects, to which I replied—"Use your pleasure." In this instance, our Blessed Saviour Jesus was nigh unto us; and instead of fear and dismay, courage and consolation came to our heart's fill, that *not a hair of our heads should perish*. Our interpreter was the captain's sister, who spoke good English. They took our effects, cut open our beds, scattering the feathers to the winds; the rest, they carried to the *canoes*. After clearing the house, they broke open our chests, emptying them. They went to brother *Zeisberger's*; conducted themselves in the same way. We were taken in the *canoes*, with the privilege of several of our brethren to go with us. The night was dreadfully cold—with but little clothing—nearly frozen to death. After coming half way, we were permitted to stop, make a fire, and warm ourselves; then proceeding, in sight of Gnadenhutten, next morning, they examined all our things, searching for silver ware, &c.—found none; detaining us in the cold; and then proceeded into town, marching and singing the war song. We were kept eight days in a small house, where they divided our effects, among themselves. They permitted us to visit brother *Schebosh*; after which we were taken to *Salem*. We now began to feel the calamity which had befallen our three unfortunate missionary stations, which we were compelled to abandon. We reflected, and deeply meditated, whether, perhaps, we had not caused God's just anger to come down upon us. In deep humility we supplicated God's aid, and with compunction acknowledged our manifold sins and transgress-

sions; fell at the feet of our dear Jesus. Here now before separating, we partook of the Holy Sacrament, and leave to each a rejoicing heart. From here we were taken down the *Muskingum*; up the *Walhunding*, partly by land, partly by water; and joined by brother *Joshua* and his comrades in Christ, from *Gagoschin*—passing on to *Walhunding*, carrying the "Minister's Manuscripts;" but they were taken from us, and destroyed. In a few days we removed further; the runners gave me a very wild colt to ride, expecting it to run off and dash out my brains; but their plans failed: It moved off with me as quiet as a lamb. We arrived at Upper Sandusky, one hundred miles from our locations, in an entire dense forest—ten miles from the nearest Indian village; and told, here make your homes, and get along the best way you can. Our consolation was, *Jesus* will not suffer a sparrow to fall to the ground, and *here too*, our God will not desert us. Almost immediately, an Indian trader, hearing of us, came to our succour: he sent us corn, which we parched; and we brought—*first*, a thanks offering to Almighty God, to evince our gratitude, for his great mercy, and the fulfillment of his promises to his followers; showing that—"When need is greatest, God is nearest;" and "Where have ye been in want?" We could truly answer—"Nowhere hast thou withheld thy blessing, dear Saviour." As winter approached, we built huts. Brother David and I built one twelve feet square, with a kitchen and chimney; where we dwelt happy in the Lord.

A Legend of the War of 1812.

The Kentucky troops who bore their share, and more than their share, in the invasion of Canada during our last war with England, had among their numbers, a band of volunteers who rendezvoused at Harrodsburg, Mercer county, and formed the nucleus of the whole corps which gathered from every side, and at every day's march, in their progress towards the river Ohio, fresh accessions of forces. On leaving Harrodsburg, a mile or two out, they passed two pigs fighting, and delayed their march long enough to witness the result. After marching forward, it was observed that the victor pig was following in the route, and at night when they encamped, the animal hunted itself also a shelter and lay by too, for the night. In the morning when they put forward they were accompanied by the pig as on the day before, and thus night and morning in their progress to the river, the animal halted where they rested, and started onwards when they resumed their journey. When they came opposite Cincinnati, to which place they crossed in a ferry boat, the pig, on getting to the water's edge, promptly plunged in, wait-

ing on the other side until the whole *cortege* crossed over, and resumed its post as customary in the flank of the moving column. In this way the animal kept on with the troops until they got to the Lake. It was finally left at Bass Island, near where Perry achieved his great naval victory, for safe keeping until the return of the troops, which were crossing near Malden for the invasion of Canada.

On the whole journey, as the men grew more familiar with their comrade, it became a pet, receiving a full share of the rations issued to the soldiers, and destitute as the troops found themselves at times, of sustenance, no one thought of putting the knife to the throat of their fellow-traveller. What they had was still shared, and if the pig fared at times, as scantily as the rest, it grunted on, and manifested as much patriotism in its own line as the bipeds it accompanied, in theirs.

After the campaign had closed, the troops recrossed the Lake, having left their horses on the American side. As soon as the line was formed, to the great surprise of many, and inspiring a deep interest in all, there was the pig at the right of the line, ready to resume his march with the rest. By this time the winter frosts had set in and the animal suffered greatly on its homeward journey. It made out, however, to reach Maysville, at which point the troops recrossed the Ohio river. There it gave out, and was placed in trusty hands by Governor Shelby; and finally taken to the Gov.'s home, where the animal passed the residue of its days in ease and indolence.

These facts I have from a gentleman who was on the campaign, who says there are more than one hundred persons living who can attest the statement.

The German Vote.

A paragraph in one of our city papers, gives a voting population of Germans in Cincinnati, at between four and five thousand. From different, and indeed, opposite motives, there seems to exist a disposition in the party political and religious presses, to overrate the numbers of both the German population and voters. A single reflection will dissipate hopes on the one and fears on the other side.

The census of 1840, as regards Cincinnati, shews that less than one-third of the population of this city were Germans and their children, three-fourths of the last having been born in the United States. In fact the exact number of Germans by birth, over twenty years, was 3,440. A very large share of these were but a short time, comparatively, in the country; and if they had all become naturalized since, the vote cannot equal that amount. Deduct the odd hundreds

for those under twenty-one; and at least an equal number for those who have resided so long here as to have become one in sympathy with the native born population; and then deduct those who have earned and saved enough here to buy farms for themselves, the great object of their lives with a large number; and add the few who have arrived since, who have been naturalized elsewhere, and the aggregate can hardly exceed two thousand five hundred voters.

Pork Packing.

I learn on undoubted authority, that contracts in the aggregate for between ninety and one hundred thousand hogs, embracing the great mass of that article to arrive here from the Kentucky market, have been already made at four dollars per hundred pounds. Such a state of things before pork cutting up and packing has commenced, is unprecedented, and conflicts with the supposed laws of trade, in the well known disposition of buyer and seller to bargain to the best advantage.

The hogs from Kentucky are always in before those of Ohio or Indiana, the corn crop ripening earlier on the side of Ohio south, than on the northern. I judge the packers, finding pork higher than they like to pay; and the farmers holding off, have concluded to take what will first arrive, in order to make themselves more independent, when those from Ohio and Indiana are brought in. I infer this the more readily as I have not heard of any contracts being made for any but Kentucky hogs.

"Who is Judge Story?"

This distinguished jurist, whose recent death produces a deep sensation throughout the country, was, as is generally known, a professor of law in Harvard University. It was his custom to amuse his class by relating interesting anecdotes, in illustration of principles of law, and few men have ever been more skillful and adroit in the management of this kind of instruction. The writer of this had the pleasure of hearing one of his lectures on a casual visit to Cambridge, in which he stated that the courts of England had awarded a hundred pound note to the person from whom it had been stolen, because the banker who purchased it of the thief, ought to have known from his personal appearance, that he would not be likely to own a note of such value. This rule of law, he thought, would not always operate justly in this country; and in illustration he related, in his inimitable manner, the following anecdote.

"When I came here, to Cambridge," said he, "to occupy the station which I now hold, my friends thought it proper to greet me by a public dinner, which was served up with a good deal of parade in a large room adjoining the post-office; where there was, as is not uncommon on such occasions, a good deal of noise, and a great while continued. I supposed it probable, that there was not a man, woman, or child, in this small village who did not know of this merry-making, and the occasion of it, particularly as I

had occupied a seat upon the Bench in Boston for sixteen years previously, and passed sentences of death and imprisonment on numerous convicts. The bustle and noise of the dinner being over, and having for about two months pursued my avocation as lecturer on law in this place, I had occasion one day to call at the post-office and inquire for letters for *Judge Story*. '*Judge who?*' inquired the post-master. *Judge Story*, I repeated with some emphasis: '*Judge Story, Judge Story!*' reiterated the post-master, '*who is Judge Story. I never heard of him before.*'"

"Not long afterwards," he continued, "it happened, that, on my way to Boston one day on foot, I had occasion to use the sum of fifty dollars, at the intervening village of Cambridgeport, and stepping into the Bank there, I inquired of the Cashier, whether he would pay my check for that amount on a Bank in Boston. He looked somewhat surprised, hesitated, surveyed my person, and stretching himself forward over the counter, looked particularly sharp at my feet. Finding that he did not know me, I gave him my name, when, after a few minutes conversation, as if to assure himself of my identity, he agreed to pay me the money. After he had done so, I asked him why he had hesitated, and particularly why he thought it necessary to take such a searching look at my feet. He said he did not know me, and his object was to satisfy himself whether it was probable, from my personal appearance, that I was good for fifty dollars; and he thought the best evidence would be afforded by the kind of boots I wore, which, unfortunately, on that occasion, were not such as to recommend me to his confidence."

Pioneer History.

The following interesting letter was addressed by Dr. Wm. Goforth, one of the earliest and most able physicians of Cincinnati, to one of his friends at the east.

The *South Bend* settlement or station referred to in the letter, is in the neighbourhood in which Mr. C. A. Schumann has been engaged cultivating the grape. The scite of Fort Miami has been washed away by the encroachments of the Ohio river, a few stones belonging to its chimney alone, being left on the bank. Fort Washington, as is well known, was on that space upon Third street, now occupied by the *Botanico Medical College*, formerly the *Bazaar* of Madame Trollope.

FORT WASHINGTON, N. W. TER.,
Sept. 3d, 1791. }

One of the Indian captives lately died at this place,—His Excellency Gov. St. Clair gave liberty to the rest to bury the corpse according to the custom of their nation: the mode is that the body be wrapped in a shroud, over which they put a blanket, a pair of moccasins on the feet, a seven days rations by the side of the head, with other necessaries. The march from Fort Washington was very solemn; on their arrival at the grave, the corpse was let down, and the relatives immediately retired; an aged matron then descended into the grave, and placed the blanket according

to rule, and fixed the provisions in such manner as she thought would be handy and convenient to her departed friend; casting her eyes about to see if all was right, she found that the deceased was barefoot, and inquired why they had omitted the moccasins? The white person who superintended the whole business informed her that there were no good moccasins in the store, but that by way of amends they had put a sufficiency of leather into the knapsack to make two pairs, at the same time showing her the leather. With this she appeared satisfied, saying that her friend was well acquainted with making them.

The county of Hamilton lies between the two Miami rivers. Just below the mouth of the Little Miami, is a garrison called Fort Miami; at a small distance below this garrison is the town of Columbia. About six miles from Columbia is the town of Cincinnati, which is the county seat of Hamilton, and here is erected *Fort Washington*, the head-quarters of the Federal army. This Fort is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Ohio river; seven miles below this, is a settlement of eighteen or twenty families called South Bend; about seven miles from this also, on the Ohio river is the City of Miami, founded by the Hon. John Cleves Symmes. Twelve miles up the Great Miami is the settlement called Dunlap's Station; and twelve miles up the Little Miami is a settlement called Covault's Station. The number of militia in these places, according to the best accounts I have received, are, at Columbia, two hundred; Cincinnati, one hundred and fifty; South Bend, twenty; City of Miami, eighty; Dunlap's, fifteen, and at Covault's, twenty.

Old Newspapers.

The oldest living newspaper in England is the *Lincoln Mercury*, first published in 1695. The oldest in London is the *St. James Chronicle*, of 1761. The oldest paper in Scotland is the *Edinburgh Evening*, of 1700. The oldest in Ireland, the *Belfast News Letter*, of 1737.

The oldest living paper in America is the *New Hampshire Gazette*. It was established by Daniel Fowle, at Portsmouth, in August, 1757. It was originally printed on half a sheet of foolscap, quarto, as were all the papers of that day; but was soon enlarged to half a sheet of crown folio; and sometimes appeared on a whole sheet of crown. It is now in its 89th year, and is a well conducted paper of good dimensions.

The *New Lisbon Palladium*, after acknowledging the *Pittsburgh Gazette* as the oldest paper in existence, west of the mountains, gives the *Scioto Gazette* as the first paper ever published in Ohio; and the *Ohio Patriot*, established in New Lisbon, in 1808. These, as well as the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, are still in successful operation.

Newspapers were, however, published in Cincinnati before they existed in either Chillicothe or New Lisbon.

The first printing office in Ohio, was in Cincinnati; and established by Wm. Maxwell, who issued, on the 9th November, 1793, *The Centinel of the North Western Territory*, being the first paper published in that territory, or west of Pittsburgh, the *Lexington Gazette* excepted. It bore as a motto, "Open to all parties, but influenced by none." In 1797, Edmund Freeman bought out the office, and issued a paper under the title of the "*Freeman's Journal*." He continued it until 1800, when he removed to Chillicothe. On the 23th May, 1799, Joseph Carpenter issued the first number of the *Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette*. This was continued under various proprietors, until 1809, when it ceased to exist. There were thus three papers published here in succession, during the last century, all of which were established prior to any others in the State of Ohio.

The Last Supper, &c.

There are two interesting figure groups now exhibiting at *Fourth Street Hall*; one representing the Last Supper, the other the Trial of the Saviour. In these two pieces there are nearly forty figures—the size of life. They are modeled in good taste, and with great discrimination of character. In the "*Last Supper*," we have the kind and affectionate John, the bold and forward Peter, and the covetous and faithless Judas, all clearly distinguished and represented. Above all we have the *Great Teacher*, admirably portrayed, the great focus to every observer's eye.

In the "*Trial of the Saviour*," the predominant features of the piece are the human passions in action, as they are in the other, in repose. Besides the Saviour, the prominent figures are Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor, and Caiaphas, the Jewish high priest, both arrayed in their official robes. The other persons are scribes, soldiers, pages, chief priests, &c. They are in their appropriate costumes, attitudes, and employments, which enable the figures to contrast with each other to advantage, as well as to harmonize the general effect of the entire groupe. The whole is a deeply interesting picture, especially to a scripture student.

Indian Mounds.

It is probably not generally known, that a systematic investigation of these mounds has been going on for some months past, in the Scioto Valley, particularly in the neighbourhood of Chillicothe, under the public spirited explorations of two individuals there.

A variety of interesting remains are reward-

ing their labours; and I observe by the last Scioto Gazette, that much light will be shed on the past by what has been already found, although the explorations have as yet reached but a very small portion of these tumuli. Abundant evidence has been already furnished, as more doubtless will yet be, that these mounds were erected by a race different from and superior in civilization to, those expelled from the country by the whites. They were doubtless an agricultural people, and of a denser population than even now fills the Scioto country.

I have seen some of the specimens which have been found in these depositories, and can bear testimony to the skill and ingenuity of the modeling and carving they present. They would do credit to people who work with tools better adapted to their purpose than doubtless were within the reach of the aborigines.

Fifth Ward—Cincinnati.

There are in this ward, public buildings 10; pork and ware houses, dwellings, offices, workshops, mills, &c., 784; of which there are—bricks 590, frames 194.

Of these different buildings there were at the close of the year 1842—

	Brick.	Frame.	Total.
	649	663	1312
Built in 1843,	85	35	120
" " 1844,	125	57	176

I cannot compare the improvements in this ward during the past year, until I reach the seventh and tenth wards, the last having been erected during the past year, out of the 5th and 7th. These three must be compared together with the original two.

In the fifth ward, as reduced to its present size, there are 784 public and private buildings, 590 of which are of brick, and 194 are frames. The buildings of 1845, are 45 bricks, and 10 frames—Total 55. The public buildings are—a District School House, on Ninth street; the Methodist Female Seminary; the Ninth Street Baptist, St. John and Northern Lutheran Church, and the English Lutheran Church, on Ninth; the Methodist Book Room, and an Engine House. The Welsh Church, and College of Dental Surgery, and Academy of Natural Science, all on College street, are erections of 1845.

Four-fifths of this ward is built to its utmost capacity.

Growth of the West.

An ear of Indian corn was handed me last Saturday, as a specimen of the crop raised by Major Wm. Irwin, on his farm three miles out on the Lebanon road. He assures me that hundreds of ears as large, or nearly so, may be found

in what have been gathered from the same field. It is of the large yellow grained sort, is thirteen inches long and has fourteen rows; and has eight hundred and ninety-six grains on the ear. I should like to send it to one of our Atlantic cities, that our friends at the east may have ocular evidence of the growth of the great west. If any gentleman on his way to the east, will be the bearer of it, he may be able to gratify the curiosity this statement is calculated to excite there. It is due to the Buckeye State to let our eastern brethren see some of our products. A sight of this ear of corn will illustrate and explain the rapid growth of Ohio.

Important Improvement.

The application of science to the business pursuits of life has hardly ever been of more signal benefit, than the following statement promises and exhibits. Such men as *Amelung & Tunis*, well known here as fully competent to judge the practical value of this important improvement in putting up beef and pork, can hardly be mistaken on this subject. There is, therefore, no doubt that its operation will effect an entire revolution in the beef and pork packing business. I give the whole article for the benefit of my Cincinnati readers.

Dr. DION. LARDNER and Mr. J. DAVIDSON, of this city, have lately perfected an apparatus for the curing of provisions, and the preservation of woods and other substances, which promises to be of vast importance.

The apparatus is very simple and compact. A cistern to hold the brine or other antiseptic fluid communicating with an air-tight cylinder, into which the meat or other substance is placed, and a common lifting or exhausting pump, which withdraws the brine from the cylinder and returns it to the cistern. This is the whole apparatus—so simple as to never get out of order, and yet astonishing in its operations. It can be made of any size, large enough to carry on the largest operations of our largest provision packers, and small enough for the use of the smallest families, and to occupy little more space than a barrel. To prove the importance of this invention, we will state a few of its actual results.

1st. Meat warm and just killed was put into the cylinder, in the hottest of summer. The animal heat was at once extracted, and the meat cured in a few hours. This was done in the presence of Mr. Amelung, the great packer and curer of St. Louis, who carried the meat so cured to St. Louis in the hottest weather of summer, and it kept as well as meat ordinarily cured in winter.

2d. It is found that the blood is completely drained out of the meat, so that the steeping in hogheads, as in the ordinary process, is not required. By this process the cured provisions acquire very superior qualities, the juices being retained, which, in the ordinary method, are expelled. The weight is increased in proportion to the quantity of fluid infused into the meat.

3. In the presence of Mr. Tunis of Cincinnati, a practical man, pork and hams were placed in

the cylinder. In six hours the former was cured. The hams were left in six hours longer—taken out, tried to the bone, found perfectly cured, and transferred to the smoke house. Mr. Tunis, of the house of James C. Hall & Co., of that place, is now in the city, and can be referred to.

4th. Meat in which were skippers (an insect very difficult to get rid of,) when placed in the cylinder, was freed at once,—as the air was gradually exhausted, the skippers made their way to the surface in search of air, where in a few minutes they perished—remaining fast on the surface of the meat, and not mingling with the brine.

5th. Old hams, black, and spoiled in appearance and taste, were well washed, scraped, and dried, and then subjected to the operation of the apparatus, with sweetened pickle; in a few hours they were taken out and smoked, and in looks and taste it was almost impossible to tell them from new hams.

6th. Some hams that were very far gone after being prepared as in the last case, were placed in the apparatus and impregnated with a weak solution of lime, afterwards taken out and thoroughly washed and dried. They were then placed in the cylinder again, and impregnated with the proper ham pickle, taken out and smoked with the same result as in the last case. They were nearly equal to sound hams.

7th. Western hams, trimmed and cleaned, and subjected to this process, could be distinguished from city cured hams only by the best judges. Lastly, besides a great many other advantages, we may say that with this apparatus, time, weather, and climate, are of no consequence. Any sort of pickle may be used,—spiced, sweetened, weak or strong brine. Meats, fish, fowl, fruit, vegetables, wood, in fact any thing which can be preserved by being impregnated with any fluid, may be effected with this apparatus. The same gentlemen have invented a machine for cutting up carcasses for curing, which is only inferior in importance to the first named. This machine, almost with the speed of thought, will cut an entire carcass into pieces of the proper size and shape for curing, and this without any waste or haggling, and the pieces fall from the cutter down an inclined plane into the cylinder of the curing apparatus. With these two machines it seems to us that the ultimate of economy in time and labour is attained.

The advantages which we have particularized are developed in the application of the invention to pickling and curing. But the application of this apparatus to the curing of wood, especially for ship building and rail-road purposes, is immense. The wood is placed in the cylinder, or tank, and impregnated with a solution of salt, which for all practical purposes, (wear and use excepted,) will render it indestructible.

The proof of this. No one, we believe, has ever seen the stave of an old provision cask, which has been well saturated with brine, decomposed, even when dug out of a manure heap—nor the posts stuck in the ground in salt works where the ground is impregnated with salt. Ships are salted between the planking and lining, but the salt itself does not enter the wood—it is only the moisture or brine from it, and this only partially, while this apparatus will do it effectually. Chemical substances can even be mixed with the brine, which will colour the wood for cabinet makers,—others to render it, in a great measure, incombustible,—others to give it a greater tena-

oily for hoops, &c.—others to give it odour, and, in fine, there is no end to the changes which can thus be produced. Chemistry is rich enough in creations of this kind; to satisfy the most fastidious caprice. If it is desirous to *metalize*, or rather *fossilize* wood, for railways, the process is simply this: The pieces, after having been fitted by the joiner or carpenter for their places, are first cured as before mentioned; the salt fluid withdrawn, and a solution of sulphate of iron is let in from another cistern, which has a separate pipe to the cylinder—it is treated with this fluid as with the former. The wood is again withdrawn, dried, and returned to the cylinder, when a solution of muriate of lime is let in from another vessel, which coming in contact with the sulphate of iron within the wood, decomposes it and forms an insoluble of sulphate of lime or gypsum, within the wood; and the muriate of iron, the other new compound goes about its business. So the wood becomes thoroughly impregnated with stone as hard as a rock, and it is yet as tough as before. The expense of preparing two thousand sleepers, enough for a mile of railway, would not exceed \$300. Some of the first engineers have expressed their confidence in the invention. What an application of it for our Mississippi valley would effect—railways built of light porous wood—the more porous the better—probably may for less than \$1000 per mile, be converted into roads nearly, if not quite as durable as iron—and this cost the patentees calculated upon reducing greatly by an invention of Mr. Davidson, for supporting or sustaining the road upon an entirely new and simple principle, and for which they have applied for a patent.

It is impossible to imagine all that may be accomplished by such an invention. Meat which has to be thrown away in the summer can be saved. In the hottest region of the earth it can be cured, for once in the cylinder it is safe.—Throughout South America and the Southwest, where the skin is stripped from the carcase, and the meat thrown by, as valueless, meat will become an article of export; and in our own "far West," where we can raise enough provisions to supply the world, this invention, with its great saving of time and labour will enable us to fill every market. A gentleman of Cincinnati has, we are informed, secured a license to work under this patent in that city; St. Louis, Missouri; Lafayette, on the Wabash, and Tennessee. And we have no doubt that it will soon be in operation throughout the west. In ship-building, wood preserved in this way will take the precedence of iron, as it will in railroads, from the superior facility of its use, its cheapness and durability. We have not been able to mention half the wonders of this machine; but if any of our readers are curious on the subject, and will call at the store of Messrs. Perry, Mathews & Co., 36 Water street, in this city, they will there see pork which was brought under price in the late warm weather, when the thermometer stood from seventy to seventy-two, and cured on the same day and evening by this apparatus. The pork is there for sale and inspection, and the public can judge for themselves.

We hear the patentees intend to put up a large apparatus for the Kyanizing of wood. No other plan has ever been found effectual; various plans have been proposed and all of them were fully tested, but found too expensive for practical purposes.

The before mentioned machines have been patented by Dr. Lardner and Mr. J. Davidson, of this city, and can be seen in practical operation at the packing yard of the latter, No. 78 Sullivan street, where also licenses to work under the patent are granted.

If a one or a two horse power engine were erected, a great saving of labour would be effected in pumping the brine from the cylinders, turning the cutting machine, and chopping the lard; the steam from the boiler of which would also try up (render) the lard and tallow, and extract the grease from the bones; trimmings and coarse pieces, which cannot be sold. The bones, also, can be disposed of, and thus nothing would be lost. A still greater advantage would result from the slaughter house being attached to the curing and packing establishment, as much of the offal could be turned to account, and the blood, the most valuable of all manures, which here is thrown away, instead of being prepared, as in Paris for the West Indies—as no other manure known will produce the same quantity of sugar canes to an acre—could also be turned to account, and thus make these combined operations very profitable.

The patentees will engage to pay for the meat if it taints or spoils in the curing, provided their directions are followed in the working of the apparatus.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Perry's Victory.

Mackenzie, in his life of Commodore Perry, while describing the battle of Lake Erie, and the horrible carnage on board the Lawrence, relates the following incident. In the hottest of the fight, Yarnall, the first Lieutenant, came to Perry, and told him that the officers in the 1st division, under his command, were all killed or disabled. Yarnall had received a wound in the forehead, and another in the neck; from which the blood flowed profusely over his face and person, while his nose, which had been struck by a splinter, was swollen to a most portentous size. Perry, after expressing some good humoured astonishment at his tragical appearance, sent him the required aid; but soon after he returned with the same complaint of a destruction of his officers, to which he replied—"You must endeavour to make out by yourself: I have no more to furnish you." In addition to other oddities of Yarnall's appearance, some of the hammocks were stuck in the nettings, and the contents of the mattresses, chiefly stuffed with the down of flag tops, or cat tails, were distributed in the air, having much the appearance of falling snow. This substance, lighting on Yarnall's face, and attaching itself to the blood, gave him, as Dr. Parsons described it, the appearance of a huge owl. When he went below, at the close of the action, even the wounded were moved to merriment, by his ludicrous appearance, and one of them exclaimed—"The devil is come for his own."

Inland Water Communication.

A keel boat with emigrants to the lower Ohio, passed our city two or three days since, which left Rochester, N. Y., last month. She came down to Lake Ontario via Genessee river to Lake Erie, via Niagara river and the Welland Canal around the falls; entered the Erie Extension, at Erie, Pa.; thence to Meadville, and down Freer-

Creek and the Allegheny river to Pittsburgh; and thence down the Ohio nearly one thousand miles, to her final landing place. What would the East have thought thirty years ago, if it had been asserted that such a voyage would ever have become practicable?

Piling up of Jokes.

Speaking of wags, says the Picayune, what is more waggish than a dog's tail when he is pleased? Speaking of tails, we always like those that end well—Hogg's, for instance. Speaking of hogs—we saw one of these animals the other day lying in the gutter, and in the opposite one a well dressed man, the first had a ring in his nose, and the latter had a ring on his finger. The man was drunk, the hog was sober. "A hog is known by the company he keeps," thought we; so thought Mr. Parker, and off he went. Speaking of going off, puts us in mind of a gun we once owned; it went off one night, and we haven't seen it since. Speaking of guns reminds us of the "obsolete idea." We had one—a gun, not an obsolete idea—and it burst.

Poetry.

"In the crowd of miscellaneous subjects which occupy the "Advertiser," the muses are elbowed out. I have been tempted to cut the following from an exchange. It bears for authorship the impress, as well as the name of our sweetest poet. I judge it to be Mrs. Welby's latest.

To Harriet.

FROM HER FRIEND, AMELIA.

Accept my flowers: I culled them fresh and fair
This morning, while their leaves with dew were wet,
To deck the braids of thy rich auburn hair,
Fair Harriet!

Thou shouldst not pine for jewels rich and rare,
The sweet and simple flowers become thee best,
Amid thy locks their pure pale blossom wear,
And on thy breast!

The snowy robes of sweet simplicity,
Light floating as the zephyr's breath, were lent
For woman's lovely form, and flowers should be
Her ornament.

Let others deck their brows with diadems,
And glistening pearls, and corals from the sea,
But buds and flowers should be the fragrant gems,
The gems for these!

A Choice of Evils.

In accordance with the prejudices of past ages, rather than the more liberal spirit of modern times, the laws of Mexico deny burial to heretics. The subject came incidentally up in the last Congress, on the question of providing sepulture for those who should be killed in the service of the Republic of this class, when Senor Oliveda, one of the deputies, remarked in debate, "There is one of four things we must allow to these heretics, who die in our cause. We must either eat them; or pickle them and send them out of the country; or throw them into the field; or bury them under the ground. The former is of course impossible; to send them out of the country would be too expensive; throwing them

into field would cause a pestilence; I therefore move, as the easiest and cheapest mode of disposing of them, to allow them a burial place."

Agricultural Prejudices.

At the annual meeting of the Liverpool Agricultural Society, last month, Lord Stanley, who presided on the occasion, in advocating the introduction of iron ploughs to supersede the lumbering wood ploughs in common use, illustrated the prejudices cherished by some farmers by an anecdote. He said a gentleman in the midland counties, who presented one of his farmers with a couple of iron ploughs, and having left the country for two years, returned and was surprised to find not only that the number of iron ploughs was not increased; but that no use was made of those he had given to the tenant. The answer he received on inquiring the cause of this, was, "Why, you—you see we have a notion in this country, that iron ploughs breeds weeds."

In this country, the objection would most likely have been that "iron ploughs" turn wheat into chaff.

Pioneer Church at Columbia.

Some of the first settlers of Ohio were Baptists; accordingly the Duck Creek Church at Columbia, was the first constituted religious society in the Miami region. Columbia was settled in 1788, and a portion of the colonists, Stites Bailey, &c., formed this society. In 1789, Elder Stephen Gano visited this settlement; baptised three persons, of which, with those already referred to, a church was formed. After the lapse of a few years, as the settlement of Columbia decayed, the house of worship was established at Duck Creek; where it still exists, the oldest society of that faith and order in Ohio. The graveyard, a natural mound of exquisite beauty, records the former locality of the church edifice, long since perished from the earth. In the cemetery, the Stites and Goforth families of the original settlers, sleep their calm and dreamless sleep.

I understand an effort is making to resuscitate the original establishment at Columbia, and to erect a new and appropriate house of worship on the site of the pioneer edifice.

Shoal Water.

The following curious story is related by the Concordia Intelligencer, to illustrate the accuracy of the river pilots, and the hard work by which they acquire their knowledge of depths and distances:

"An old pilot on the Arkansas once attracted our attention by pointing out a bed of rock—where we could see nothing. We asked how he had studied the river—'Why, sir, I waded from the Post to Fort Gibson, three summers, and I guess I took pains to touch bottom'—the distance is near six hundred miles—think of that reader!

"His soundings were as follows:—ankle!—half calf!—whole calf!—half knee!—knee!—half thigh!—thigh!—deep thigh was as deep as he ever wished water for the Trident; she ran from that depth down to a bare sprinkling on the bars; at a greater depth than 'by the deep thigh,' the order was usually given, 'head her ashore!'"

Trifles in Verse.

Much has been said, by our city papers, since the appearance of this work, with regard to the portrait which is the frontispiece of the volume, on which subject we take occasion to say a few words.

No such embellishment was at first designed, nor was it, promised in the announcement first made of the proposed work; but while in the course of publication, the artist—a friend of the author—very kindly offered to illustrate the volume with a portrait, which offer was thankfully accepted, and the drawing upon stone prepared from a Daguerreotype by Hawkins. As a *likeness* its fidelity cannot be questioned, while as a work of art the impressions first taken, were, and are still regarded, as highly creditable specimens of Lithography, when is taken into consideration the facts that the art is still in its infancy in the west, and the artist in all respects self-taught. Unfortunately, however, in the anxiety felt that the book should make its appearance duly when promised, the printing was hurried, and many indistinct and imperfect impressions were permitted to go into the binder's hands without examination, of which were most of the copies first published, including the impressions so generally animadverted upon by the editorial fraternity. Thus much of explanation, by way of the *amende honorable*, due to the artist, a modest and deserving young man, whose design upon the stone was pronounced, by judges of Lithographic drawing, as a likeness most striking, and as a work of art in a high degree meritorious and praiseworthy.

Inasmuch, however, as thus far our editors have, as it respects this volume—a Cincinnati production throughout—brought the force of their critical acumen to bear solely upon the frontispiece, it would seem to be a moot-point whether the picture does not in a great measure constitute the book. At least we think the author should feel, as he doubtless does, under much obligations to the artist for having furnished a picture which has, thus far, acted as a scapegoat or safety-valve to all the critical steam and hot water that had otherwise no doubt alighted upon the *contents* of the volume itself.

Journal of John G. Jungmann.—No. 3.

In a short time a letter was received from *Detroit*, requesting us to remove hither; but the roads and weather rendering this impossible, we consulted the brethren and resolved, that brethren David, Heckewelder, Senseman and Edwards, with four Indians should go there: Brother Jung and I were to remain. We heard nothing for four weeks from our brethren, except false reports from wicked men. During this time, two of our number, God thought proper to take

home to himself. One a boy twelve years old, who had a great desire to dwell with his *Dear Saviour*, and died confidently in an acceptance with him; the other a *babe*, a grand-child of *Chief Nettuwathoels*, both of which *I* baptised in the interest and covenant of our blessed Saviour. Brother *Micht, Jung* and *I* preached alternately under the open Heavens; and at night made fire for light and warmth, not having a house large enough. After our *departed brethren* returned from *Detroit*—expecting to remain here—we made arrangements to build a church, boil maple sugar, &c., and formed a station. But again a letter was received from the *Chief Officer* at *Detroit*, who commanded that all the *white* brethren and sisters “must come *there forthwith*.” This was like a clap of thunder to our poor souls. That *we* should be separated from our dear brown brethren of the flock, we could not realize but with heartfelt *misery*. There was no alternative, but to leave them in the hands and blessings of our dear Saviour Jesus Christ.

March, 1782, we entered upon our journey, with our conductor (an officer named *Leslie*), who, having a *noble heart*, strove to alleviate our sufferings, and smooth our rugged path. At our first night's (twenty miles) encampment, we heard news of the murder of our dear brethren at *Gnadenhutten* and *Salem*—our feelings could not be described; but exclaimed—“Thy ways, O God, are not our ways—but *just, as thou disposest*.” We know not our own future destiny, being surrounded by murderers, and with astonishment wondered at our *thus far* preservation, by God's special interposition, in sending those runners to come and force us away, as most assuredly the same fate would have befallen us. On our journey, our sisters suffered extremely from cold; and some of us were occasionally permitted to go ahead—build up a fire to enable them to warm themselves. After we advanced, fifty miles from Lower Sandusky, a deep snow fell. At night, (making arrangements to retire under the open Heavens,) the Almighty, in mercy, sent us an Indian trader named *Rabens*, a very charitable man, who invited us to his house, (half a mile off,) which we thankfully accepted. He nourished us with *Chocolate, &c., &c.*, of which we had not partaken for a long time. Another person, one mile further on (an Indian trader,) took us to his house, and treated us with uncommon hospitality, and kept us until we could possibly pursue our journey. Here the Lord extended his special power towards me again. An Indian woman having had some misunderstanding with one of the whites, mistaking me for the offender—watching my entrance to the *Conductor's Lodge*; raised a tremendous billet of wood to kill me. The conductor catching the

blow, and tearing it from her, saved my life. She proved to be the interpretress, who was present when we were first taken, April 14th, 1782. After three weeks detention, we started again under two new conductors, (sent by the Chief Officer at Detroit,) and arrived in sight of Detroit on my 62d anniversary, at the mouth of a river, which, connecting Lakes Erie, Huron and St. Clair, passes Detroit. This aroused heartfelt joy and great gratitude towards our Almighty God for his parental care, and more especially in reaching Detroit on the 20th April, after a very stormy voyage across the waters, coming very near foundering. We were very kindly received by the commanding officer, who furnished us with shelter, and with his wife visited us twice every day, furnishing us provision. After tarrying three months, a number of our Indian brethren followed us, which caused us to look for a location, which we found (July 20,) thirty miles from Detroit, on *Huron river*. We commenced building huts, cultivating land, and strove to collect our scattered flock of brethren—expecting here to remain in peace and quiet, being twenty miles from any neighbour. Our Indian brethren came in, and so fast—putting up huts and houses, that in two years time, we had a beautiful location and every convenience. A remarkable circumstance befel me, on a very rainy day. Being very thirsty, I took a bucket to a spring under the hill, on the left of which was a two foot thick *Aspen tree* and two and a half foot *Black Oak*; on the right, a deep miry bog. As I was about to return to the house a terrible whirlwind arose, tearing one of the trees into fragments, and casting them all around me; the other tree torn up by the roots, and thrown down aside of me. Stunned with the terrible noise and fright, I fell to the ground; but with wonder rose, and found myself unhurt. Every one who saw and could conjecture my predicament, exclaimed, how wonderfully God protected you. To him be the praise, honour, and glory. In this our beautiful location, skirted on both sides of the *Huron river*, with fine fields and every thing in a very flattering and prosperous condition of 2½ years labour, we were again disturbed by the Chippeways, who sought to drive us away from it. We held consultation for removal back to our dear old location, *Muskingum or Walkundig*. A respite of an additional year being granted, we, during the winter, fell to work in building a *Canoe*, thirty-six feet long and three feet wide, with other arrangements for departing. However, it was determined that, there being few Indian brethren and enough missionaries, some should return to Bethlehem. This fell to my, and brother *Senseman's* lot, we being the oldest. In May, 1785, left our dear brethren at *New Gnadenhutten*, arrived at

Detroit, passed on *Lake Erie* to *Fort Erie*; thence to *Fort Schlosser*; then eight miles by land and eight miles by water to *Niagara*—stopped there sixteen days, (awaiting a boat from *Sohinachedi*, *Lake Ontario*;) passed to *Oswego*, and then on *Onieda Lake* and *Woodcreek*, to *Fort Stanwix*: from thence, one mile by land to *Mohawk river*, to *Schenectady* and *Albany*. From thence, by vessel to *Newbury*, and by land to *Sussex*, *Hope*, *Easton*; and through God's protection and blessing, safely arrived, and were friendly received by Brother *Etwain*, son-in-law *Ebert*, and *Christian Heckenwelder*, (whose brother's daughter we brought along with us.) We arrived safe at Bethlehem, July 8th, 1785—absent from home four and a half years (last visit.) We were now released from *Missionary duties*, and appointed to parish superintendence, as *steward*, and as member of the “*School and Missionary Directory*.” My dear partner through life (after forty-eight years marriage,) the Almighty thought proper to take home to Heaven, aged seventy-two years, November 22d, 1793, (*Ann Margaret Jungmann*.) We had eight children, (four sons and four daughters)—*John*, *Jacob*, *Gottlob* and *Peter*;—*Anna Maria Brooker*, (who died on *Missionary Station* at the *Island of St. Thomas*,) *Mrs. Ebert*, *Elizabeth Gerhardt*, *Susan Schultz*. [*J. G. Jungmann* died at Bethlehem, July 17, 1808, aged eighty-eight years two months twenty-eight days. He died as he lived, solely devoted to the cause of Christ; and his whole soul absorbed in the *Missionary cause* and the *salvation of souls*.]

Original Letter of Gen'l. Wayne.

HEAD QUARTERS,
Greenville, 24th May, 1794. }

SIR,—You are to march to-morrow morning at revellie with the detachment assigned you, taking under your charge and escort all the horses belonging to the Q. M. General's and Contractors's departments, for *Fort Hamilton*. Upon your arrival at that Fort, you are to call on the Q. M. Generals or their agents, and demand an immediate load of flour for all the horses belonging to each department, except those that may be necessary for the transport of forage for the support of those transporting the flour;—of this number *Capt. Benham* and *Mr. Wilson* will be the most competent judges.

You will take every possible precaution to guard against surprise; and if attacked, the sword, bayonet and esponton must be your principal dependence.

You will so regulate your movements as to reach *Fort St. Clair* to-morrow evening, and *Fort Hamilton* early the next day: and in order to facilitate your early arrival at *Hamilton*, you

will take up your line of march from St. Clair as early as you can possibly see your way in the morning; because it will be of very great advantage both to the troops and horses, to be at the end of their march before the intense heat of the day: add to this that it will give you, time to have all the loading prepared and sent up the river, so as to be in perfect readiness to advance from your encampment on this side of the Miami at a very early hour on the morning of the 28th inst., and in time to reach Fort St. Clair the same evening, and this place, or Fort Jefferson, the evening following.

Your detachment will be held responsible for any depredation or plunder of the stores, until the culprit or culprits are discovered.

You will draw one gill of whisky per man for your command, from the acting Qr. Master at this place; but it will be best to reserve it until some time to-morrow,—say 12 o'clock.

Wishing you a safe tour and speedy return,
I remain with respect and esteem,

Your most humble servant,
ANTHONY WAYNE.

Capt. JACOB SLOUGH.

N. B.—Should the contractors refuse to furnish flour, lead with corn, or such other articles as may be furnished by the Q. M. G.

Things in Louisville.

Louisville I find in a condition much more thriving than I anticipated,—and I have only had time to visit the oldest sections of it. The more prosperous parts I understand are yet for me to see. The stores are built of greater width than ours, and the three principal business streets, which are of great length are run parallel with the river Ohio, being between the curb as wide as our widest business streets between the line of the houses; thus is a massive character given to the business of the place. There is a manifest improvement to my eyes in the appearance of the city from what it presented a year or two since. Still there is not that air of freshness and activity which is to me a great charm in the business of Cincinnati. Louisville was a place of heavy commercial operations, when Cincinnati was emerging from its village and town position. In 1826, when I first visited the former place, the greater part of the present business buildings were already in existence. Indeed, if I could trust my recollection, there was as much business done then as since. I recollect at any rate, the impression of astonishment which was fastened on me in contemplating the masses of sugar, coffee, tea, &c., with which the stores appeared filled; and this was at a period when wholesale grocery stores in Cincinnati sold one hundred and fifty to two hundred bags coffee per annum,

and other groceries in a corresponding measure.

There are a great number—too many—coffee houses here. But we of Cincinnati may well be silent on that score. There is a feature in the business of the place, however, from which we are exempt. I allude to lottery offices, of which I have seen several signs. The court house, will be, when finished, a noble building, with the exception of that at Pittsburgh, the best adapted to its purpose of any in the west. The Pittsburgh court house is, in some of its inside arrangements, inferior, however, even to this.

The Bear grass creek empties into the Ohio at the steamboat landing, and as it runs the course of, and for several miles back nearly parallel with the river, forms an admirable safe-harbor for coal and flat boats which require to remain any length of time in port, or are exposed to injury during winter, from ice. It must become the same thing at some future day for steamboats, as the commercial wants of the place on the one hand and its increasing capital on the other, will justify the enterprise, which although involving heavy expense, will fully justify and reimburse it.

Louisville commands the Kentucky business of the interior, until we approach the Lexington and Frankfort regions, of which it divides the trade with Cincinnati. Upper Kentucky deals entirely with our own city.

These hasty notices are all my hurried stay permit me to make. I propose to examine the city fully on my return from Memphis. A delegation of thirty have been appointed from this place, whither the proportion which attends the convention of the 12th will exceed that of ours, which is as one to four of the appointees.

"The Jews in America," and Things in 1845. MR. CIST:

In your paper of October 1, 1845, I see it stated by your correspondent "J.," that "previous to 1816, the Jewish people were not known to have settled in the Mississippi Valley; and for several years subsequent they were considered as a strange sight." I think this statement is inaccurate. When I came to Ohio, about thirty-eight years ago, I had a stage companion from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, a Mr. M., who informed me he was a "Dutch Jew." His home was Cincinnati. He was allied by marriage to an extensive connection there by the name of P—, all Israelites, and, as I understood, largely concerned in trade. Mr. M. stated that he was employed for the concern in a far ranging circuit—from Cincinnati to St. Louis and the lead regions, thence to New Orleans, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and home.

Mr. M. was a singular genius. He was rather

ill on the passage—more inclined to sleep than talk; but would rouse occasionally, and converse intelligently on matters within the range of his observations, which, of course, was not very limited. Our passage through Pennsylvania commenced about November 1st, 1808, and we made it in that very pleasant sort of traveling season called *Indian Summer*. We had a stage full of passengers, constituting a *well assorted* company of nine—one third of whom were ladies. There was enough of variety, of tact, of intelligence, and of *companionableness*, to cause the time to pass quite agreeably during our six day's trip; for just then they had attained such boasted speed of travelling, that, by leaving Philadelphia very early on Monday morning, driving well into each night, and rousing us for onward movement at 2 o'clock, A. M., they brought us into Old Pitt in ample time to view its then somewhat scanty improvements on the succeeding Saturday. Our mountain passages were abundantly rough, and perilous at times; especially on the night we reached Bedford. Our progress that day had been unusually dilatory. We had a shower or two, and were roused occasionally by the intonations of mountain thunder. Before reaching Bedford, we were benighted and beset with thick darkness, in descending a steep, narrow, and dangerous track—so 'twas said—and what seemed worst, the driver manifested alarm, and even fright. Most of our males took to their feet—the Jew and myself remained in the stage with the ladies—and he talked about “Bloody Ruin.” It was said that a small deviation would have tumbled us headlong down some hundred feet; but, thanks to our good horses, we came down perfectly safe.

Such a company, so united for successive days, will commonly seek amusements to “while away time.” With us the chief appliance was to mutual satirizing. Sometimes it might have seemed rather severe; but never ill-humoured. There was a merchant on board, evidently a great braggart, and from a region reputed to contain not a few of the generation of Bobadillians. He was so completely taken down that I pitied and sought to console him, though in conscience I could not much blame his assailants. There was a strapping son of Erin, of Kittaning—rather boisterous in his mirth; but entirely good humoured, in our community. Many sly satirical arrows were shot *towards* him; but they always glanced off—or if they seemed to stick, he never seemed to know it. He would carol away, “And a hunting we will go, go, go, and a drinking we will go!”—so merrily and heartily that the quiet mirth of the satirizers would instantly be overborne, and their arrows broken or scattered like straws. There was an Irish

lady of Pittsburgh, of speech sufficiently *English* to pass without cavil, with tones half kindly, half quizzical, and with readiness of wit and tact, which other wits might delight to call into exercise; but none, in his right wits would choose (*hostilely*) to provoke. I was the sole representative of a certain universal nation. My turn of being attacked was to be expected—and it came. “Is it true that from among your people there came forth a great many notable sharpers?” True—perfectly true—the greatest probably on the face of the whole earth. “Indeed sir, say you so.” How comes it that your people, who claim to be especially intelligent and even moral, should be marked and distinguished by the sending forth of such characters? No difficulty in explaining the matter. “Say you so, sir?—we should like to hear!” Perhaps I had better decline. “But indeed we should like to hear.” And no offence? “Not the least, sir; we urge you to speak freely.” Well, then, my friend, if you will urge the explanation, you shall have it in few words. Our people are intelligent and enterprising; consequently we have not only rascals as well as you; but finished, intelligent and enterprising rascals, who find abundant sphere of action and dupes to plunder among your un-intelligent population. Whether this reply was satisfactory I never heard; but was “put” no more to the “question.” But the Jew. Was the Jew overlooked or forgotten? By no means. But it proved a bootless game. When he was wake enough to know that a shot was aimed at him, he would move—strain his eyes open—smile or rather grin—and—go to sleep again, or seem to. The “archer that shot at a frog” never engaged in more bootless archery than our fun-seekers in their attacks on the Israelite.

But we arrived at Pitt on the afternoon of Saturday, and our little community was dissolved for all time;—yet we did not all separate. The Jew, as one accustomed to the west, took in charge the unpractised Yankee; and he did it in kindness too, I have not the least hesitance in asseverating. Nevertheless, he led me into some troubles. He took me from the stage inn; that was too dear;—so a wheelbarrow man was soon engaged to transport our trunks, and away we trudged in search of cheaper lodgings. Whither away we went I can hardly now divine, for some thirty-four years elapsed before I again saw Old Pitt. But one thing I well remember—it was unconsionably muddy. We found our intended entertainer; but he had been turned out, and was in rather close quarters. We were ushered into a grog-room—rather small—full of customers,—the mud on the floor perhaps not much more than two inches thick—the grog briskly circula-

ting, and the sights, scents, and sounds perhaps not very much inferior to the most finished exhibition of the sort in those diggins, pending the whisky rebellion. We passed on into a small room adjoining, where we were entertained with a view of culinary operations, preparatory for our supper; but these were unfortunate—all being done over a common coal grate, without any crane, was upset, and a child was badly scalded. Our repast was indifferent at best; and was rendered decidedly no better by the screams of the poor child, and multitudinous and the multifarious music in the adjoining apartment. Mr. M. declared this would never do, and we soon adjourned to a private boarding room, where we abode, pleasantly enough till Monday, when we embarked on a keel boat, Capt. Rutherford, commander, bound "low down" the Ohio. We left Pittsburgh, November 7, the water excessively low; and it took some thirty-six hours to reach Beaver—about thirty miles. Mr. M. was out of patience. We bought a skiff; he engaged four young emigrants who were working their passage in the keel (with leave of its owner) to row the skiff to Cincinnati: so away we went, merrily, merrily—but not *overly* rapid. We agreed, for the sake of dispatch, to *float at night*, an undertaking not exactly of the most comfortable kind, in such a craft and in frosty November. I essayed to *rest* in the bow—the rest where they could. M. had a buffalo rug for his comfort; but one of the rowers, a brisk, funny Irishman, seized and encircled himself with it and laid himself down to rest, with great calmness. It was rather amusing to hear the moanings of friend M., exclaiming you *stole me bool's rogue!* Finally, an amicable compromise took place. They shared the "rogue," and soon seemed lost in sound repose—of which thing I had but a very small share; the noise of the ripples and the chills in the air conspiring to invade my incipient slumbers, or prevent their occurrence. I think we floated ashore once. Myself and one of the hands took to rowing; we spied a floating light, and rowed *after* it; 'twas a family boat. They hailed—"which way are you bound?" Down river. "No! you're rowing *up*." Oh no! "Try." 'Twas so. But we went aboard, where they had a good comfortable fire; and there we gladly remained and floated till day—when we took to our skiff again. We progressed tolerably—stopped a little to look at Steubenville, then young; at Charleston (now Wellsburg), more in years, yet a smaller place—with a wonderful row of taverns. We staid one night at Wheeling; M. seemed rather melancholy, exclaiming often, "Oh, I wish I was at *Pisburg*—wish I was at *Pisburg*." Finally he sold us his

interest in our *vessel*; and asked of me a loan of money, which he would pay at M. when he should come down. I handed him what he desired in half eagles. I heard no more of my Jewish friend till the next spring, when, returning to M., from the country, I found he had, in an up river trip, enquired till he met a friend of mine, and left with him the lent money. He called some time after, employed me professionally, and paid handsomely.

I feel great interest in the prosperity of Jacob, and have full faith in their restoration. I know not else how the Scriptures can be fulfilled. Have you read the late discourse of M. M. Noah? He is an Israelite; would to Heaven we could add—"In whom there is no guile." But this discourse from an Israelite is well worth attention. The restoration, we suppose, will be Jewish, not Christian. What will occur after is entirely another question. Is not the way preparing? The Jews, it is fully understood, *expect* to be restored. They are waiting. The Russian Autocrat is said to be expelling them. Palestine, to a great extent, remains vacant. Egypt *may* become a dependency of Britain. A friendly power in Palestine might then be vastly important to her. Turkey is imbecile. France is swallowing the Mahomedan realms of Northern Africa. Turkey, in Europe, may soon become the prey of Austria and Russia. To sustain the balance of power, England (possibly) may seek to hand over Hanover to Prussia, and indemnify herself by serving Egypt, and replanting Palestine. But I pretend to no gift of prophecy; yet the signs of the times are surely of great and singular significance. K.

The Assistant Editor.

With a slight variation of phraseology, the following will apply just now, as well as if it had been "expressly calculated for this meridian."

It chanced during the late summer, that a country editor fell ill of a fever. The fact was announced to his readers, along with a notice to the effect, that during his indisposition the editorial management would be confided to an assistant. Well, it turned out that the assistant contrived to please the readers of the journal better than the chief himself, and they demanded his name. The convalescent editor informed them that it would be impossible for him to divulge the name of his aid-de-camp, but that he would, in the next number of the "*Squatter's Thunderbolt* and *Settler's Family Guide*," present his patrons with a correct portrait of the assistant. Expectation balanced itself on tiptoe for a week, and when the anxiously-looked for "*Guide*" appeared at last, lo! and behold! at the head of the editorial column appeared a full length engraving of a portly pair of *Scissors!* Underneath were printed, in staring capitals—*Korrek Portrait as the 'Sisstant Editor—from reel Life.*

Answering Letters.

The following little paragraph deserves to be written in letters of gold. It should be cut out, framed and hung up in the counting house of the merchant, as well as the office of the mechanic and professional man; or pasted upon the writing desk of every man in the habit of receiving letters, as a silent monitor of one of those minor morals of society which no true gentleman will, thus reminded, ever permit himself to offend against. Viewed in this light, no insult can be greater than that silent neglect, which says that a letter you have written is unworthy the common courtesy of an answer of some description:

Letters.—The Book of Etiquette says "*every letter requires an answer of some kind or other*," and Madame Celwart, who is the oracle of politeness at Paris, says, "It is as proper to reply to a letter which is written to you, as to answer a question that is addressed to you."

Remarkable Incident.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman, from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw and Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of grave aspect, and courteous demeanor. After mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in a most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house, till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return; the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security, till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how was he amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise replied?

"What box?"

"Why, the small box of jewels which I gave you to keep for me."

"My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken; I never, really, saw or heard of such a box."

The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavoured to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern which he put up at, on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland.

He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited on him, and with little ceremony was admitted to the audience.

He briefly stated down his case, and Constantine, "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character, "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence.

Aaron obeyed the summons.

"Have you no recollection of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the Duke.

"Never, my lord," was the reply.

"Strange, indeed. Are you perfectly conscious," turning to the Englishman, "that you gave the box as stated?"

"Quite certain, my lord."

Then addressing himself to the Jew—"This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth; is your wife at home?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then," continued Constantine, "there is a sheet of paper and here is a pen; proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate."

Aaron lifted the pen.

"Now," said this second Solomon, "commence by saying—All is discovered!—There is no resource left but to deliver up the box."

I have owned in the presence of the Grand Duke."

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself exclaimed—

"That is impossible, my lord. That would be directly implicating myself."

"I give my word and honour," said Constantine, "in presence of every one in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet.

Two officers were despatched with it to his house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents,

she swooned and sunk to the ground. The box was delivered up, and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

Botton Holes on Both Sides.

A gentleman in Charleston, who entertained a good deal of company at dinner, had a black as an attendant, who was a native of Africa, and never could be taught to hand things invariably to the *left* hand of the guests at table. At length, his master thought of an infallible expedient to direct him, and as the coats were then worn in Charleston single-breasted, in the present Quaker fashion, he told him always to hand the plate, &c., to the button-hole side. Unfortunately, however, for the poor fellow, on the day after he had received this ingenious lesson, there was amongst the guests at dinner, a foreign gentleman with a double-breasted coat, and he was for awhile completely at a stand. He looked first at one side of the gentleman's coat, then at the other, and finally quite confounded at the outlandish make of the stranger's garment, he cast a despairing look at his master, and exclaiming in a loud voice, "Botton holes at both sides, massa," handed the plate right over the gentleman's head.

Managing a Husband.

This is a branch of female education too much neglected; it ought to be taught with "French Italian, and the use of the globes." To be sure, as Mrs. Glass most sensibly observes, "first catch your hare," and you must also first catch your husband. But we will suppose him caught—and therefore to be roasted, boiled, stewed, or jugged. All these methods of cooking have their matrimonial prototypes. The roasted husband is done to death by the fiery temper, the boiled husband dissolves in the warm water of conjugal tears, the stewed husband becomes ductile by the application of worry, and the jugged husband is fairly subdued by sauce and spice. Women have all a natural genius for having their own way, still the finest talents, like "the finest pisantry in the world," require cultivation. We recommend beginning soon.

When Sir William L—— was setting off on his wedding excursion, while the bride was subsiding from the pellucid lightness of white satin and bonde, into the delicate darkness of the lilac silk travelling dress, the lady's maid rushed into his presence with a torrent, not of tears, but of words. His favourite French valet had put out all the bandboxes that had been previously stored with all feminine ingenuity in the carriage. Of course, on the happiest day of his life, Sir William could not "hint a fault or hesitate dislike," and he therefore ordered the interesting exiles to be replaced. "Very well, Sare William," said the prophetic gentleman's gentleman, "you let yourself be bandboxed now, you'll be bandboxed all your life."

The prediction of this masculine Cassandra of the curling-irons was amply fulfilled. Poor Sir William! One of his guests a gentleman whose wits might have belonged to a Leeds clothier, for they were always wool-gathering, confounded the bridal with one of those annual festivals when people cruelly give you joy of having made one step more to your grave—this said guest, at his wedding, literally wished him many

happy returns of the day! The polite admirer of the bandboxes found, however, one anniversary quite sufficient, without any returns.

The lines which follow are copied from "Trifles in Verse," a collection of Fugitive Poems, by *L. J. Cist*; just published by Robinson & Jones, of this city. The piece here given has never been in print, prior to the appearance of the volume in question:

The Blind Girl to her Sister:

ABSENT FROM HOME.

COME HOME! DEAR SISTER!—Sad and lonely-hearted,

As o'er another ray of light withdrawn—
As for the sunshine of her home departed—

The blind girl sits and weeps, to mourn thee gone!

Gone!—The companion of her mirth and sadness,
The friend and playmate of her childish years;
Life, in thine absence, loseth half its gladness,
And this deep darkness doubly dark appears:
The long, long day is more than night without thee—

Thrice welcome night! for all sweet dreams about thee!

COME HOME! SWEET SISTER!—Ah! how much I miss thee—

All thy kind shielding from life's rude alarms—
From day's first dawn, when erst I sprang to kiss thee,

Till night still found me nestling in thine arms—

My lips may speak not!—but the heart's deep feeling,—

The spirit's sadness, and the low-voiced tone,—
The round full drops, that will not brook concealing,

These tell of one deep grief—I AM ALONE!
Alone!—Without thee, dearest, what to me
Were even life's best gift—the power to see?

COME HOME! DEAR SISTER!—Can the fat-
stranger,

How kind soever, yield thee love like mine?
Can fairest scenes, through which thou ro'ist, a
ranger,

Give to thee joys like those which HOME en-
shrine?

Think how for thee my lonely spirit pineth,
Through the long weary hours, as day by day
Slowly the sun down yonder west declineth,

Whilst thou, my sun of life, art far away!
Thou canst not dream how this full heart is
yearning

For that bless'd day which sees thee home re-
turning!

COME HOME! SWEET SISTER!—Like a dove, all
lonely,

My heart sits brooding in its silent nest;
O'er joys departed!—Come! thy presence only
Can make our home with cloudless sunshine
bless'd!

E'en as the bird, whose gentle mate has perished,
Droopeth, no more to notes of rapture stirred—
So pine I now, amid the scenes we've cherished;

I cannot sing, where, ever once were heard
Our strains commingled, ere thy steps did
roam,—

My song is hushed!—Sister, sweet mate, COME
HOME!

Punning.

As a general thing, there is nothing we more abominate than puns and punsters. It is true that from among the infinity of efforts made by the latter, a good specimen of the former is occasionally produced; as by continued efforts sparks may be sometimes forced to scintillate from a worn-out flint; but these happy hits, coming when they do, amid the dark brood of painful abortions, of which the regular punster is usually delivered, are truly "like angel's visits, few and far between." The best puns, like the happiest similes, are always those which are suggested—not sought for; and such, we think, are the following:

"Why do you use tobacco?" said one gentleman to another. "Because I *chews*," was the prompt and witty reply.

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tones."—"In other words, madam," said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are *lyres*."

Caleb Whiteford, of punning memory, once observing a young lady very earnestly engaged at work, knotting fringe, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whiteford, can you knot. "I can not" answered he.

Sang Froid.

The army of Mayence was attacked at Tofrou, in 1793, by Charett and Bonchamp, and, unable to resist the superior forces of the Vendéans, retreated and lost its artillery. The Republicans were on the point of being destroyed, as their retreat was about to be cut off. Kleber called the Lieut. Col. Schoudardis; "Take (said he) a company of Grenadiers; stop the enemy at that ravine; you will be killed, but your comrades will be saved." "*Oui, mon general*," replied Schoudardis calmly. He marched; held the Vendéans a long time in check; and after prodigies of valour, died with his men on the spot. This "*Oui, mon general*," equals the finest specimens of antiquity.

Squeezing the Hand.

We endorse the following—every word of it. An exchange says:

"It is but lately that we understood the strange constructions that are sometimes put upon a squeeze of the hand. With some it is entirely equivalent to a declaration of love; this is very surprising indeed. We must take hold of a lady's hand like hot potatoes; afraid of giving it a squeeze lest we should burn her fingers. Very fine, truly!—Now it was our ancient custom to squeeze every hand that we got in our clutches, especially a fair one. Is it not a wonder that we have never been sued for a breach of promise? We would not give a rusty nail for one of your cold formal shakes of the hand. Every person who extends one or two fingers for your touch, (as if he were afraid of catching some cutaneous distemper,) should go to school a while to John Quincy Adams. He shakes you with a vengeance; and shakes your body too, unless you

should happen to be as thick as himself. Well, there is nothing like it; it shows a good heart at any rate, and we would rather a man would crush the very bones of our fingers, and shake our shoulder out of joint, than that he should poke our *paw*, as if he were about to come in contact with a bear or hyæna. The ladies may rest assured of this, that a man who will not squeeze their hand when he gets hold of it, does not deserve to have a hand in his possession; and that he has a heart seven hundred and forty-nine times smaller than a grain of mustard seed."

A Brother's Love.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affections of a true-hearted brother towards his gentle and amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows upon himself. He can press her bright lips and fair forehead, and still she is unpolluted—he can watch the blush steal over her features when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempest of the world; as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged or oppressed; as one whose honour is connected with her own; and who durst not see her insulted with impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine—and though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and protection of her brother. Nothing affords man such satisfaction, and nothing entwines a sister so affectionately among his sympathies and interests, as profound reliance on her virtue, and strong convictions of her diffidence and delicacy. As these two latter are far the most delightful qualities of a beautiful female, so are they the strongest spells for enticing away the affections of the other sex. A female without delicacy is a woman without principle; and, as innate and shrinking perception of virtue is a true characteristic of a pure hearted creature, so it is the most infallible union between hearts that truly beat in response to each other. There is more tenderness in the disposition of woman than of man; but the affection of a brother is full of the purest and most generous impulses; it cannot be quenched by aught on earth, and will outlive all selfish and sordid attachments. A deep rooted regard for a gentle creature born of the same parents with ourselves, is certainly one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and were every other feeling of human nature dead, save this, there would still a bright hope remain that the fountain of virtue and principle was not yet sealed.

A Guarded Answer.

In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife was called on to appear as a witness, but could not be found. On the sheriff, asking where he was, a grave elderly gentleman rose up, and with much emphasis said:

"My lord, he's gone."

"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?"

"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman, "but he's dead."

Appleby's the Man.

By the author of the "Little Peddington, Papers."

In Drury Lane Theatre there was, during many years, a man, a character, whose name was Appleby. He was messenger to the establishment, and, besides, did a variety of little odd jobs for the performers. To describe his person would be to do an unkindness to his memory:—"De mortuis—;" and little Appleby has long been sleeping in his little grave. Yet let us endeavour, in a delicate way, to convey to you some notion of what manner of man he was, and this may be done least offensively by negatives. He was not qualified, then, for the adequate representation of Coriolanus—his stature and deportment were against it; nor for that of Lothario—his face was not in its favour; nor for Romeo—his voice did not sound "silver-sweet by night"—nor, indeed, by day either; nor could he have succeeded as Harlequin, for (not his eyebrows, but) his shins being finely arched, they would have endangered his personal comfort as often as he had to risk them in a leap through a brick wall or a dripping pun. But his voice having been, what a late noble orator might have called, his most remarkable "feature," it is necessary to say farther of it, that it possessed considerable charms for those who delight in a compound of a snuffle and a lisp.

At the time when Appleby flourished, there flourished also in the same theatre with him, many persons of high distinction; amongst those were Sheridan, the finest comic dramatist that has ever existed since Congrove and Farquhar; John Kemble, a tragedian as yet unapproached, if not unapproachable; and two others to whom the same remarks will apply—Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan. Now, as Appleby frankly and honestly admitted the importance of those persons to the establishment to which they and he were attached, so was he unscrupulous in asserting his own: and for so long a period had he filled his situation, that, at last, he considered himself an integral part of the theatre, which could no more exist, and he not in it, than a watch perform its functions if one of its wheels were removed. Having said thus much, it will at once be perceived, that of Appleby's mind, the grand characteristic was vanity—not a small, sneaking, timid vanity, which is contemptible, but a vanity bold, boundless, and indomitable, compelling admiration. It was not of his person he was vain, his great soul was above such weakness—but of his abilities. He fancied not only that he could do every thing, but also that he could do every thing better than any body else. This he always thought, and never hesitated to say. Now, as occasions for the declaration of this opinion of himself were constantly occurring, a long phrase for the purpose would have been inconvenient: it would have caused a ruinous waste of time: he compressed his sentiment, therefore, into one short, compact, and most expressive sentence, consisting of only three words:—"Appleby's the Man!"

But in addition to his settled notion that whatever he did was right and best, he would have it believed also that he could do no wrong. He never would admit that he had made a mistake, or had lapsed into negligence. To err might be human, but error was a frailty from which little Appleby always contended that little Appleby was exempt.

But mere description is insufficient to do justice! we must exhibit him in action, and make him speak for himself.

One day, just at the termination of a rehearsal, Wroughton, the stage manager, received a message from Mrs. Siddons. She informed him that she was suddenly taken ill, and that unless she should recover within a few hours, it would be impossible for her to act that evening. She requested, therefore, that, in case of the worst, he would be prepared for some change in the performances; but assured him that she would exert herself to the utmost to render any such change unnecessary.

What was to be done? It was too late to change the play (which was *Macbeth*) altogether: the manager's only resource, therefore, was to be prepared with a substitute for Mrs. Siddons. He wrote a note to Mrs. Powell, acquainting her with the circumstance, and requesting her attendance at the theatre that evening, in case her services should be required.

Appleby, the messenger, was sent for; and, in order to guard against any mistake, the manager was precise in his directions to him.

"Appleby," said Mr. Wroughton, "here is a note to Mrs. Powell; it is of great importance; you must not lose a moment in the delivery of it. And now, observe, if you do not find her at home, you must follow her to wherever she may be, and put the note into her own hands."

"That'll do, sir—note of importance—enough said, sir—Appleby's the man." Appleby's compound of snuffle and lisp, which defies the printer, the reader must supply—if he can.

"Then go; and lose no time."

"Lose time, sir? Beggin' your pardon, sir, Appleby never loses time, sir. I tell you what, Mr. Wroughton, there are some people in this theatre—and some of what I call the big wheels in the machine, too—who do lose time; but beggin' your pardon, sir, for never losing time, Appleby's the man."

"Now, sir," said the manager sharply, "unless you go instantly with that note, I shall send somebody else with it."

"Beggin', your pardon, sir, there is nobody in this theatre can take this note but little Appleby. 'Tisn't a common note, sir—any body can take a common note, sir—but you told me very distinctly that—now beggin' your pardon, sir, for not allowing myself to be interrupted, you did tell me very distinctly that this is a note of great importance; and for delivering a note of great importance, Appleby's the man."

"Then go at once, and make no mistake."

"Now beggin' your pardon, sir, I never made a mistake in my life; and I tell you what, Mr. Wroughton, I'm the only man in the world that can say as much—at least in Drury Lane Theatre, and this theatre is what I call the world in mini'tur, so that it's the same thing. Could make a mistake as well as any body else, if I tried, I dare say; but beggin' your pardon, sir, for never making a mistake, Appleby's the man."

Appleby quitted the presence; and Mr. Wroughton drew up, and despatched to the printer, a notice, which, in case of need, was to be posted at the doors of the theatre, prior to their opening. In the days of Kembles, and Siddonses, and Jordans, ladies and gentleman, did not presume to "condescend" to do that which it was their duty to their employers and the public to do, even though that duty might in-

volve the performance of a second rate part of Shakespeare's;* so the notice ran simply thus:

"Owing to the sudden indisposition of Mrs. Siddons, the indulgence of the public is entreated for Mrs. Powell, who has undertaken the part of Lady Macbeth, at a very short notice."

At the period in question, the entertainments commenced at half-past six, and the doors were opened at half-past five. Long, long before that time, however, the various entrances were besieged by crowds who were anxiously waiting to witness the sublime performance of Kemble and his sister. Mr. Wroughton had taken a hasty dinner, and at five o'clock was again at the theatre. His first question to the stage door keeper was, "Is Mrs. Siddons here?" To this the reply was in the negative.

"Then is Mrs. Powell come, or has she sent any messenger?" inquired the manager.

To this double shotted question, the reply was as before.

"Then send Appleby to me instantly," said he; and he proceeded to his room.

But Appleby was no where to be found. It was ascertained that he had left the theatre, when ordered, with the letter to Mrs. Powell, but had not since been seen. Now Appleby was the Magnus Apollo of a small circle who frequented a public house near the stage door (which was then in Drury Lane;) he was the dictator, the unquestioned and unquestionable authority in all matters theatrical. The most profound secrets of the manager's room, stories of the most private doings of the principal performers, the last night's receipts to a fraction, the plot of the forthcoming, or even of the yet unfinished play, would all be communicated by Appleby to his auditors; and as he enjoyed their implicit reliance upon the correctness of any thing he told them, however improbable or absurd it might be, so did they, when disseminating the information they had received from him, command the belief of their hearers by the unanswering—"I had it from Appleby!" In that scene of his glory was Appleby sought for, but in vain: wonderful to tell he had not been there that day! The time for the opening was drawing near: it was necessary that something should instantly be determined upon. Mr. Wroughton himself went to Mrs. Powell's house, which was in the immediate neighbourhood of the theatre. He was informed by one of her servants that she believed her mistress had not received any note from him, for that only half an hour ago she had set off to visit a sick friend at Hampstead. All hope of her assistance, therefore, was at an end, so that he could not issue the notice he had prepared. What should he do? He was mightily perplexed; so he did what many people, who are quite as wise as he was, do when they find themselves in a scrape—he resolved to trust to the chapter of accidents for getting out of it. Nevertheless, that nothing might be wanting on his part, he went to Mrs. Siddons; he made her acquainted with the difficult position in which the theatre was placed; and that lady though scarcely capable of the exertion of acting, yet undertook to play that night. The evening's performances consisted of nothing more than the tragedy of Macbeth, with Kemble and Siddons in its lead-

ing parts, and the farce of "High Life below Stairs;" yet was the house as crowded as if the classic stage of Drury had presented a cage of wild beasts for the play, and Jim Crow, the elegant and the edifying, for the afterpiece.

Before the conclusion of the play, Mrs. Powell came into the green-room, she confirmed the statement made by her servant, that she had not received Mr. Wroughton's note, and added that Appleby had not been at her house at all on that day. Shortly afterwards it was announced that Appleby had at length made his appearance. The culprit, who exhibited symptoms of having been indulging in potatoes of a stronger kind than water, was forthwith summoned into the manager's room.

The manager, assuming his severest look and sternest tone, thus began:—"Now, sir, what is the reason that—"

"Now, beggin' your pardon, sir, that isn't the point: ther's four hundred and eighty-six pounds in the house, at first account, this blessed night, and who have you to thank for it? I tell you, sir, Appleby's the man."

"None of your foolery, sirrah, but tell me why—"

"Beggin' your pardon, sir; I don't mean to say that Mrs. Siddons is to go for nothing—in all machines there are wheels—big wheels and little wheels—wheels within wheels, as I say. Sometimes the big wheel does the work, sometimes the little wheel. Mrs. Siddons is a wheel, a big wheel—Mr. Kemble is a big wheel—but Appleby also is a wheel, and—now, please, beggin' your pardon, sir, don't interrupt me—I say Appleby's a wheel, though he is but a little wheel. Now, to-night the little wheel has done it. Four hundred and eighty-six pound, first account—Appleby's the man." And Appleby, with an air of importance, drew himself up to his utmost height.

Wroughton, angry as he really was, could scarcely suppress a laugh; and aware of the man's weakness, and perhaps amused by his exhibition of it, he allowed him to make out his case in his own way.

"Appleby, I gave you a note for Mrs. Powell; the fact is you lost it."

"Oh!—now I understand you, sir. You accuse me of losing the note. Beggin' your pardon, sir, I never lost a note in all my life." Here, with an air of triumph, he drew the note from his pocket, and threw it down upon the table. "Now, Mr. Wroughton. I hope you'll confess your un-justice. You accuse me of losing the note, and there it is. No, no, sir; you may think what you please, but beggin' your pardon, rely upon what I tell you—little Appleby's the man."

"Why, this is making the matter worse and worse. Instead of obeying my orders, you have been passing the whole of the afternoon in some public house."

"In course I have, sir," replied Appleby, in a manner the most unconcerned. "In course; and where's the harm of it, when I had nothing else to do?"

"What! when I positively ordered you to deliver that note into Mrs. Powell's own hands!"

"In course you did: you're a perfect gentleman, Mr. Wroughton, and I don't mean to contradict you: but, beggin' your pardon, sir, there was no need to employ 'an Appleby for such a thing as that."

"What do you mean, sirrah?"

* In the bills of the Theatre Royal ——— (the play being Hamlet,) it positively stands recorded of a second rate actor of the present day, that ——— upon which occasion, and for that night only. Mr. ———, will kindly condescend to perform the part of the Ghost."

"I'll tell you what I mean, sir. Any man in this theatre can deliver a note when he is ordered to do so: any *common* messenger can do that; but for knowing when to *deliver* a note, and when *not* to deliver a note, beggin' your pardon, sir, Appleby's the man. Now—now—please, sir, don't interrupt me. Setting the case I had done as you ordered me, what would have been the consequence? First place, Mrs. Powell would have got the note; second place she'd have come to the theatre; third place, you would have put up at all the doors, a notice of change; fourth place, more than eight-eighths of the people would have gone away—taken their money to the Garden, perhaps; * fifth place, you'd have had seventy pound in the house. Now, sir, owing to my not delivering that note, there's four-eighty-six, first account, and who have you to thank for it? Beggin' your pardon, sir, Appleby's the man."

And having satisfied himself, not only that he had done no wrong; but, that on the contrary, he had rendered a considerable service to the theatre, he without waiting for another word from the manager, strutted out of the room.

There was in the theatre a bricklayer, who was constantly retained for the purpose of giving his professional assistance upon any sudden emergency; but as those occasions were not of daily occurrence, he did duty also as a relief to the stage door keeper. This man was a tall, athletic Irishman, named Billy Brown. It had happened that Brown being employed upon some necessary repairs, Appleby had (to use Brown's words), "dropt an insult upon him which he would never forgive." What was the nature of that insult we have never been able to learn: it seems to have been entirely between the parties, for it never was brought to light. The offence, however, must have been heavy; for, the first time after its perpetration that the parties met, (which was in the hall of the theatre,) Brown caught Appleby up in his arms and *actually* threw him behind the fire. From this perilous situation he was instantly released by persons who were present, and all he suffered was some damage to his clothes. But Brown never forgave the insult, nor Appleby the injury; and when they met, as sometimes they could not avoid doing, they always passed each other in silence and with a sullen scowl.

On the morning after Appleby's interview with the manager, Brown was in attendance at the stage door. Appleby came as usual. Greatly to his astonishment, he was saluted with, "Good morning to you, Misthur Appleby." But the value of the salute was considerably diminished in Appleby's estimation, by the sneering tone in which it was uttered: Appleby made no reply, but was passing on, when his progress was prevented by Brown's placing his huge arm across the doorway.

"None of your nonsense, beggin' your pardon, Mr. Brown: I'm Appleby!"

"Then you'll walk out of this, Misthur Appleby: you are discharged."

* Meaning thereby *Convent Garden Theatre*. "You have had a bad house to-night," said some one to Sheridan, who was for many years the box book keeper at Drury Lane Theatre. "Sorry to say, sir, very bad, sir," was that most civil functionary's reply. And with upturned eyes, a pious look, and a hand upon his heart, he added: "But Providence is very kind to us, sir, notwithstanding, sir; thank God it is a great deal worse at the Garden, sir."

"Discharge Appleby! pooh! Let me know who'll discharge Appleby, and I'll soon let them know that Appleby's the man?"

"Then you'll let Misthur Wroughton know it; Misthur Appleby, for it's by his orders; so walk out of this, I tell you."

"I'll see Mr. Wroughton himself," said Appleby, attempting to force a passage under Brown's guard.

"Then you'll see him in the sthrate, for out of this you must go—and quietly, if you please." Brown uttered these words with a malignant grin, at the same time pointing significantly at the fire. The hint was sufficient; the burnt child made no reply, but hastily shuffled out into the street.

Discharged! Appleby discharged! The doom of Drury was pronounced. The thing could not be; it was an invention of his old enemy, Brown, for the purpose of annoying him. Such were the thoughts of Appleby as he paced up and down, outside the stage door, in expectation of the arrival of Mr. Wroughton. At length that gentleman made his appearance.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," said Appleby, taking off his hat, but standing erect and looking the manager full in the face—"beggin' your pardon, sir, I have news that will astonish you: Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and what then?" said Mr. Wroughton, in a tone of indifference.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I'm afraid you don't understand me: I say Appleby's discharged, and you say, 'what then?' Appleby's discharged: Appleby! that's all."

"I have discharged you in consequence of your negligence yesterday. You will be paid the full week's wages, but you will not be wanted here again. You are discharged." Saying this, Mr. Wroughton entered the theatre, leaving Appleby utterly bewildered by this confirmation of his disgrace.

He staggered over to the other side of the way, and looked up at the building from which he was so unnaturally dissevered, as if he expected nothing less than that its fall must ensue.

"Can't go on," at length he muttered; "can't go on, that's very certain; a wheel out of the machine. Poor Drury! I'm sorry for poor old Drury. Appleby out? Can't be! Mr. Wroughton's a wheel—a big wheel, I don't deny it; but Mr. Sheridan's a bigger wheel. Now we'll see what Mr. Sheridan will say to this."

Appleby proceeded directly to the house of the "bigger wheel." Here he was informed that Sheridan was gone down to the House of Commons. Thither he followed him. He found him in one of the committee rooms. He scribbled something upon a piece of paper, which was handed up to Sheridan, who, with evident alarm read the words,—*Don't be frightened, sir, but I have bad news for you.*"

Sheridan hurriedly led the way out of the room. "What in the name of Heaven is the matter," inquired he, "is the theatre on fire, or what?"

"Not exactly that, sir, only beggin' your pardon, the concern can't go on."

"Oh, the old story, I suppose; the performers have struck for arrears of salary."

"No, sir; but the thing will never enter your head, so I'll tell you: Appleby's discharged."

"Well, and is that all? is that why you have dared to disturb me?"

"All!" exclaimed Appleby. Beggin' your pardon, sir, allow me to ask you a question. Suppose I took a wheel out of your watch—a little wheel, we'll say—what would happen?"

"Why, booby the watch would stop."

"That'll do, sir; that's all I want; for getting at once to the rights of things Appleby's the man. Now, Mr. Sheridan, this is why the concern can't go on; a little wheel is taken out of the machine: Appleby's discharged. *That's all.*"

Sheridan, who knew and enjoyed the humour of the man, burst out laughing in spite of his vexation at the interruption. "Who has discharged you?" said he, "and why? I suppose you have done something to deserve it."

"I am discharged out of gratitude, sir. Four hundred and eighty-six pound in the house last night, at first account, letting alone the half-price, and who is to be thanked for it? You know me of old, Mr. Sheridan; so I needn't tell you—Appleby's the man."

Sheridan, having patiently listened to Appleby's story (which he told after his own fashion,) desired him to meet him at the theatre in an hour, promising to intercede in his behalf with Mr. Wroughton.

Appleby, who now considered his reinstatement in office as a settled thing, loitered about the neighbourhood of the House of Commons till Mr. Sheridan came out, and unperceived by him he followed him to the theatre. He entered at the same moment with Sheridan.

"Oh, here you are, Appleby," said Sheridan, who had not till then observed him, "come along with me."

"Good morning to you this time, Mr. Brown," said Appleby, as he strutted past his redoubtable foe.

The result of Sheridan's intercession was, as might have been expected, Appleby's restoration to his place—a severe rebuke, and a fine of ten shillings, for example's sake, being his only punishment. Appleby did not venture down to the hall until he had satisfied himself that all persons who might be there, but chiefly Brown, were informed of his being again in power. He then made his appearance with a handful of letters for delivery. Of the fine and rebuke he said nothing; but, placing himself in the very centre of the hall, he folded his arms across his breast, and looking Brown steadily in the face, cried, "Discharge Appleby!" Then, striking his hat firmly down upon his head, he added, "Appleby's the man!"

But poor Appleby did not long live to enjoy his triumph. In his last moments, a friend was with him, who vainly entreated him to send for a clergyman.

"My good fellow," said the friend, "you wish to enter heaven?"

"As course," replied Appleby, faintly: "wheels—beggin' your par—big wheels—little—"

"Then if that be your wish," resumed the friend—"if you wish to enter heaven, how can you expect it, unless—"

"Leave that to me," said Appleby—"Appleby's the man." And having uttered these, his last words, he turned his head upon his pillow, and expired.

Appleby is no more; but the race of those *qui ne pensent pas petite bierre d'eux memes* is not extinct.

Journal of Rev. David Jones, in 1773.

Communicated by H. G. Jones, Jr., of Livingston, Pa.

Genius.—The Shawanese naturally, are an active, sensible people; in common not so large and well made as the Delawares. They are the most cheerful and merry people I ever saw; all their study seems to be some kind of drollery, consequently both men and women are the greatest laughers I ever met in any nation. At the same time they are the most deceitful that perhaps exist in human shape. They are also very suspicious that white people have some design to enslave them. This made me fare the worse, for they surmised that the white people had sent me as a spy. What the Cretian sage remarked concerning that nation, is true when applied to the Shawanese, viz: "They are always liars, evil beasts," &c. This I found to be a craft among them; if they imagined any thing in their own heart about you, and they could not find out whether it was true or not, they would come and tell you that some one told them such things, and all this cunning is to find out your thoughts about them.

Government.—This people are unacquainted with civil power or authority. Every town has some head men, some of whom are called kings by us; but by what I can learn, this appellation is given to none by the Indians only as they have learned it from us. These head men have no power; nor do they pretend to have any, only to give their advice in councils, especially in war affairs. These are also made use of in conversing with us on any occasion. They have no laws, among them, to redress the oppressed. They are much given to stealing, both from white people and each other. When any one among them steals, the sufferer steals as much from that person, as he judges satisfactory; and I am persuaded that the second thief has the best bargain, for he is not easily satisfied. In case any person kills another, there is nothing said or done; but if the murdered person has a friend, he often kills the murderer in some drunken fit, and 'tis likely intoxicates himself for this purpose, for an Indian has not much resolution without a dram. Mrs. Henry told me that it was not uncommon for women to hang their children, or drown them, and never regard them so much as to bury them afterwards; nor are they guilty of this inhumanity secretly, nor is any thing said on the occasion any more than if a puppy had been drowned. This gentlewoman told me that during her captivity, she has known this to be done, with many other acts of barbarity that could scarcely be imagined. When white captives were brought in, they would run a knife

through between the wrist bones, and passing deer sinews through would tie them up naked in their long house and make all the diversion possible of them; sometimes coming up and taking hold of the captives nose, and to divert themselves and make sport, would cut off the nose. After all diversion was past, they would lead them out and kill them..

Customs.—This nation make considerable lamentation for their dead, if the person is of note. It is common for the survivor to dress good victuals and lay it at the head of the grave for several nights after the person is buried, supposing that the deceased eats it; but in truth if they were to dress a buffalo every night, their hungry dogs could dispose of it, without one morsel for the dead. They have no form of marriage, only the man and woman agree, and make a bargain for so many bucks, that she shall live with him. I think from information, and what I saw, that it may be said they have no more natural affection than the beasts of the field, for no woman marries out of any love she has for the person, the only motive being the reward which he gives her; and if his features are not so agreeable, she regards it not, if he has only enough to give her. There may be some of a different turn; but what I have said will be found true among the general part of them. 'Tis said by those who have been best acquainted with them, that women are purchased by the night, week, month or winter, so that the chief way that women support themselves is by fornication, which is esteemed no crime or shame. Polygamy is not considered a crime, and it is common to have several wives at the same time, and as common to part on the least dislike. It often proves offence enough if a woman prove with child; but this does not often happen, for their women seldom have many children, nor can they, while whoredom is so common. It is probable if they do as they have done only for one century, that there will be few of them on the earth. The whole nation of the Shawanese, according to Mr. Henry's calculation, does not exceed six hundred, including men, women, and children. and I am persuaded from what I saw and heard, that this account is full large enough.

Diversions.—In the winter season they spend a great part of their time in playing cards, and a game something like dice, called *Mamundis*. They have a kind of game, which consists in pulling a greasy thong, by which they gain prizes. They are most indefatigable dancers, i the winter nights: their musical instruments are a keg with a skin stretched over it, and a gourd which has a parcel of grains of corn in it. But all sing as they dance, so that the echo of their

united voices may be heard for near a mile. Fishing and hunting employ the men in summer, and raising corn is the occupation of the women: indeed they are the only drudges; but they have all the profits and riches of the nation, for what the men make in the summer, they give to the women for their winter's lodging. Among the diversions of this people may be reckoned their Mock Devils, three of which I saw myself, and if I had not heard that Mr. Brainerd described such, I should have been more surprised. These they call *manitous*. Not long before my departure, a young Indian came into the house where I lodged, and told me that the *manitous* were coming, and if we did not give them something they would bedaub us with all nastiness. Upon which I looked out and saw them near one hundred yards off. All the Indians knew me, and therefore the *manitous* seeing me, I apprehend intended to scare me. Each had a stick in his hand, and one stooped down by a tree as if he was going to shoot at me; but I could see that he had no gun. Afterwards he came towards me, with all the pranks imaginable, making as hideous noises as he could possibly invent: each made the same noise. Each had false faces of light wood, and all were dressed in bear skins, with the black hair on, so that they had no appearance of any thing human. The foremost one had a great red face, with a huge, long nose, and prodigious large lips, his head above being covered with bear skin. As he came near me, he made a wonderful rattling, with a great dry tortoise shell, having an artificial neck and head, and being filled with grains of corn, and other trinkets. The other two had black faces, resembling the countenance of a bear, with very long chins. They came around me with an abundance of pranks, making a noise nothing like the voice of a man. After some time, I asked them what they wanted; but *manitous* cannot speak. They continued their racket, and at last showed me a pipe, by which I understood they wanted tobacco. Upon the reception of any gift, they make some kind of obeisance and depart, dancing the strangest capers that are possible. In short, their looks, voice and actions, are such that I thought if they had got their samples from beneath, the scene could not be much exceeded. This apparel is used also by their powwowers in their attempts at conjuration.

Religion.—The Shawanese, as well as all other Indians, that I either saw or heard of, say they believe there is a good *manitou* and a bad *manitou*; but they neither worship one nor the other. It is wrong to say they worship the devil, for they give themselves no concern about God or the devil: they have not one thought worthy of

a God. They never in any way acknowledge any mercy or judgment as from God. They look on it that he made the world at first, but have no conception that he has any concern with it as a governor. They never, in any distress, call upon any higher power to help them, neither do they apprehend that he is displeased with any of their actions, for they have no thought that any thing is a sin. It was never known that they have any reproof of conscience for any crime committed; so that it may well be said they are without any kind of religion, good or bad. There is a great deal of noise in the world about natural religion, but I am now fully convinced that there is no such thing existing; for if men had neither tradition nor revelation, they would concern themselves about God, no more than the brutes that perish.

I know some will say that there have been heathen who wrote well concerning God. I know what they have said, and also know that whoever reads Grotius on Revelation, will see how they came by their knowledge; but this will prove nothing, till it is first proved that these persons had no tradition to begin on, and whoever considers that the world was then comparatively young, will see that tradition was not extinct. I could wish that these vain talkers (who call the improvements which men make on revelation, natural religion,) would only go and see the Indians who are least acquainted with us, and I am persuaded they would be convinced of the falsity of their principles, and readily give up the point and acknowledge that if God had not revealed himself to us, we would never have made it our study to concern ourselves about him. Notwithstanding that this is the deplorable case, I am of the opinion that is peopleth might be brought into a civilized state in a short time, if the matter became one of public concern, and authority would interpose.

Literary Notices.

THE ARTIST, MERCHANT, AND STATESMAN, by C. E. LESTER, late U. S. Consul at Genoa, is the title of a new work, the first part of which has just reached here, and which we have looked over with considerable interest. The volume before us is principally devoted to a subject interesting to every American, and especially to Cincinnatians, viz: the early history and later efforts of the first Sculptor of the age, HIRAM POWERS, written by Mr. Lester, from conversations held in his Studio with the Sculptor himself. The following passage we extract, as well on account of its intrinsic interest—being the artist's own narration of his first attempt in modelling a bust from life—as from its deserved mention of one of our most worthy fellow-citizens, whose

well known taste and discrimination in the fine arts, were never more strikingly shown, than in his early discernment and encouragement of the genius of the now world-renowned Sculptor.

After mentioning his introduction to a gentleman engaged in modelling a bust of Gen'l. Jackson, which operation he closely watched, the artist says:

"I determined to make a trial myself, and anticipating that on my first work, occupied as I was in other matters, I should consume much time, I concluded to work in wax instead of clay; and accordingly I procured several pounds of beeswax, and in melting it, stirred in a quantity of colouring matter to render it sufficiently opaque. When it was all prepared, I began a reduced copy of a head of the Venus de' Medici which some Italian plaster-worker had brought to Cincinnati. I had a little apartment in the garret of the clock-factory which I used for a studio. A gentleman to whom I showed this work was so well pleased he desired me to make a bust of his daughter only four years old. This gentleman was Mr. John P. Foote. This head, too, I did in wax, and finished it as I had the other, in the garret of the clock-factory; and I can say, with all honesty, that when I compare it with other busts I have made, that so far as the likeness and finish of it are concerned, I have never surpassed it, nor could I improve it now, if I except some portions of the hair. This was my first order, and I received for it all I asked, which was deemed a very reasonable sum by the child's father, who assured me it would give him pleasure to pay me more if I would consent to receive it. The work was finished in plaster, and my price for it was twenty-four dollars."

The cast thus referred to is still in existence, and should long be preserved—a memento no less of the early talent of the artist, than of the infantile grace and beauty of the fair subject.

Bating a good deal of needless glorification of Mr. C. Edwards Lester, himself, in the dedication, prefatory letter, and other *fillings up* of the book, we commend this little volume to the public, as one with which we have been much pleased, and one which cannot but be interesting to the friends of the great Sculptor, in this city.

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY, by MRS. S. C. HALL:—An Irish novel! and by Mrs. Hall, and it, too, all about—

"The Groves of Blarney, so charming!"

Who would not wish to read it? We have done so, and can honestly advise all the admirers of one of the most graceful and pleasing lady writers of the age to do the same. The characters, without being strikingly new, are natural and well drawn; the plot is simple, and the incidents are of sufficient interest to fix the attention, while Mrs. Hall's charming descriptive powers, and graceful flow of sprightly dialogue, are always such as to please the most determinately not-to-be-pleased reader.

Novelists do not generally make good tale writers, and *vice versa*. JAMES' stories, and those of other novelists, whose efforts that way we have read, were always "lame and impotent conclusions;" and we would not give the poorest of SIMMS' novels for all the tales with which he has bored the public through the *Annals* and *Magazines* of the day. Hence we think that novel writing is not Mrs. Hall's *forte*—her short simple tales, each story a picture, finished and perfect, no matter how short, far excel her more laboured efforts. While we cannot rank the "Groves of Blarney," with "The Old French Drawing Master," "It's only a drop," and fifty others that we could name of her smaller tales, yet we believe the candid reader will agree after its perusal with all we have said of its merits.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, by Miss PICKERING, though not equal in point of merit, we think, to "Nan Darrell," or "The Grumbler," or (our especial favourite of Miss P.'s delightful novels,) "The Grandfather," is yet a story of much interest, and will well repay its readers for the time spent in its perusal. No imaginative writings of the day are more worthy of commendation than the novels of Ellen Pickering.

LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH COMIC WRITERS, by HAZLITT; THE TWINS AND HEART, by M. F. TUPPER, author of the *Crock of Gold*; and LAMB'S SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS, form No. 27 to 30, inclusive, of Wiley & Putnam's excellent "Library of Choice Reading." We have not yet had time to give them a reading, and can only therefore take them upon trust, from the reputation of their respective authors.

Critical Consolation.

Authors, no less than artists, whose works are frequently found fault with by those whom they regard as not peculiarly qualified to play a critical part, are apt to find a fund of consolation in the philosophy of the following:

The celebrated painter, Jarvis, was keenly sensitive to criticism, especially coming from those whom he knew to be unskilled in the rules of his favourite art. Being once told that Judge —, had expressed himself in terms of decided disapprobation of one of his late productions, Jarvis testily exclaimed—"What of that—he's not a judge of painting, he's only Judge of Probate!"

Errors of the Press.

Some little experience in the amusement of proof-reading, both prose and verse, enables us to vouch for the following, as being drawn to the life. There is quite as much of truth as poetry in it. We could parallel Miss Biddy Fudge's

vexations by others, almost as ludicrous, and not less provoking, in our own experience:

AN ERRATUM.—Miss Biddy Fudge, in the History of the Fudges in England, recounting the miseries of authors, says, that—

"Though an angel should write, 'tis devils must print;" and gives the following instance of the havoc made by the printers in one of her effusions:

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring, Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,

Where I talked of the "dew drops from freshly blown roses,"

The nasty things made it "from freshly blown noses."

Here is a soap story, in the manufacture of which, we should say, no small quantity of *lie* was found necessary:

Jim Black, of Beargrass.

Jim Black was one of those persons usually designated "hard customers," and in his case the term applied. A careless fellow that could whip his weight in wild cats, and care no more for a tussle with a bear than a fisticuff with one of his neighbours, for Jim was "cock of the walk" on the head waters of Beargrass. Although he had the good will of most of his neighbours, yet none of the folks in "them diggins" felt inclined to a nearer relationship with him. Of this fact he seemed pretty well satisfied, for he never attempted any flirtation with any of the fair ones of Beargrass. It happened that when Jim had reached twenty-eight years, a new family arrived, in which were "two of the tallest gals you ever did see," as Jim described them. One of them, Nancy, took his eye "tarnation strong," and he concluded to "sit right up to her." Jim had heard that it always took two to make a bargain, but the possibility of a third person coming into a contract never for a moment entered his mind. Things progressed smoothly, and we may say rapidly, for a short time; when Nancy's father took it into his head he ought to have something to say in the matter. This bothered Jim amazingly, and came near a broken bone or two for the old gentleman; but, finally Jim was ordered from the premises, with the request that he would forever keep as far as possible from that plantation. This was a sad go for Jim; but, having a stout heart, he determined to never give it up so, and he set his wits to work to out general the old man. The gal was on his side, and why shouldn't he?—"The track of real genuine love was always crooked," as the poet didn't express it, but as Jim did. Jim laid his plans and waited for an opportunity to carry them into effect. It was not long before he obtained a sight of the fair one, who readily entered into his plot, and as the family were to vacate the cabin on the following Sunday, and be gone the whole day, it was proposed that Jim should spend the day with Nancy, that they might mature their plan for putting the blind upon the old folks.

Sunday came, and according to agreement the family left home to visit a neighbour, and Jim left home to visit Nancy. The day passed off as days will under like circumstances, until near sundown. It occurred to Nancy that there could

be no impropriety in just stopping to the door to see if the old folks were coming. "Oh, crackee, Jim, here they come home; hide yourself or the old man will *hide* me. Here, jump into this barrel, quick." "Tarnation?" said Jim, as he soused himself into the barrel. "By golly, Nancy, there's soap in this ere barrel, and it smarts like creation." "Well it does hoss, but you must do it, they are right here, so keep still."

Nancy had hardly time to cover over the barrel before the old folks entered the door. All were soon seated about the room, and commenced talking about the way they had passed the day, and when it came Nancy's turn to speak she said, "Well I'd a done very well, I s'pose if it hadn't been for that ugly bear that was trying to take the pigs off."

"What pigs?" asked the old gentleman.

"Why the pigs out on the other side of the cornfield."

No sooner were the words out of her mouth than the old folks and young ones too, except Nancy and Jim, were off to see after the pigs.

"I say, Nance, it's a mighty hot place here," said Jim; "can't a feller come out now?" he asked.

"Well I guess he can Jim; but you must clear out quick, for they will be back right away."

Jim cleared the barrel at one bound.

"If that ain't the hottest place about this house then I give in," said Jim. "But I say Nance, that yarn of yourn about the pigs is full out as slick as that soft soap, and it don't hurt so bad. So good bye; I'm for the Beargrass—gracious how the stuff burns! Good bye, Nance, I'm off—gosh I'm raw all over."

His doings at the creek we must give in his own words:

"Well, in I went—for may be I warn't mad. The water felt mighty cool and comfortable, I tell you. I scrubbed and washed until I got the truck off me, when I began to feel a little better. But if Beargrass didn't run soap suds for a week after that, then I wouldn't tell you so."

Choice Recipes.

IMPROVED COOKERY.—To Make a Match.—

Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can; let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at dinner table; put in a good quantity of wine, and whilst he is soaking, stick in a word or two every now and then about Miss: this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the gills take him out into the drawing room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea; then set them at the piano and blow the flame till the lady sighs: when you hear the gentleman sigh it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at dinner, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care should be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

To COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This remedy never fails.

ANOTHER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell

her she has a small waist—she will lace tighter than ever—her lungs will be compressed—a cough will ensue—neglect follows—consumption attends—and death does not wait long.

He is a rich man, who lives within his income, be it ever so small; he is a poor man, who exceeds it, be it ever so large.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, he would pull his hat over his eyes.

As the gem cannot be polished without friction, so neither can man be perfected without adversity.

Mother, Home, and Heaven, are the three most beautiful words in the English language.

Never marry a woman who keeps a lap dog—for she who can bring her mind down to love so contemptible a thing, can never elevate it to that dignity which man requires.

Some writer very justly compares a coquette to those light wines which every body *tastes*, and nobody *buys*; and another no less strikingly says, "A coquette is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf, while the thorns are left for her future husband."

There is more truth than poetry in the following definition of "independence," taken from an exchange:

"INDEPENDENCE.—Speaking your mind freely where it cannot possibly hurt your interests."

An old maid eyes a single gentleman with the same feelings that we look at a street dog in dog-days, viz: wondering whether he intends to *bite*.

To Young Men.

There is no object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that though unknown he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation, not without a struggle, for that is not virtue; but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but he heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watchword of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist who says, not only in his own heart, but with his lips, "there is no God," controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving council; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength, but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world, like a self-balanced tower; happy he who seeks and gains the prop of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth!—raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken in that cause; never let it be said of thee he helped swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue!—It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength thou! let thy chivalry be roused against error! let the truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.—

Southern Rose

Western Poetry.

Among the many beautiful books which are expected to see the light about the time of the Holidays, is one which will be welcomed by all admirers of flowers and poetry. We allude to "The Floral Year," by Mrs. Anna P. Dinnies, of St. Louis, published by Coleman, New York. As "*Moina*," Mrs. Dinnies, when only fifteen, acquired by her "Wedded Love," and "The Wife's Appeal," an enviable reputation; which the later efforts of her muse have served to confirm. "The Floral Year," is designed to illustrate, by the flowers of poesy, the natural flowers of the various seasons of the year. It will be an acceptable token to every fair lover of flowers—as what fair lady is not?

The Broadway Journal announces as in press, a volume of poems by William Wallace, formerly of Louisville, Ky., who, although for some years past a resident of the Eastern Cities, we still claim as a Western Poet, and therefore announce his work as another volume of Western Poetry. Mr. Wallace is a poet of true genius—possessed of a brilliant imagination, combined with great vigor of thought, and power of expression. We are much pleased to see the announcement of a volume from his pen.

Literary Chat-Chat.

The "*Excelsior*," is announced as the title of a new Literary Journal which is about to be established in the City of New York, to be edited by Charles Fenno Hoffman, the poet and author of "A Winter in the West," and which, as its name indicates, is expected to take high ground in American periodical literature.

It is stated also that Park Benjamin, having removed to Baltimore, is about to take the editorial charge of a new literary paper in that city. Mr. Benjamin is one of the first American poets and critics, and no better guaranty than his sound discrimination and correct taste, as formerly displayed in his management of the "New World," can be desired, as assurance that a paper established under his editorial conduct, must become highly popular and successful.

In the west we have also two or three similar undertakings talked of; all of which are, however, as yet, in a state of embryo, with a single exception. Mr. L. A. Hine, one of the editors of the late "Western Literary Journal," proposes to publish a "*Quarterly Journal and Review*," at the extremely low price of one dollar per annum. If published, we wish Mr. H. better luck than fell to his share in his connection with the Western Literary Journal.

The "*Southern Literary Messenger*," published at Richmond, Va., and one of the most substan-

tial of the monthlies, has published the bans of matrimonial alliance, with W. Gilmore Simms' "Monthly Magazine and Review," a work commenced about a year since at Charleston, S. C.—the union to be consummated at the commencement of the new year. This will give additional force to the "Messenger," already and for some time past, in our opinion, one of the best literary periodicals in the country.

A Nuisance.

Traversing, a few days since, the length of Fourth street, about the middle of the afternoon, we encountered opposite the Second Presbyterian Church, a gang of boys, some ten or a dozen in number, engaged in kicking a foot ball, now in the middle of the street, and now upon the sidewalks, as chance directed the course of the ball, not a little to the annoyance of ladies, and other passers by. The indulgence of the boys of our city in this sport, in the public streets (seldom we believe in so thronged a thoroughfare as is that of Fourth street,) is a nuisance which should not for a moment be tolerated. There are plenty of commons and open lots in which our city juveniles may play, without turning the streets into "camping grounds," to the risk of the shins of either themselves or others, not desirous of partaking in the sport.

Another, and a yet greater nuisance—because of the actual danger to passers by; with which it is attended—is the practice of our boys playing at *Shinny* or *Shindy*, (as it is not in our copy of Webster, we will not stake our reputation upon the orthography of the word,) along the sidewalks. The clubs with which they play it, are generally of stout hickory, and of weight sufficient to knock over a small man, coming in contact with one of them unawares; and the way the young shavers usually swing them around when preparing to strike the ball a blow, with a total recklessness of the possible consequences to those who may be near, is a truly edifying specimen of Republican Independence! Add to this, that the ball used is generally a stone of sufficient size and weight to inflict a pretty serious indentation upon the shins of the luckless passenger who is not quick-sighted and nimble-footed enough to dodge it, in its rapid advance along the pavement to meet him, and we think our objections to this, the present fashionable amusement of our young hopefuls, will be deemed valid and sufficient. We are always pleased at the sight of boys engaged in any proper and harmless play, but really this practice of *Shinnying* stones and brickbats along the crowded sidewalks, which we have been accustomed to regard as devoted to other and very different uses, has become a nuisance which we must protest

against, as indeed "most tolerable and not to be endured." We have frequently heard ladies say lately, that they are afraid to walk the streets on this account; and our wonder is, that the practice is not oftener attended with results of a more serious and fatal character.

A Hint to Mothers.

There are many things which are better left to chance; precaution is sometimes more mischievous than negligence. The late Sir W. C. was one day expected at a large dinner party, at Mr. M.—y's, in Russel square. The worthy baronet's nose, it will be remembered, was, to say the least of it, remarkable. Before the company assembled, Mr. M.— suggested to his lady, that upon this particular occasion, it would be *safer* that little Alfred should *not* (as at other times) be introduced along with the dessert after dinner; for that, the said Alfred, a fine child of seven years old, having a propensity to make observations upon all personal defects or deformities, from a pimple to a bump, from a crooked finger to a cork leg, might possibly say something not altogether agreeable to Sir W. "Leave that to me," said the lady; "I'll contrive it nicely." Accordingly she proceeded to the nursery, and thus addressed the little gentleman,—"Alfred, my dear, we have a gentleman coming to dinner to-day who has a monstrous ugly nose. Now, if you will promise to be a good boy, and *not make any observations on it*, you may come down after dinner, and you shall have an orange. But remember the nose!" Master Alfred acceded to the terms of the treaty, and, in due time, was ushered into the dining room. After the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the young gentleman, finding the reward of his forbearance still in arrears, took advantage of a dead pause in the conversation, and cried out from the further end of the table, "Mamma, it is time *now* for me to have the orange you promised me, if I didn't say anything about that gentleman's monstrous ugly nose."

The Trysting Tree.

From "Real Life, or the Portfolio of a Chronicler."

Journeying one day along a muirland road not far from Stirling, we passed a very fine old tree in a field at a short distance. I remarked its beauty, to which Simon assented, but seemed for a while absorbed in recalling recollections associated with it. At last, he said, pausing and looking back on the tree; 'That sturdy old plant of other years, reminds me of an incident which displayed a striking trait of character of the true old Scottish breed. That is, or was, called the Trysting Tree, and there a country lass had consented to meet her sweetheart one winter night, to arrange matters for the wedding. The night came, cold and foggy, and the girl, true to her appointment, set off silently in the hopes of being back again before she was missed. It soon came on a heavy snow, and snowed all night. The girl was not to be found; and all the roads round being not only impassable but invisible, from the depth of the drift, a whole week passed before any communication was possible with the neighbouring farms, all which time nothing could be heard of her. At length the news reached her lover, who was lost and bewildered in contending feelings of wonder, fear, and jealousy. On inquiry as to the time when his bride had been last

seen, he found it was the night of their assignation and the first of the snow. The Trysting Tree flashed upon his mind, and thither with a sturdy band of volunteer pioneers he bent his course. On reaching the tree they commenced digging all round it, and soon came to a solid hammock. Their spades and shovels were then exchanged for the simple labour of their hands, with which they gathered up and flung out the snow by gowpens, and ere this had been long continued, they succeeded in extricating the very girl, exactly eight days from the time she had been buried. You may guess it was a moment of agonizing perturbation which succeeded the discovery that she was alive!

On coming to the tree and not finding her lover there, she drew her plaid tight round her, and sat down to wait. She conjectured that the cold had made her drowsy, and the snow falling thick upon her, when she awoke she was unable to move, and felt herself as if alive in her grave, and cut off from the living world. Her lover was full of sorrow and of explanations. 'If he had but thought she could have ventured out on such a night, he never would have failed to keep his word,' &c., &c., &c. Every young man's mind will suggest the proper thing to be said on the occasion; but Lizzy, who could scarcely be suspected of bestowing any but cold looks at such a time, took no notice of him whatever. The country people who had accompanied him had a supply of cordials, and he was loud and earnest in enjoining them to 'give her something warm instantly;' and a glass of spirits was offered, which she gravely pushed aside. 'Give me a glass of water,' said she; '*it's a could heart that canna warm a drink to itself*.'

Her Joe was ardent in his addresses, but she repulsed him with endless scorn. 'Whether she ever took a husband or not, I have forgotten, but it is certain she never married him.'

Food for Digestion.

In the following, taken from a Scotch paper, we hardly know which is tougher—the story, or the tripe. If, however, the "sonsie lassie" managed to bolt the *one*, as narrated, our readers, we think, should make no difficulty of swallowing the *other*.

TOUGH TRIPE.—A sort of original character of a servant girl belonging to this neighbourhood, engaged as dairy maid at Craignish, in Argyllshire, last summer, and the first night after going home, as the family had supped on tripe before she could get her work in the byre brought to a close, Kate was told by her mistress that she would find her share in a pot on the fire. Impelled by a pretty sharp appetite, which the fresh air of the Highlands had imparted, Kate approached one of the two pots on the fire, carrying it off into the corner, and then and there commenced an attack on what she conceived to be about a square yard of tripe. She found it darkish in the colour, and about the toughest fabric of human provender which had ever encountered her ivory; but as she was young and blate, and, moreover, had never before tasted tripe, she felt ashamed to reject that of which she had been told all the family had partaken, and, therefore, tore away at it, now using her teeth, now her hands, and at times, breaking it over her knees, till she managed to bolt the whole of it; inwardly ejacu-

lating, "it was mair like the hide, than the inside of any beast ever she saw."

All night her horrid night-mare moans so loudly indicated that Kate's digestive powers were being severely tested, that the guid wife cannily administered a head of the small-still aqua, to master the tripe. It was found next morning, when the household assembled at breakfast, that Kate had taken the wrong pot from the fire, and had swallowed the *dish cloth*, which had been left in the water to wash the dishes! Kate thinking it was a trick, her blood got up, and she seized an old claut, with which she unceremoniously dislocated the shoulder blade of the farmer's oldest son, and shouting as a sort of war-cry, that "naeboddy suld make a ropewalk o' her stomach," let skelp at all and sanctry, and charged them from one room to another, till she fairly put the whole establishment to rout. A reconciliation was ultimately effected, but till the day she left the house, the "brawniest chief" among them dared not mention the word "tripe" in Kate's presence.

A Ridding Genius.

TIMOTHY SLY'S OWN EPISTLE. (NOT THE MASTER'S).—Dear Dick: I copied my school letter to father and mother ten times before one was good enough, and while the teacher is putting the capitals and flourishes in I shall slip this off on the sly. Our examination was yesterday and the table was covered with books and things bound in gilt and silk for prizes, but were all put away again and none of us got none, only they awarded Master Key a new fourpenny bit for his essay on *Locke*, because his friends live next door; and little Coombe got the toothache, so they would not let him try his experiments on vital air, which was very scurvy. It didn't come to my turn, so I did not get a prize; but as the company was to stop to tea I put the cat in the water butt which they clean out in the holidays, and they will be sure to find her: and we were all re-luct with tea, and I did not like to refuse as they might have suspect something. Last night we had a stocking and bolster fight after we went to bed, and I fought a little lad with a big bolster; his name is Bill Barnacle, and I knocked his eye out with a stone in my stocking; but as nobody knows who did it, because we were all in the dark, so I could see no harm in it. Dear Dick, send me directly your Watts's Hymns to show, for I burnt mine and a lump of cobblers wax for the master's chair on breaking up day; and some small shot to pepper the people with my quill gun and eighteen pence in copper to shy at windows as we ride through the village and make it one and ninepence, for there's a good many as I've a spite against and if father wont give it you ask mother and say its for yourself and meet me at the Elephant and Castle and if there's room on the coach you can get up for I want to give you some crackers to let off as soon as we get home while they are all kissing of me your affectionate brother Timothy Sly.

A Strong Verdict.

About the commencement of the present century, a black man, who had lived at the north end of Boston, suddenly disappeared, and it was thought that he had drowned himself. Accordingly diligent search was made, and at the end of two days his body was found in a dock in Charlestown. As is usual in such cases, a jury

was called together; and as the story goes, (which is true for all we know,) they were all men of "colour." After some deliberation, they brought in a verdict as follows: "Dat, going home one berry dark night, he fell from the wharf and was killed; and the tide coming in strong, it floated him over to Charlestown, and he was drowned; dat de wedder being berry cold, he froze to death!" The coroner who was a bit of a wag, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, said "you might as well add, *died in the wool!*"

A Poser.

"An' Caff, will ye be afther tipping us a little bit of a song this cold mornin?" exclaimed a son of the Emerald Isle to a brother of the soble race, a co-labourer in the division and sub-division of wood.

"Golly, massa, I can't sing!"

"Can't sing! An' what's your leg stuck in the middle of yer fur for, like a bird's, if ye can't sing?"

The following was probably written by some old bachelor, who was paying the penalty of his neglect, in early life, to perform "the whole duty of man" to the gentler sex. We have reason to think there is a good deal of truth in his observations on the subject.

Benefits of Matrimony.

I went to one neighbour and solicited a donation for public objects: he replied, "I approve of your object, and would assist you—but you know I have a family, and 'Charity begins at home.'"

I called upon a second: he replied that such as were able ought to be liberal, and that he had every disposition to aid me;—"but," he added, "there are stronger claims than yours, which I am bound to regard—those of my children."

A public charity demanded that a messenger should be sent from the city to a remote country. A person was selected whose talents were well adapted to the mission. He replied that nothing would give him more pleasure, but it was absolutely impossible on account of his family. He was excused.

Two merchants, partners in business failed. At a meeting of the creditors, it was resolved that one should be forthwith released; but the other, because he was a bachelor, might yet, as was his duty, go to work and pay a small dividend.

A public office was about to appoint a secretary. There were, as usual, twenty applicants. In the discussion of the board of directors, the talents of many were set forth; when a member rose, and said that the candidate whom he should propose was a man of moderate capacity, but he was a poor man with a family. He succeeded, and holds the office still.

A mercantile friend wished me to procure a person to fill a responsible station. A gentleman came who seemed well fitted for the office. I asked him how much salary he expected. He replied, smilingly, "I am a married man"—which I understood to be \$1,500 per annum. He has the place. No bachelor would have had over a thousand.

Two criminals were tried for forgery at the Old Bailey, and condemned to death. The King pardoned the one who was married, on account of his wife and children. The other paid the forfeit of his life, because he was a bachelor.

In short would you avoid trouble of many kinds, excite sympathy, procure office, or escape punishment, you have only to get married.

The following admirable *Jeu d'esprit* was written many years since, and published in a London Magazine, during the lifetime of the "Prince of modern Punsters." Alas! for the lovers of genuine humour, that which was then but a jest, (albeit on a *grave* subject,) has since become a sad reality. This epitaph is so much in Hood's own vein, that, but for its subject, we should be tempted to attribute it to his pen.

**AN EPITAPH
PROPOSED FOR THOMAS HOOD,**
Author of "Whims and Oddities."

Reader, who'er you are—
Perchance a youth
That loves the truth—
Drop now a natural tear;
For one who loved it too, is lying here,
He and his lyre are both laid down in sooth;
And oh, ye Artists—ye who draw afar,
Draw near!
Ye bards who merely blow a reed,
Now read a blow
Which funless fate has just decreed:
Hood is below!
Not Admiral, but admirable Hood,
Who wore no sword, but gave us cuts—in wood
As well as verse,
In lines all quaint and terse;
Who made us laugh, and very often cry
"That's good!"
And without trouble
Contrived to make us see each sentence double,
Who turned our ill-used language inside out,
And round about,
And searched it low and high;
Who voyaged on with all his wits unfurled,
And every day discovered a new world,
An island pun far off and dim,
If out of sight, 'twas all the same to him;
And when no new joke met his eye
He turned the old,
Melted them down, or made another mould;
And when at last you thought, "well now he's
done,"
He'd find another pun
Hid in the small and secret cells
Of most impracticable syllables;
Just like a nun!
And when he wished to give us raps,
He'd put his puns, like children, in SMALL CAPS!
To him no dactyl ever came amiss,
And spondee was his bliss.
For every joke a plot was made
That of itself, appeared the work of ages;
And for each pun a plot was laid
That, like a king's, employed a dozen pages.
Thus he pursued his trade:
Yet, ah! with all this weight or worth,
His witty things he very seldom spoke,
And ne'er in private gave away a joke;
But like Mount *Ætna*, frequently sent forth
Volumes of smoke.

Reverence for the Sex.

The subjoined, written by Addison, more than a century ago, is as true as if it had been penned

but yesterday. Our own sentiments precisely, and our own case exactly!

"I have found that men who are really most fond of the society of ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, nay reverence, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment are the favourites. A true respect for women leads to respectful actions towards them, and respect is usually distant action, and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect and want of interest."

Journal of Rev. David Jones in 1773.—No. 2
Communicated by H. G. Jones, Jr., of Leverington, Pa.

At present there is one difficulty that I never thought of till I got there, viz: this people live a vagrant life, remaining for the most part but a short time, in any one place. If they were persuaded and assisted to farm, and learned to read, they would soon be civilized. 'Tis strange to me that nothing has been done by the Provinces bordering on these Indians: but under all these disadvantages, if there was no rum bought among them, I am apprehensive I could have done something. Some have been of the opinion, that the traders prejudiced the Indians against me; but though some of them have not that fear of God which I could wish they had, in their hearts, yet I solemnly think there was not one trader in the nation but assisted me what he could; at least they did me no harm. I have reason to acknowledge both their civility and generosity, when I remember that I was well entertained by Mr. Henry and Mr. Irwine, and when I came away neither would take one farthing for their kindness. At present it is not safe for any person to venture himself among such a lawless company of people as these savages are, that really have no conscience about shedding innocent blood. Some of the traders have said that the Indians only designed to scare me, but I am persuaded this is not the opinion of Mr. Henry or Mr. Irwine, who were the best judges in the case, being present when the Indians sought after me. I would now dismiss the subject of these Indians, only I remember I have said nothing of their apparel. In this respect they are like other Indians, the men wearing shirts, match coats, breech clouts, leggins and moccasins: their ornaments are silver plates on their arms above and below the elbows—rose jewels are also common. They paint their faces and cut the rim of their ears so as to stretch them very large; and their head is dressed in the best mode, with a black silk handkerchief about it. The women wear short shifts, sometimes a calico bed-gown, over their shoulders, which is in place of a petticoat. Their hair is parted and tied behind; they

paint none except in spots: their ears are never cut, but have about ten silver rings in them. One squaw will have five hundred broaches stuck in her shift and leggins. Both men and women are very proud, but of the two the men are the more haughty. 'Tis said that neither men nor women suffer any hair to grow on any part of their body only their head. Some pull out not only their beard but also their eyebrows.

But to return to my travels. Having got a horse, which cost me twenty-five dollars, through the kindness of Mr. Irwine, and being somewhat furnished with provisions for my journey, on Monday, the 8th of February, I parted with my friends, and left Chillicothe about ten o'clock, alone, and passing Pickaweeke I came to Kickapookee, which is situated on a creek that soon empties into the Scioto, the town being about one mile from the river: it is more than twenty miles from Chillicothe, about N. E. and N. For the first eight miles I was not without some apprehensions of being persued; but afterwards I was very little disturbed in mind. At this town I lodged with Mr. Richard Butler, brother to Mr. William Butler, before mentioned: he used me very kindly and prepared some wheat cakes for my journey; and as I had no goods he gave me two pairs of leggins to barter for provisions by the way, for these Indians, as yet, have not the use of money. In the morning my horse could not be found till near twelve o'clock, and by those means I missed some company. However, about one o'clock I passed over the river Scioto in a canoe in company with Mr. Butler, for I could not speak their language, and I did not know what to say to the Indian who kept the ferry. The boy who brought me over was a white captive, and could not speak any English, which made my heart sorry to hear him answer me, *motta keeno toleeh*, that is, I do not understand you. There remains a considerable number of captives in this nation, all of whom were to be delivered up at the conclusion of the last peace: without a doubt, the agent has not done his duty in this point. This day I travelled alone through an excellent land, only there were so many bogs, or as they may be called fresh marshes, that it does not promise equal health to some other parts; but I am persuaded it will be an unparalleled land for stock: this day's journey was twenty-two miles in a northeast course. As I passed the Great Lick I saw the last flock of parrots, for these birds are not fond of extreme cold. I had only a small path, and night came on in this wide wilderness, which was more disagreeable than I can express. However, I arrived safe before nine o'clock at Mr. McCormick's at the Standing Stone, on a creek called Hocking. Here is a town of Delaware Indians,

but as I had no interpreter, I could say nothing to them. The land about this creek is indeed as rich as heart could wish for; but the water is always muddy, occasioned by the intermixture of the soil. Though this creek is narrow and very crooked, yet it soon grows deep enough to carry large canoes, and by these they transmit their peltry to Fort Pitt. Here I overtook Mr. David Duncan, a trader of Shippy's town, who was going to Fort Pitt. Wednesday 10, set out early, for we expected to travel about forty miles before night; our course was more north than northeast. The land was for the most part low and level, consequently when the horses broke through it was very bad road, but the soil was good. Before night we came to a small town known by the name of Dan. Ellet's wife's: here were some Shawanese and some Delawares. We lodged in a negro house, which was vacated for our use this night. This Shawanese is very rich in cattle, horses, and captive negroes. We got plenty of milk, and corn for our horses at a very expensive rate; but Mr. Duncan paid for me here, as well as in the remaining part of my journey while we traveled together. About a mile before we came to this town we crossed a large creek, called Salt Lick creek, which empties into the * Moockingung, on which the chief town of the Delawares is situated. Thursday 11th, set out for a place known by the name of Conner's: we traveled near a northeast course. The land appeared very good, and the distance was not so great as the journey of the preceding day, so that we came to this small town some time before night: it is not situated near any stream as I saw. The land is level and the timber chiefly black oak, so that good wheat might be propuced if the trial were made. Mr. Conner, who is a white man and a native of Maryland, told me he intended to sow wheat this year, and was resolved to proceed to farming at all events. 'Tis probable that he will be as good as his word, for he is a man who seems not to fear God, and it is likely that he does not much fear man. There are some circumstances favourable to him in such attempts, for he and the chief man of this town are in their way married to two sisters. These women were captives among the Indians, and it is likely from their childhood, for they have the actions of Indians; and I cannot tell whether the Indian's wife can speak but very little English. Notwithstanding Mr. Conner is one of the worst swearers that I have met with, yet he was kind and respectful to me. This town is a mixture of Shawanese and Delawares, and dwell in tolerable log houses. Friday 12th, set out for New Comer's town in company with Mr. Duncan: in

* The present Mus ingum.

a few miles we came to a town called the Little Shawanese Woman's Town. This woman is very rich, and as she is the chief person, the town is named after her. It is situated on the west side of the Mooskingung, and consists chiefly of Shawanese. Here we tarried only to warm ourselves and crossed the river in a canoe, our horses swimming by its side. The country now began to be hilly and broken, interspersed with barren plains. We passed Capt. White Eye's Town, but this noted Indian was with my interpreter down the river Ohio, so that I had not the satisfaction of seeing him this visit, though I saw him several times during my first journey. He was the only Indian that I saw in all my travels who had any design of accomplishing any thing future. He told me he intended to be religious and have his children educated. He saw their way of living would not answer much longer—game grew scarce—they could not pretend to live much longer by hunting, but must farm, &c.: but he could not attend to matters of religion just now, for he intended to make a great hunt down the Ohio, and take his skins to Philadelphia himself. This he accomplished, going down the Mississippi and round by the Gulf of Florida. On this occasion I thought of that text of Scripture which says, "One went to his farm, and another to his merchandise," and it may be said the Indian went to his hunting. This was the case last year, and it may be something as important may employ the time this year. Some miles north of White Eye's Town, there is another small town of Delawares: at this we drove our horses into the river and obliged them to swim over, following them in a canoe belonging to the Indians. Thence we traveled over very hilly land, till we came within three miles of New Comer's Town; and from thence to the town is fine level land, covered with black oak and hickory, for the most part. We arrived at the town before night, and found it was a great triennial feast; consequently little could be done, till that expired. From the great town, Chitticothe, to this great metropolis of the Delawares, is about one hundred and thirty miles: the course may be estimated as north-east, though it varies in many places as the path goes.

"Pickled Cockles."

A parrot, the property of a lady, was one day detected by the enraged cook, for the fiftieth time, in the act of larceny, in stealing pickled cockles. The matter was upon him, and she inflicted a summary punishment on the green-headed delinquent. "What! you've been at the pickled cockles again, have you?" said she, hurling a ladle of hot soup at him. The feathers of his head were scalded off, and from being excessively talkative, he became mute, bald and solemn for nearly a year.

At last, the stubs began to peep out on his pate; and the mistress' father came from the country to see her;—the old man was bald. The bird had never seen him before, and was doubtless struck with the coincidence of naked heads; for the moment the old gentleman entered the room, the parrot broke his long silence by vociferating with immense emphasis and glee,—
"What, you've been at the pickled cockles again, have you?"

A Negative Compliment.

One of those individuals, who seem to be peculiar to every house, store, and office, familiarly known as "idlers," "loungers," &c., but more appropriately as "loafers," stepped into a store on Market street the other day, and proceeding to a clerk very busily engaged at the desk, assailed him with a string of interrogatories, something after the following style:

"Young man, is Mr. Ready-money within?"

"No."

"Do you know how long it will be before he returns?"

"No."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"No."

"You know where he lives at, I suppose, don't you?"

"No."

For the information of the reader, be it observed, that each negative had, in due proportion, been delivered with an increased elevation of tone, and the effect of the finisher will be "better imagined than described," as the intruder demanded with some indignation:—

"Is that the way you answer a gentleman?"

"No!"

A clap of thunder was a fool to it, and the loafer was extinguished.

Changes of Fortune.

A Boston paper, published in 1787, illustrates by the following examples in the lives of distinguished Englishmen, the extraordinary changes which a few short years often produce in the condition of individuals;

In 1777, Mr. Hastings received an humble petition from Shaw-Allum, the Great Mogul, for relief against his enemies. In 1787, Mr. Hastings is on his knees before the House of Lords, taken into custody by a servant of the House of Commons, and obliged to give bail to insure his not flying from his country.

In 1777, Mr. Burke was reckoned the best speaker in the House of Commons, and the first formidable opponent of the Ministers. In 1787, Mr. Burke is either coughed down or not attended to, and is formidable only to the opposition that he acts with.

In 1777, Lord North managed the helm of state, and directed all the public affairs of the kingdom. In 1787, we read in a newspaper, that poor Lord North was led out of Westminster Abbey by one of his daughters.

In 1777, Sir ——— was a very smart and active waiter at a public tavern. In 1787, Sir ——— is a nabob, a baronet, and a knight of the shire.

In 1777, one Arnold headed the American troops that retired from Canaan at Saratoga. In 1787, this same Arnold is closeted at St. James', where he and his Majesty are one.

In 1777, Col. Conway, Sir Henry Clinton's

aid-de-camp, offered to fight a duel for the sake of a woman. In 1787, this same gentleman preached a sermon on the following text:—"If any one strike thee on the left cheek, offer him the other."

In 1775, Dr. Prettyman went to the gallery of the House of Commons to hear Mr. Pitt's speech, and was turned out. In 1787, Dr. Prettyman rose in his seat in the House of Lords, in defence of a drayman, while Mr. Pitt stood below the bar to hear him.

Such are the changes that may happen in ten years!

To those who only know the lamented Laman Blanchard, as the wit and humourist—one of the ablest, as he was one of the earliest, contributors to the *Punch* newspaper—the following verses, which breathe of the purest spirit of poetry, will be at once new and acceptable.

Saturday Night.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

The water! the water, who brings?
Run, Lucy, the water, while yet there is light
You can go to the first of the springs;
To-morrow, remember, the Sabbath bell rings,
And this (how the weeks fly!) is Saturday night.

Where's the pitcher? there's water within it—
Not half enough;—here, skim away down the path,

The rogue will be stript in a minute,
His little heart, feel, how it pants to be in it,
And longs, like a frolicksome bird, for the bath.

Now, then, all is ready, and here,
Ah! here is the water, a feast for the sight,
Pour it in till its sparkles appear—
Why the child's very forehead is scarcely more clear,
And his eye, though it glistens, is only as bright.

There's a bath for young beauty! so in,
In, sweet little bather, one splash and its o'er;
We'll sprinkle you just to begin—
There, there, now it's over, he's up to his chin,
And the silver drops down from his gold ringlets pour.

With his wet hand he rubs his wet nose,
And he shuts up his eyelids and lips like a book;
And as down each drop trickling goes,
His flushed cheek resembles a dew-dripping rose,
And his brow seems a lily just snatched from a brook.

Now his other hand dashes away
The drops that are trickling his forehead and chin;
And he opens his eyes in his play,
Like some quaint little water-sprite peering for day,
With glances that seemed to ask how he got in.

But anon comes his time of delight:
The bather begins to breathe after the dip;
Much more is he now like a spirit,
And now will he celebrate Saturday night
With the play of his limbs and the power of his lip.

Just hear how his small voice can shout.
While he sparkles and splashes there, much like a fish;

How he scatters the bright drops about—
How he laughs, and leaps up, and look prankish!
no doubt
He would turn o'er the bath, if he had but his wish!

At last the ablution is done;
The wild little innocent's gambols are o'er—
The dripping limbs dried one by one;
And the mother breathes kisses all over her son,
And thinks he was never so lovely before.

Her arms round her darling she twines,
And his flower-like senses in sleep are up-curl'd;
So he lies—till the Sabbath sun shines,
When, waking, his Saturday dress he reigns,
And puts on the prettiest frock in the world.

May he, when his childhood's resigned,
With its dress, and the rough paths of life are in sight,

As immediately wash from his mind
The dust and the stains of the world—may he find
Before him, a Sabbath of love and delight!

Passing Strange.

"Where will you pass the winter Tom?"
"Upon my soul I do not know;
The times to such a pitch have come,
That nothing *passes* nowhere now."

Philosophy.

A story is told of a love smitten professor in some College, who after conversing awhile with his *Dulcinea* on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded at last with a declaration, and put the emphatic question of—

"Will you have me?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer no."

"Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover, "and now *suppose we change the subject!*"

A Valuable Index.

A gentleman was wading through the index of some law reports the other day, and under the "G.s" he found "Great mind—Mr. Laing," and knowing that his worship was not possessed of a very large body, he was naturally curious to learn something of the dimensions of his mind, and turning to the page referred to, he found the following, "Mr. Laing said he had a great mind to commit John Thomas for the misdemeanor.

Definitions.

RING.—A circular link put through the snouts of swine, and on the fingers of women, to hold them both under subjection.

TINDER.—A thin rag, such as modern female dresses, intended to catch sparks, raise a flame and light a match.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—Cautious mamas, with a dozen frolicksome daughters.

An old maid eyes a single gentleman with the same feelings that we look at a street dog in dog-days, viz: wondering whether he intends to *bite*.

"Variety's the Spice of Life."

Reader whoever you may be, whether a travelled agent, or an exclusive book-worm—whether you have inspected high and low life in London, or seen the cat jump nine ways for Sunday in these diggins, it matters not—you have not seen a rarer curiosity we venture, than the bill which follows, which we copy verbatim, and which was actually paid. Pope, we guess, it was, who said—

"Various the mind of desultory man."

But we poets and philosophers of Florida, are constrained to cry out,

Various the professions—of some folks.

Major ———,	To ———,	Dr.
Oct. 10—To 2,000 Shingles, at \$6 25		\$12 50
" One pair of Shoes - - -		2 50
" By Cash - - -		8 50
" Repairing Coat - - -		1 50
" By Cash - - -		12 00
" Playing the Fiddle one night		10 00
" Jacket and pair Pants for Negro		9 00
" Mending Boots - - -		2 00
" Playing the Fiddle another night		10 00
" Setting four pances Glass - -		1 00
" Sawing a load of wood - - -		1 00
" Scouring Coat - - -		1 75
" Making a thousand Brick - -		4 50
" Painting Dog House - - -		2 50
" Butchering a Beef - - -		4 00
" Pulling six teeth for Negro boy Ike		75
" Curing your gray Horse of colic		5 00
		\$88 50

And then the way the fellow added debts and credits all together, must have been somewhat distressing to the gentleman whose imperative duty it became to "lam up" the gross amount.—*Florida Journal.*

Manners.

It is bad manners for a gentleman to run against a lady in the street, and when he does so, he should gracefully fall back a step or two, take off his hat, make a low bow, and humbly beg her pardon.

It is decidedly bad manners to stare a pretty girl out of countenance. She don't like it. A pretty girl likes to be noticed, feels proud of admiration; but a stupid, vulgar, impudent stare, disgusts her. It is better to look at her when she don't notice you, and to let your eye fall when it meets her's.

It is not considered correct for a lady and gentleman to walk in a fashionable promenade, arm in arm, in the day time, unless they are engaged or married, or one is a stranger in the city, or it is a public day, and the crowded streets require it. It is proper in unfashionable streets, or when you get into the country. At the East, walking arm in arm, in the day time, unless with the exceptions we have made, is considered equal to a publication in the parish church.

It is shocking bad manners not to give a lady the wall when walking with her. When you meet, in general, it is best to turn to the right, as that prevents any confusion, and when the walks are crowded, it is absolutely necessary.

We have decided that it is most distinctly bad manners for a gentleman to offer to shake hands with a lady, with whom he is on terms of but common acquaintance, but that should the lady

offer her hand, she has a right to do so according to the laws of gallantry and chivalry, and in such a case, it is optional with the gentleman to shake, squeeze or kiss it. The prettiest and best behaved girl we ever saw, always sprang forward, and gave us both hands, when we had not seen her for a day or two. She was a bit of a romp, to be sure, but we like such romps.

Juvenile Balls.

The early development of the passions which the present system of education calls forth, cannot be elucidated by any thing so forcible as the following anecdotes:—A Lilliputian in long clothes, throwing herself languishingly upon a sofa, on her return from church, cried lately to her mother, "I really must decline going to church in future, at least we must have our places changed." "Why so, my dear?" asked her astonished parent. "Because there is a person in an adjoining pew who stares at me like a pest, and I do assure you, mamma, I never gave him the slightest encouragement." This incipient coquette had attained the respectable age of seven years. The eldest daughter of a gentleman in Russel square, aged six, received a card which ran thus: "Miss B—— at home at seven, punch at eight, quadrilles." It was for the same evening—rather short notice, to be sure, for a fashionable assemblage. It elicited the following reply, the father being somewhat of our way of thinking in these matters:—"Miss R—— presents her compliments to Miss B——, and regrets to say that she is to be well whipped at seven, and in bed by eight."—*Monthly Magazine.*

New Music.

We have received from Messrs. Peters & Co., the following pieces of new Music, which have just been published by them in a neat and elegant style.

"We'll go to Sea no More," a popular Scotch Ballad, written by J. Haskin: Music arranged by Wm. C. Peters. This little Song, as we have heard it sung, we can commend as a sweet and beautiful Ballad.

"Thou Sweet gliding Kedron," is a Sacred Song and Chorus, the music of which, by John Candy of Louisville, should be (if there be any virtue in a name), a sweet thing.

"Vespers for the Assumption and other Festivals," and "Alma Redemptoris, an Anthem for Advent," from Pleyel, are sacred pieces, adapted more especially for the worship of the Catholic Church, to the members of which they will no doubt be highly acceptable.

"The Departed, written by Park Benjamin, Esq.; composed and arranged as a Duett, and dedicated to Mrs. R. S. Nichols, of this city, by Lewis J. Cist," is the title of a new piece, also published and for sale by Messrs. Peters & Co., East Fourth street. Price 25 cents, nett.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, DECEMBER, 1845.

John S. Wallace.

An incident or two in the pioneer history of John S. Wallace, one of the earliest settlers of Cincinnati, and a resident here until his death, which occurred but a few years since, are worthy of being recorded from the oblivion to which the greater share of the narratives of those days is rapidly hastening.

Mr. Wallace was, with most of the first settlers of Cincinnati, a native of Pennsylvania, and had been engaged in trading voyages on the Ohio, at a date even prior to the first settlement of our city.

On his second visit to Cincinnati, in 1789, he was informed that Capt. Strong's company of regulars, who had been stationed at Fort Washington to protect the infant settlements in Judge Symmes' purchase, were about to abandon the post for want of provisions, supplies from stations higher up the Ohio having given out. Wallace called on the Captain, and suggested to him, that he could probably buy as much corn at Columbia as would furnish bread-stuffs for some time, while he—Wallace—would take the woods with a hunter or two in company and supply the meat rations. The suggestion was well timed as well as judicious, and readily adopted. Strong, accompanied by Capt. Kearsey, rode up to Columbia, applied to Capt. James Flinn, for his corn, which he refused, alleging that when the government paid him for corn which he had supplied at Belleville to the garrison at Fort Harmer, he would furnish more. While they were thus engaged, Luke Foster, still living and now residing in Springfield township, interposed and asked what was the difficulty. The Captain remarked, "Difficulty enough, we are out of provisions below, and will have to retreat on starvation, for we have nothing left for the garrison to eat." Foster thereupon offered to lend them one hundred bushels corn, which he did, getting it back in small parcels the next season. How opportune this offer was may be judged by the fact that the corn in the hands of Flinn and Foster constituted two-thirds of the whole supply of Columbia and Cincinnati.

In the meantime Wallace started to the woods, accompanied by two of the early settlers, Drennan and Dement. Drennan did not understand much of hunting, and Dement had never attempted it, but they were both serviceable in the only department in which they were needed by

Wallace, that is in packing the meat—Indian fashion—on their backs—Dement, especially. They went down the river in a canoe, some ten miles below Cincinnati, on the Kentucky side, where they secreted their craft in the mouth of a small branch, fearing the Indians might be induced to lie in ambush for their return, if it fell under their notice. Here they struck into the woods and secured an abundant supply of buffalo, deer and bear meat, to last the troops, about seventy in number, for six weeks—until provisions should arrive from Pittsburgh.

This supply was of great importance. Without provisions the military station here must have been relinquished, to the prejudice of its speedy re-occupation, and to the necessary discouragement of persons settling at the place, as well as tempting the abandonment of the existing settlements of Cincinnati and Columbia.

Early in January, 1791, Wallace, accompanied Abner Hunt, who was a surveyor, with two other persons, Sloan and Cunningham, on surveys on the west bank of the Great Miami. On the night of the 7th, they encamped there. Next morning after they had been roasting venison, on which they breakfasted, they set out to explore the Miami bottoms above, where the Colerain settlement or station, was located. They had hardly left their camp seventy yards behind, when they were beset by the savages on their rear, who fired a volley of eight or ten guns. Cunningham was killed on the spot. Hunt, having been thrown from his horse, was made a prisoner before he could recover, and Sloan, although shot through his body, kept his seat and made his escape, accompanied by Hunt's loose horse. Two of the Indians pursued Wallace more than a mile and a half, but owing to his uncommon activity he made out to overtake Sloan with the spare horse, which he mounted and succeeded in crossing the Miami in Sloan's company. In his flight on foot, he was twice shot at, but without effect. His leggings had been getting loose, and at the moment of the first shot, he tripped and fell. Supposing him struck by the bullet, the Indians raised a shout, *Wah! hoo!* calculating to a certainty on his scalp; but hastily tying his leggings, he resumed his flight and effected his escape. After crossing the Miami Sloan complained of faintness from his wound, when Wallace advised him to thrust part of his shirt into the bullet hole to stop the flow of

blood. Leaving the river they directed their course to Cincinnati. On traveling six miles or more, they fell into the trace from Dunlap's station, since called Colrain, to Cincinnati. Here they held a consultation, the result of which was, to visit the post, and put the settlers there on their guard. That night it rained, froze and finally snowed six or seven inches in depth. On the 9th they buried the slain man, and returned to the station, which the Indians invested the next day at sunrise—just as the women were milking the cows. Hunt was compelled to ask and urge its surrender, which in the hope of saving his life he did in the most pressing terms, promising that life and property should both be held sacred. Lieutenant *Kingsbury*, who was stationed there with a mere handful of soldiers, promptly rejected all such propositions, telling the Indians that the garrison had despatched a man to Judge *Symmes*, who would soon be up to their help, with the whole settlement at the river. He failed in imposing this upon them, they replying that it was a lie, as they knew that *Symmes* was in New Jersey. The invaders were nearly three hundred in force, and commanded by the infamous *Simon Girty*, as was subsequently ascertained through a man who had been taken prisoner a few days before the attack, at a short distance from the fort; after his return from a seven year's captivity.

Finding their party unsuccessful, the Indians commenced a fire on the fort, which they kept up all that day and part of the night. At ten o'clock that night Wallace made an effort to escape for the purpose of obtaining a reinforcement from Gen'l. *Harmar* at Fort Washington, but was obliged to return, the Indians encompassing him on every side. At three o'clock in the morning, however, he left the station, accompanied by a man named *Wiseman*, crossed the river in a canoe, took the bushes, descended the river bottoms a mile or so, attempted to cross the river through the running ice, but the water proving too deep, returned, ran a mile further down, crossed the river and took the woods to Cincinnati. Six miles out from that place he met Capt. John S. Gano, at the head of a company of Columbia militia, and returned with him to the station. On their arrival, they found that the Indians, despairing of success and apprehensive of reinforcements arriving, had abandoned the siege. Hunt was found dead, his brains beaten out, a brand applied to his bowels, and two war clubs laid across his breast. He had been also stripped of his scalp, as well as of his clothes. In their retreat, as the tracks shewed, the savages had filed off, right and left, from the fort. On the first fire the Indians shot into the

building where the hand-mill was kept, through the logs which had not been chunked, by which they wounded one man and killed another. Of the assailants a number were killed and two scalps taken, one of which Wallace dressed and presented to General Harmar, on his return to Fort Washington. The station was particularly exposed to assault, as the houses, contrary to the usual and proper plan, presented their lower edges outside, some of them being so low that my informant stated to me he saw a dog which had been shut out of the station, leap from a stump outside on to the roof of one of the cabins. In the progress of the siege, the most active efforts of the assailants were directed to setting the roofs of the houses on a blaze, both by fire arrows, and by carrying brands of fire. One Indian ran with a burning brand to a building, which he had just reached as a volley stretched him lifeless. The party from Columbia was under the command of Lieutenant *Foster*, as that from Cincinnati was in charge of Lieutenant *Scott Traverse*, the whole being a detachment of sixty men. After remaining long enough to assist Col. *Shaumburg* in strengthening the fortifications, they returned home.

In the month of June, 1791, Wallace, with his father and a lad, were hoeing corn in a lot immediately north of where the Cincinnati Hospital now stands; and at the same time two men named *Scott* and *Shepherd* were engaged near what is now the corner of Western Row and Clinton streets, ploughing corn. They had drawn a few furrows across the lot, when five or six Indians jumped the fence, raised the yell, and gave chase to the ploughman, but to no effect. On hearing the yell, Wallace snatched up his rifle which lay in the row before him, directing those with him to make their escape to town, as fast as possible. On stepping cautiously into the adjacent lot, he discovered an Indian about eighty yards from him about to enter the bushes. He shot at him, probably without effect, as he left the ground in haste; at the same instant he saw two Indians riding the plough horses away at full speed. The party of savages left eight blankets and blanket capots behind, together with a leg of bear meat, a horn full of powder and some trifling trinkets. The alarm was given and eleven of the best woodsmen and hunters were started on foot in pursuit, followed by eleven others on horse, having all the horses in the place, each man supplied with some pone and venison wrapped in his blanket for both horsemen and footmen. About sunset they encountered a severe thunder storm, accompanied with heavy rain. By the time it became dark the rear party overtook the advance on foot, and making their horses

fast to the trees, encamped for the night. In the morning they took the trail, and found that the Indians had lain all night in a prickly ash thicket a short distance in advance, where they had eaten a part of a fawn raw, and left the rest. The enemy was pursued to the river at a point where the Indians had crossed, just above where the town of Hamilton now stands. Owing to the tremendous rains which had fallen, the river was bank full, and the pursuing party were obliged to return home. During the same year *Van Cleeve* was killed near where the Hospital stands, and *Cutter* was made prisoner in the same vicinity.

These were the last instances in which a savage rifle was fired within the present limits of Cincinnati; later depredations being connected with the bow and arrow, which enabled them to destroy cattle while prowling through our streets by night without creating an alarm. On one of these visits they shot an arrow with a stone head into an ox with such force that it went entirely through the carcass. Stealing horses from this time until Wayne arrived in 1793, constituted the principal injury inflicted by our red brethren upon their white neighbours in Cincinnati.

The Memphis Convention.

MEMPHIS, November 15th 1845.

Owing to an uncommon scarcity of water, boats of a large class, the *Diotmed*, *Duke of Orleans*, and *Andrew Jackson*, all stuck fast at various points on the Lower Ohio or immediately below the mouth of that river. We lost every night but Tuesday, on the *Jackson* from this cause, having out traveled the rise which preceded us, and being constrained to lay by at night at shoal places to allow it to overtake us. We passed the Steamboat *Henry Bry* at *Randolph*, snagged the night before. We reached here on Wednesday evening, and found Memphis overflowing with population, the number of delegates alone being almost six hundred, a very large share of whom were from various points at a distance. The convention organized temporarily on Wednesday and adjourned to this morning, when John C. Calhoun was appointed President, with the usual allowance of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries; J. S. Hawkins in the former capacity, and T. B. Drinker in the latter, representing Ohio. There are some of the most distinguished men in Congress and the State Legislatures in attendance as members. Gen. Gaines, in part, represents Louisiana, and was received on entering, by a general rising of the convention in acknowledgment of his gray hairs, as well as his patriotic services. Mr. Calhoun on taking the chair made an admirable address, characterized by the most

enlarged, patriotic, and statesman-like views, and widely different in its features with one or two exceptions from what had been my expectation on that score. He spoke for forty-five minutes with the entire sympathy of the assembly.

I have been thus far highly gratified in this visit. The *Andrew Jackson* runs fast and smoothly; has a captain who makes every thing move in its proper orbit, being himself always at his post. The table was excellent, and what is not usually enjoyed by men in this kind of traveling, the sleeping accommodations were all I could desire. I fear I shall be detained by the important and various business which will occupy the convention, longer than I had contemplated at my departure, but feel it my duty to see its necessary business transacted before I leave Memphis.

What pork is in Cincinnati, and more, is cotton in Memphis, because while pork is but one of our important exports, cotton is the great staple here, as high as nine hundred bales having been received here this week, from the interior, in one day. What the quantity of groceries and other goods furnished to the wealthy region which supplies this cotton crop, may be inferred accordingly. Memphis is in fact a place of great commercial activity for its size, and the extent of its improvements bears testimony to that fact. The population—nine thousand inhabitants—indicates its position as the most important town in Tennessee, Nashville excepted.

November 15th, evening.—The convention has just adjourned. Our Cincinnati dailies have recorded its doings as far as the journals point them out. It may be of interest to notice some things which lie out of sight.

The south and southwest came to the convention to carry a rail-road to Memphis under the patronage of the general government, or at any rate to unite the interests of the several states through which it should pass, so as to secure the necessary state patronage to the measure. Mr. Calhoun's address compelled them to the latter course. He said distinctly at the outset, that the United States could do nothing on its behalf.

The jealousy of states right men who were members of that convention, constituting as they did a majority there, choked off every thing in the way of public improvements, except where the improvement lay within their own territory. It was in vain that we furnished evidence that the Ohio and its tributaries turned out more manufactured and agricultural products than any other river in the United States. All that the Ohio delegation could obtain was a general commendation to the improvement of the Ohio, along with that of the Mississippi. The Louisville delegation in the committee, wily, per-

vering, and adroit, staved off any direct recommendation of a new canal or widening the old one, or making either free, by embarrassing our action with the wild and absurd proposition of making a slackwater navigation of the Ohio river from Pittsburgh to its mouth.

What the west needs to have done for itself this session of Congress, must be done by public meetings, held in every Congressional district affected by the great interest in which the whole west has a common stake. In this way the mails, the navigation of the Ohio, national depots, armories &c., will all be settled as the west requires them to be disposed of.

There were many distinguished public men from all quarters, present at Memphis, the most fluent speakers generally being from the south and southwest. In this respect, however, Mr. Briggs of Cleveland, and Mr. Elwood Fisher of our own city amply sustained the honour of Ohio. Fisher's readiness at repartee rendered him very troublesome to some of the St. Louis delegation, who were thereby made by him sufficiently ridiculous. Dr. Evans of Evansville, Indiana, and Mr. Russell of Wheeling, made brief but very effective speeches, also. J. B. Butler of Pittsburgh, sustained a marked influence in the various committees of which he made part, as might be expected from his experience in public business.

Rail-Road to the Pacific.

The projected enterprise by Mr. A. Whitney, of constructing a railroad from the western borders of Lake Michigan to the shores of the Pacific, which has been for several months before the public, and will be brought before the Congress of the United States at its present session, demands such vast means for its accomplishment, and comprehends such important consequences in its results, alike in its moral, political and pecuniary bearings, as to justify and require a thorough analysis. Much of what has appeared in the periodical press is deficient in the statistics of the subject, and vague notions of its character, have prevailed to such an extent that the only individual—Judge Douglass, of Illinois—who has yet thought proper to oppose the measure imputes as objections to it, three important features, which do not belong to the project. If a writer, usually intelligent, has committed such gross errors on a subject to which he addresses himself, what must be the general ignorance of those who have merely glanced at the sketchy and indefinite statements on this subject, which have been presented by the press. Discounting the project for the last three weeks, I have found no individual, myself included, who had any distinct or accurate notion of the enter-

prise until he had thoroughly examined the whole subject.

What then is the project?

Mr. Whitney has memorialized the Congress of the United States for a grant of the public lands, sixty miles wide, from the western shores of Lake Michigan to the Pacific ocean. The sales of this belt of land are to build the road.

He proposes that commissioners on behalf of the United States shall be appointed by the President, who in conjunction with himself shall make the titles. He to effect the sales and they to receive the money, which they will disburse as fast and as far as the road progresses. The sales of one mile on the road, extending the breadth of the grant—sixty miles—will furnish means to build two miles of the road. In this way the road sells the land, and the land makes the road, and the final result is the settlement of the country and with it the OREGON QUESTION.

As regards the route, with its points of commencement and termination, there is nothing in the nature of the enterprise which determines the precise location except that the rail-road must traverse the south pass of the Rocky Mountains in latitude forty-two degrees thirty minutes. It cannot commence as low as Milwaukee, because the lands on that parallel are so extensively taken up as to forbid a location much below Greenbay, and it may terminate at the mouth of the Columbia river, or what is infinitely preferable, at or near San Francisco in California, should that country fall within our limits in the course of ten or fifteen years. It is not necessary for nearly that space of time to determine the point at which the road shall strike the Pacific.

Mr. Whitney proposes not only to make the road, but to keep it in repair for the fifteen years which may elapse before its completion.

This rail-road is designed to be free except for such an amount as may be necessary to keep up repairs. The ownership of the road is in the people of the United States, and such residue of the lands as may not be requisite for its construction becomes finally the property of Mr. Whitney.

If the project fails in any stage of its progress, the lands become as they always have been, the property of the people.

It will be seen then, and should be distinctly understood and recollected by my readers in the farther prosecution of this topic,

That, this is no joint stock company.

That it is no land company speculation, and,

That it is in no shape an irresponsible corporation.

If there be any danger of failure in accomplishing the enterprise, it is at the risk of the project.

er, the government or rather the people of the United States hazard nothing, and in the event of success, contribute nothing but wild lands, three-fourths of which will be of no value otherwise for a century to come, and could doubtless now be bought of Congress for five cents per acre.

Journal of Rev. David Jones in 1773.—No. 3.
Communicated by H. G. Jones, Jr., of Lancaster, Pa.

Saturday, 13th February, 1773, I was so happy as to learn that Joseph Peappi, a Moravian Indian, who is a good interpreter, was in town. I made application to him for his assistance in speaking to the king. He engaged, and spoke very kindly on the occasion, and consequently the king was informed that I was in town and would wait on him presently. Joseph carried the message and was to remain until I came: on this occasion the king's brother and some of his friends were gathered in the king's house. When I thought it suitable I went in, desiring Joseph to let him know I was the man he expected, upon which he gave me the right hand of friendship and appeared to receive me in a kind manner, inviting me to sit down. I told him I was the man who wrote two letters to him last year, one from Monongahela and the other from Fort Pitt, asking if he had received them with a belt of wampum. He said he had received all, and I might see them if I pleased. I replied that it was not necessary to be at that trouble; if he had received them that was enough. I proceeded to let him know that my design in coming was the same that was specified in the letters; that I was a minister who was desirous to instruct them in the knowledge of that God who had made us all; that now I was ready to speak to him and his people, if he was pleased to grant me liberty. He replied that in these matters he could do nothing without the advice of his council, but he would inform them of it, and I should have an answer as soon as the great feast was over. This was not only what they call a feast, but also a time of great dancing and gaming, and nothing else could be attended to 'till these were finished; therefore I concluded to visit the Moravian Indian towns to employ the time till they consulted about the matter. Sabbath 14th, Mr. Duncan and I set out for the Moravian town which is situated on the same river, about ten miles up the stream: the road was very icy, so that we were obliged to go into the woods, which made it late before we came to the town: when I arrived worship was not finished. I went in and found the minister instructing them in the English tongue by an interpreter; but after a few sentences he stopped. This town stands on high—level ground, east of the Mookingung, and is

laid out in regular form, the buildings being on each side of the street. These Indians came here in August, 1772, and so industrious have they been, that they have built neat log houses for themselves, and a good house for worship about twenty-two feet by eighteen; well seated, with a good floor and chimney. They are a mixture of Stockbridge Indians, Mingos and Delawares. Since the last war they have lived about Wyoming, until their removal. Their conduct in time of worship is praiseworthy—their grave and solemn countenances exceeding what is common among us at such times. Their minister, the Rev. David Zeisberger, a native of Moravia, seems to be an honest man: he has been quite successful among these poor heathen. They used no kind of prayer—their worship beginning and ending with singing a hymn in the Indian language. In the evening they met again for worship; but their minister, either inconsiderately or by design, spoke in the German language, so that I knew not what he said. Mr. Zeisberger told me that between the two towns there were near eighty families, and two ministers besides himself; and I was informed that one of them whose name is Youngman, is a person of good abilities. From what I saw I must say that the conduct of the Moravian Society toward the heathen is commendable; they have behaved like Christians, indeed, while others have in the most shameful manner, neglected these poor fellow creatures, or else made only faint attempts by persons not suitably qualified. Indeed from all that I have heard of Mr. David Brainerd, he was sincerely engaged, and well qualified, but his time was short. In the evening I told Mr. Zeisberger that I had a desire to speak to the Indians; he replied with some coldness that I might have an opportunity in the morning. I am apprehensive he was afraid to countenance me much, lest I might be of some disadvantage by drawing away disciples, but perhaps his reservedness was from his natural disposition. Monday, 15th, early in the morning I parted with my kind fellow traveler, Mr. Duncan, who went on his way towards Fort Pitt. The Indians convened—Joseph Peappi was interpreter. I told them when I came from home I had no design to speak for them, for I did not know of their removal; but seeing Providence gave me an opportunity I had a desire to speak to them. I proceeded to observe that all the disciples of our Saviour Jesus Christ separated themselves from the course of this world, no longer to live as the world lived; as other people were bad, they might expect difficulties and persecutions, but to be strong in heart, as God would give them rest—that they should be watchful and beware of falling back to living as other Indians, but as God

had opened their eyes, to keep on their way until they came to eternal rest with Christ. I suppose my discourse continued about half an hour. I felt much of the assistance of God, and by the great solemnity, it might be judged that the word was felt with power. I could not go to the other town, by reason of the ice. These Indians understand carpenter work and farming, and intend to live as we do, and I am certain that in a few years they will be rich and live well, for the land is exceedingly good for wheat. While I was here one of the Indians asked the minister when Easter Sunday was. Mr. Zeisberger seemed to evade any discourse about it and merely told him that it was not for some time, and that he should have notice when it arrived. Perhaps I should have thought nothing of it, if I had heard such a question among white people; but the case was quite different here, for I ruminated on it with anxiety to think that any man would presume to teach a heathen to observe that which God Almighty never taught him, for since the heathen were made, God never taught any one to observe Easter Sunday. My thoughts rested not here, but I began to think what superstitious relics of the Romish Church were kept alive among us, and among others, I fixed on Christmas as an abomination which God never commanded to be observed.

I returned to Newcomers' Town in the afternoon, and went to see Capt. Killbuck, who is a sensible Indian, speaks good English, and treats a white with some of the complaisance of a gentleman. He received me very kindly and conversed freely on the subject of preaching, and was to meet next morning to converse farther: he invited me to make free in coming to see him. I soon perceived that he was the person who bore all the sway in their affairs, and could do more than the king himself. Tuesday 16th, met Capt. Killbuck, and talked on many subjects. In our discourse he told me that some years ago two Presbyterian ministers visited them—that though they did not incline to let them stay, yet they had been thinking of the matter ever since, and intended to have a minister and a schoolmaster, but would not have Presbyterians, because their ministers went to war against them, and therefore they did not like to be taught now by those who formerly were for killing them. I found Indian prejudice very great and unreasonable, and therefore observed that they might receive the Moravians, for they never fought against them. He replied that the Moravians did not belong to our kingdom, but were of Germany, and could not save their people alive in time of war. Upon this he related very exactly all the distresses and dangers of the Moravian Indians in that war, and how they were preserved in the

Barracks in Philadelphia; adding that for all the assistance the Moravians could give their Indians would have been killed, consequently it did not signify to be of that religion which would not protect them in war time. He said they intended to go home to the king and tell him that the would be of the same religion that he was, and desired a minister and schoolmaster of his choosing. I told him I approved of his speech, but was apprehensive that they were too poor to go and thought they would not get much help. He informed me that they had nearly forty pounds now in money, and intended to make a early hunt, and go in the fall. I encouraged the attempt, willing to resign the civilising of them to the king and council; but I am persuaded that the service of the Church of England, as it now stands, will never be prescribed to the Indians, for they would not like a religion which takes a person a great part of his lifetime to learn its ceremonies.

Steamboat Traveling.

For the benefit of those readers of the Advertiser who are not regular steamboat travelers, I submit a few hints which they may improve to their advantage. The moral I desire to inculcate is, be careful always on what steamboat you travel. Those who infer that one steamboat is about as good as another for a man on a journey, will probably become undeceived, if they take western steamboats repeatedly. Let me supply a contrast for public benefit.

I started to Memphis with my fellow members, to attend the Convention there, on board the Steamboat *Andrew Jackson*, Capt. *Eckert*, commander. Every comfort and enjoyment within reach of an individual at his own home, was at our hands. The river was lower than usual, and after leaving Louisville, we grounded every night waiting for a slight rise, which we had outtraveled. Whatever difficulty had been, from time to time created by low water, was overcome by the ingenuity, perseverance and energy of the captain, who was always found by me at his post day and night, watching over our safety, deducting occasionally an hour or two through the day, in which he slept, and depending on getting into port for an opportunity of posting up his sleeping account. Every thing moved like clock work about the boat, a look or a word from the captain sufficing for his subordinates. In this way we got down to Memphis, regretting that we should not have the opportunity of returning by the same conveyance, and arriving twenty-four hours in advance of all the other delegates from Cincinnati, Pittsburg and Louisville.

Now for the contrast—I left Memphis, accompanied by others of our city delegation, on the

Louisville, a new boat which started from Memphis on Tuesday, 18th ult. The boat, although small, had a double engine, and bore a reputation for speed. She was new, and yet remarkably neat and in good order. Everything in short as to her appearance, was perfect—a decoy. Her captain was a gentlemanly man, but, as well as his officers, destitute of experience, and indeed fitness for his business. On our way up, and below *Mills' point*, he halted to take a lot of boilers and heavy machinery, which had been left during high water on a bluff bank, and which any man of sense or judgment, could have discovered at a glance, could not be got aboard without endangering the safety alike of boat and passengers, and for one half of which there was not storage room, at any rate. After pending three hours in an undecided state, swung to and fro alternately, by the advice of their owner and the passengers, he concluded at last to leave them. At *Cairo* he left half a dozen passengers for *St. Louis*. This took him *three hours more*. At *Golconda* the boat stopped to take in 67 tons pigmetal for *Louisville*. Here an hour was spent adjusting the price of freight, and nine hours more in getting the iron on board—an operation that might have been done in two, had the necessary preparation been made. We never rounded to for passengers or freight, at a less delay than an hour, even when ten minutes would have sufficed Capt. Eckert for the purpose. All these stoppages were noted by the watch. As may be inferred from all this, we were nearly six days on our way from Memphis to Louisville, although we had two feet more water, in the Ohio than when we went down on the *Andrew Jackson*.

I make this statement, not to gratify the griefs of myself and associates, or to injure the Browns-ville, which is owned as I understand, by her captain, clerk, pilot and engineers, but simply, to point out to those who are inexperienced in such matters, the importance of finding out the character and competency, not only of a boat, but of her officers.

John C. Calhoun.

I think it likely, by what I saw and learned at the Memphis Convention, that this distinguished statesman's opinion on various public questions have been undergoing of late a considerable change, which if of no other effect, will render him less an abstractionist than heretofore. In this he is but reflecting the popular sentiment of his own state, which is fast assuming a practical cast, and for his sake.

In saying that Mr. Calhoun, at Memphis, was the rallying point of notice, justice is hardly done that individual. The truth is that he towered

immeasurably higher than whoever there might have been considered next to himself. The exemplary candor and frankness which characterized every thing he said and did; the marked ability and dignity with which he presided over its deliberations, and above all the winning, yes, seductive charm of his address, won their way to the hearts of all the members. I cannot conceive how any one can resist the influence of that address.

I ascertained from Mr. Calhoun that urgent business compelled his return via New Orleans, but that he would pay us a visit to Cincinnati in the course of next summer. He is not unaware of the character of the Valley of the Missis-sippi, and Lexington, Ky., region for beauty and exuberant fertility, and anticipates great pleasure from the visit.

Mr. Calhoun returns to the Senate of the United States. I say this on the highest authority short of his own. He is, in my opinion, one of the greatest as well as the most interesting men of the age, and in saying this, it is but fairness to add, that I have come to that conclusion since I went to Memphis, and in the face of prepossessions against him of various kinds, long and ardently indulged. At Memphis, as at New Orleans, he was received with honour and respect by every body without distinction of party.

Domestic Markets.

One of my exchanges, a country paper, hits off with great success, the miserable apings by some of our western towns and cities of the "State of the market" articles in the New York and Philadelphia prints.

"Hay was so abundant last Saturday as to furnish the town cows with a belly full apiece free of expense. A small quantity of homony was brought in by a shivering boy in a linen apron, which went off rapidly at a bit a gallon, and a couple of opossums, that delicious epicurean rarity, were sold in less than no time at fifteen cents each."

Washington Correspondents.

If ever there was a class of men making any pretensions to character, more corrupt and unprincipled than the professional Washington correspondents to the press in various parts of the country, I cannot point out its existence. There business being to gratify public curiosity, or to create a sensation, they are constantly tempted to falsify, to invent, and to exaggerate. It is common to talk of the corrupting influence of the party press, but this is undoubtedly its worst feature. Every intelligent man at our seat of government, State or National, knows, that as a general rule, there is not an assertion or state-

ment in letters of this description, to be relied on. The "Spy in Washington," and Bennett's various correspondents at the sessions of Congress, have done more to corrupt the morals of this class of writers, than any conservative or restorative influence of later date and purer minds can do to purify and correct.

It is time that the independent and moral part of the press should speak out on this subject.

Pioneer Recollections.

MR. CIST:

Sir,—It may serve to fill up the picture of the past, which you are sketching in the "Advertiser," to say something of the journeys which our early settlers were sometimes compelled to take through the wilderness, when business or necessity called us to our former homes and neighbours.

The savages were so hostile, that such journeys were not often undertaken. When they were the traveler would start to Limestone by river, in a canoe or perigou, from Fort Washington or Fort Miami, as the case might be. Flatboats were always used to descend the Ohio, but were of course not adapted to ascend it. The traveler always took provision with him, and kept on what was termed the Virginia side, so called from the Virginia land claims. From Limestone his route lay to Lexington sixty-four miles, all a wilderness except a station at the Blue Licks, erected by a gentleman named *Lyons*, who carried on making salt. He had a family of coloured people and entertained travelers. As this was the only supply of salt to the emigrants at that period, and Mr. L. dealt with great fairness with the settlers, he was very popular, and had a great run of custom for that day. From Lexington the traveler proceeded to the Crab Orchard, leaving written notices at Lexington that a party would leave the Crab Orchard at such a date. These notices or advertisements were posted at stations or on trees. This was the means of making a party from the various stations, or settlements of such as were desirous also to journey east. At the appointed time the party would assemble to proceed on horseback with their rifles to the old settlements from which they came. But though traveling in this mode in numbers and with their arms in their hands, they were often attacked by Indians, and several at different times lost their lives.

Every thing brought by the emigrants to the west, was taken out on pack horses, but as the children, both white and black, had to be taken this way also, only a few articles of the first necessity could be added. It is easy to judge the privations and sufferings of the early settlers, by this circumstance.

The first printing press in Kentucky, was set up in Lexington, by Mr. *John Bradford*, and the first one in Ohio, by *William Maxwell*, whose office was on Sycamore street, on the left hand side as you go to the river. Maxwell was son-in-law to Judge *McMillan*.

I traveled once in the way of which I speak in 1789 from Columbia, designing to accompany my husband on his way east as far as Lexington, where his father and mother resided, with whom I intended to stay until his return. He was on a journey to New York and Philadelphia. We left Maysville—then Limestone—with the agree-

ment not to speak a word to each other after leaving Washington, until we should reach the Blue Licks, twenty-two miles. At Washington, four miles on our journey, we learned that the Indians had attacked a party the day before of movers to Lexington. This we considered good encouragement to proceed, as the Indians would be off as rapidly as possible through fear of pursuit. They are a very cautious people, and will not attack except at an advantage. We remained at Lyons, all night, and after reaching Lexington next day, my husband set out for the Crab Orchard on his way over the mountains. In due time I received a letter from him which was taken through the wilderness by a party of settlers coming out on their way to the west. The party was attacked by Indians, and the man who had the letter killed, and the letter which had been on his person was very much stained with his blood. Others of the same party were killed at the same time. Occasionally, travelers would go up the Ohio to Wheeling, by perigou or canoe poling or paddling all the way, but most persons went the route which I have described. In ascending the river, they always kept the Virginia side, as the safest.

When the courts were first established in Cincinnati, the officers who lived in Columbia, went down in canoes, or walked the distance, but always on the Virginia side, for fear of Indians. They were obliged to take their provisions with them, as there were very few inhabitants in Cincinnati, and no boarding houses there at that period.

Navigation of the West.

It is necessary only to visit the lower Ohio and the adjacent parts of the Mississippi, to be rendered sensible of the gross neglect which the Ohio and upper Mississippi interests are sustaining at the hands of the General Government. Since I left home, were to be found the Steamboat *Raindeer* snagged just below Memphis, the *Henry Bry* sunk near Randolph, the *Manhattan* snagged just above Cairo, all in the Mississippi; and the *Richmond* broke on a rock at the Grand Chain, and the *Swiftsure* snagged near Golconda, both on the Ohio. All this occurred within a space of three hundred miles in distance, and seven days in time. Here then are five boats destroyed in so short a space of time, and all by sunken rocks and trees, which would not be permitted to lie unremoved a single day, if they lay in the bed of one of our eastern rivers.

My visit to Memphis, has satisfied me that the West has as little to expect from the south and south west, as she has heretofore received from the north and the east, and must concentrate her strength within her own bounds, and let Congress know that if justice be refused her now, she will be apt, under the representation of 1850, in that body, not only to claim her rights for the future, but settle up the arrearages of the past.

Rail-Road to the Pacific.—No. 2.

ITS OBJECTS AND RESULTS.

In my last, my readers were presented with a brief statement of the actual character of this project of Mr. Whitney. I shall now advance by sketching the physical, moral and pecuniary results, which, when accomplished, it must effect.

By the time this great road shall have been completed to its terminus at the Pacific, connecting lines of rail-road will have been laid from the great centres of commerce and manufactures over our whole country. The rail-road communications from *Boston, New York, and Philadelphia*, in less than two years will be made at least as far west in the Lake regions as *Sandusky*. That from *Cincinnati* to the same point; will be effected at a still earlier date. From *Sandusky*, these routes must continue by following the north lines of *Ohio and Indiana*, and striking the great Pacific road, either by turning round *Lake Michigan* to the point where the road commences, on the western shore of that Lake. or take such direct line from the south end of *Lake Michigan* as shall enable the two roads to connect at some suitable point east of the *Mississippi river*, where the great rail-road crosses that stream—probably about *Prairie de Chien*. The various routes from *New Orleans, St. Louis, Natchez, &c.*, would connect these last with the various business centres of the Atlantic, south and southeast. Or if *Virginia and South Carolina* should strike at and cross the *Ohio river*, they would connect with the routes which *Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana*, would make from their southern lines. *Maryland*, and perhaps *Pennsylvania*, would connect with the same route, which would extend from *Cincinnati to Lake Erie*. When this road shall have been built, the great general result will be accomplished of bringing the most distant parts of the earth, which have heretofore required a voyage of six months, to receive or return cargoes in their intercourse with each other, into a thirty days access, by land and water. From the *Mississippi*, which will then become the great business centre of this Republic, if not of the whole world, we can communicate in four days with our *Atlantic or Pacific shores*, or with the *Gulf of Mexico*. By steam vessels we can reach *Amoy*, in *China*, the port nearest the silk and tea provinces, from the Pacific coast in fifteen days, the distance not much greater than from *New York to Liverpool*. The superior facilities of rail-road travel, in saving time and expense of transportation, will, to a great extent, supercede the existing river navigation of the United States. The entire traveling of two-thirds of the world, will be across our continent, and the valley of the *Mississippi* must become the garden and granary of the world.

Mississippi must become the garden and granary of the world.

In my next, I propose to examine and render apparent the great changes, pecuniary, moral and physical, which this vast project must operate on the fabric of society throughout our country, to say nothing of the world.

Buildings in St. Louis.

The buildings put up in 1844, in *St. Louis* have been estimated by some of the newspapers there at twelve hundred, and the erections this year variously supposed by contractors to reach from twelve hundred to two thousand. Why cannot the actual number be ascertained by enumeration as easily in *St. Louis* as in *Cincinnati*? There can be no doubt that *St. Louis* is in a very thriving condition, but one statistic furnished by the editor who states these particulars convinces me that the buildings are overrated either in number or importance. He gives from what he asserts to be reliable authority, the quantity of bricks thus consumed this season at forty two millions. Our consumption of bricks for fifteen hundred houses built last year, was eighty millions, and though I have not thus far ascertained the quantity made in 1845, yet from the facts that our buildings of this year will equal those put up during the last, while they will far surpass them in magnitude, it may be safely stated at one hundred millions. If then forty-two million of bricks sufficed to do the building of twelve hundred houses, after deducting the requirement of bricks for other purposes, they must have been of only half the size of ours. This is incredible. On the other hand, if fifty millions of bricks were used in the building of such ware and dwelling houses as we put up they could not have built more than five hundred houses.

This will be better understood when I state what is susceptible of easy proof, that thirty-one buildings alone of the fifteen hundred erections of this year in *Cincinnati* and its adjacency, have consumed more than eight millions of bricks.

To those like myself, who are unwilling to take guesses in these matters, and who know nothing of *St. Louis* but by information, a regular ascertainment in actual count by some individual in that city of the houses there, would be interesting and satisfactory.

Landscape and Map Engraving.

This is a line of business in *Cincinnati* entirely distinct from bank note engraving, and has been carried on extensively and successfully by Messrs. Doolittle & Munson, here, for the last fifteen years. They are in fact the oldest engravers in the west. The engraving and printing

of maps is their principal business, and their maps of the United States, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana, are extensively distributed throughout the whole country, and especially the west.

Their standard maps are as follows:—

1. The United States, 54 by 42 inches.
2. Ohio, 54 by 60 inches.
3. Map of Illinois and Indiana, in townships.
4. Map of Iowa and Wisconsin.
5. Same, sectional.
6. Same, in townships.

They have also executed a fine map of the Mississippi river, exhibiting its various bends, reaches, cut offs and bars, with the respective plantations on its margin, which is the fullest and most accurate steamboat guide extant.

Of the Ohio map, which has been for several years before the public, they have sold to the value of twelve thousand dollars. Of the United States map, which has only been a year before the public, they have disposed of four thousand copies. This is the only map yet published of the United States, which includes Texas, and that Republic is here represented in its various counties and other geographical divisions. In the preparation of these maps there are twelve thousand yards of bleached muslin six quarters wide, annually consumed, with map paper of a quality equal to seventeen dollars per ream. One ream of this size makes one hundred maps.

This firm maintains agencies at New York, Providence, R. I.; Richmond, Va., and Baltimore, and sells its publications extensively at Philadelphia itself, along side of the great map producing establishments of that city. Our Cincinnati maps will compare in accuracy and beauty with those made in any part of the United States.

Twenty-four persons are kept in employment in the various departments of the establishment.

Our Red Brethren.

It is probably known to most of my readers that the Cherokees settled beyond the Mississippi are enjoying most of the blessings of civilization, a newspaper and national legislature among the rest. This periodical, which is called "The Cherokee Advocate," is an excellent publication, and might shame many of its competitors for dispensing knowledge among the whites; but the *National Committee*, as they call their legislature, is indeed *sui generis* in character, business, and nomenclature.

On the 22d Oct., the petition of *Messenger Tiger* for a divorce was rejected, not coming, as they correctly judged, within the purview of their appropriate business. I commend their example to the Legislature of Ohio.

October 23d, a bill regulating payment of sub-

scriptions to the Cherokee Advocate was passed. Happy printer, whose collections are attended by the public authorities! Same day two public cooks were appointed by the legislature. seems thus in legislating for the public the Committee does not neglect its own welfare.

On the 28th, Mr. Six Killer proposed the passage of "a bill for the more effectual suppression of the introduction and vending of intoxicating spirits in the country;"—referred to a committee of which Six Killer was chairman.

Nov. 1st, *Bark Flute* offered an amendment to the act creating solicitors and defining their duties. Read and laid on the table.

The Staff of Life.

Flour has risen, owing to the prospect of famine in the British Islands. In the same measure the baker's loaf has diminished here in size and increased in value. This must set number to baking their own bread.

To make good bread two or three things are requisite. First, good flour; secondly, an oven of bricks, or a good cooking stove; and thirdly, skill in mixing and baking.

But I do not design to inflict an essay on this subject; important though it be. I hold to the philosophy which teaches by example, and invite my acquaintances, saying nothing of friends, to call at my office and partake of a baking, which will illustrate what good bread is, and what every body ought to have within reach; in good flour, first rate cooking stoves, and proper baking. Let them come if they do not mean to live and die in ignorance. They will then find out who sells the best flour in the city.

A lunch, not a *la fourchette*, but *au doigt*, may be found accordingly at my office, this day at two o'clock. Those who are afraid to spoil their appetites by partaking it at that hour, may confine themselves to a *taste*, or even to a *glance*.

I hold that not one man in ten in Cincinnati buys flour such as he ought to; that not one in twenty has the kind of cooking apparatus he should possess, and that not one in fifty knows the luxury of a fine home made loaf, such as is within the reach of most, and of which I propose to furnish a sample.

Destroying the Romance.

A capital story is told of a young fellow, who one Sunday strolled into a village church, and during the service, was electrified and gratified by the sparkle of a pair of brilliant black eyes, which were riveted upon his face. After the service, he saw the possessor of the bewitching orbs leave the church alone, and emboldened by her glances, he ventured to follow her, his heart aching with rapture. He saw her look behind, and fancied she evinced some emotion at recognizing him. He then quickened his pace, and

she actually slacked hers, as if to let him come up with her—but we will permit the young gentleman to tell the rest in his own way:—

"Noble young creature!" thought I—"her artless and warm heart is superior to the bonds of custom."

I reached within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat, as if doing reverence to an angel.

"Are you a pedlar?"

"No, my dear girl, that is not my occupation." "Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly—"I thought when I saw you in the meeting house, that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you. Brother John has got home now, and he says if he catches the feller, he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you are the good-for-nothing rascal after all."

Ohio against the World.

The fine steer Distribution, seven years old, raised by one of the Renicks, the great cattle feeders of the Scioto Valley, has been lately purchased by Messrs. Vanaken Wunder and John Butcher, two of our long established victualers, for the approaching holydays. He is estimated to weigh almost four thousand pounds, and will furnish doubtless an article of splendid beef, such as has not lately been seen in our markets, fine as they usually are in this line. The animal may be seen in the wagon yard of Mr. Marchant, corner of Ninth and Sycamore streets, and is worth a visit. I have not seen so fine a brute since Col. Chapin of New York, exhibited in 1808, his superb stall fed oxen *Maximus* and *Magnus*.

The Moustache.

Fashions and customs, apparently absurd, are generally founded on reason, although the reason may sometimes be difficult to trace. We all know that many fashions have been introduced in the courts of Europe to conceal the personal blemishes or defects of kings or other potentates, such as the wearing of the hair long, &c., and the introduction of cravats for the concealment of wens and scars. But I was not aware until a day or two since that the *Moustache*, or beard on the upper lip, was suffered to grow for a special and deliberate purpose. The custom originated with the diplomacy of France. A well trained diplomatist, however excited, internally keeps his eye and cheek under such discipline as to betray nothing of his sentiments or intentions. But it is found impracticable by the mere exercise of will to arrest the play of the muscles of the upper lip, and to hide the least vestige of motion there, the moustache is permitted to grow.

I know not what apology can be made for the tuft on the chin or under the lip, which assimilate man, or rather the *mannee* to the goat.

The Bridegroom to his Bride.

Four years ago dear love!

And we were strangers; in a distant land
Long had it been my lonely lot to rove;
And I had never touched that gentle hand,
Or looked into the lustre of those eyes,
Or heard that voice of lovely melodies,
Winning its way unto the listener's heart,
And gladdening it, as a fresh stream doth part
The grass and flowers, and beautifies its road
With fresher hues, by its sweet tide bestowed.
Then I had never heard that name of thine,
Which on this blessed day hath merged in mine!

Three years ago, mine own,
And we had met—'twas but acquaintanceship;
There was no tremor in the courteous tone.
Which, greeting thee, flowed freely to my lip
At every interview. Thy beauty seemed
Indeed the very vision I had dreamed
Of woman's loveliest form; but that it shined
So bright a gem, so true and pure a mind,
I did not early learn: for thou art one
Whose gentle, kindly actions ever shun
The glare of day. I knew not then the power
That seems thy richest gift at this blest hour.

Another year went by,
And we were friends!—"dear friends" we called
each other—

We said our bosoms throbbed in sympathy,
That we were like a sister and a brother.

Ah! but do brothers' hearts thrill through each
chord,

At a dear sister's smile or gracious word!
Do sisters blush, and strive the blush to hide,
When a fond brother lingers at her side?
Do friends, and nothing more, shrink from sur-
mise,

And dread to meet the keen world's scrutinies,
And tremble with a vague and groundless shame,
And start when each doth hear the other's name?

One little year ago,
And we were lovers—lovers pledged and vowed—
The unsealed fountains of our hearts might
flow;

Our summer happiness had scarce a cloud.
We smiled to think upon the dubious past,
How could so long our self-delusions last?
We laughed at our own fears, whose dim array
One spoken word of love had put away.
In love's full blessed confidence we talked,
We heeded not who watched us as we walked;
And day by day hath that affection grown,
Until this happy morn that makes us one.

Beloved! 'tis the day,
The summer day, to which our hearts have
turned,

As to a haven that before them lay,
A haven dim and distantly discerned.

Now we have reached it, and our onward gaze
Must henceforth be beyond earth's fleeting days,
Unto a better home, when having loved
One more than e'er each other—having proved
Faithful to Him, and faithful to the vow
That in our hearts is echoing even now
We two shall dwell His glorious throne before,
With souls, not bound, but blended evermore.

Maria Edgeworth.

In my late visit to Memphis, I met with an intelligent young Irishman, who having resided here some years, has lately revisited his native country. I gathered at his hands several interesting notices of *Maria Edgeworth*, who resides in the town where my new acquaintance was brought up. I shall state but one or two at present.

Miss Edgeworth, as is well known, after the publication, more than thirty years since, of "*Patronage*," had given nothing to the press. But the Edinburgh reviewers having taken occasion to insinuate that the works of fiction bearing her name, had been written by her father, *Richard Lovel Edgeworth*, as had been rendered apparent by their cessation, after his death; Miss Edgeworth was piqued into a reappearance on the literary arena with "*Helen*." The copy right of this she sold at twenty-five hundred pounds sterling, more than twelve thousand dollars. On Sir Walter Scott's visit to her, he made her sensible that she had disposed of the book at a sacrifice, and as a consequence, she has refused various offers for a work on which she has been since employed, intending to be her own publisher henceforth. Miss E. is over eighty years of age, but with unfaltering health and spirits. The title of the new volume is, "*As you like it*."

My Memphis acquaintance was employed by *Maria Edgeworth* in transcribing "*Helen*" for the press. Of course he is thoroughly acquainted with her and her writings. While he does full justice to her talents, he represents her as destitute of patriotic feeling, and so thoroughly English in her tastes, partialities, and prejudices, as to be rendered incapable of doing justice to Irish character and feeling.

My own estimate of Miss Edgeworth, if I may state it without presumption, is entirely different. She never wrote but for the direct purpose of inculcating some great moral principle, and has done more for the world in this respect than all the novel writers of the last fifty years, Walter Scott inclusive. She wrote for the London market and English readers.

Shut the Door.

A hint in time is like a stitch in time, and not only saves additional hinting, but much ill-humour in the breast of suffering humanity. Of all nations under the sun, there are none which may compare with Americans in trespassing on the the score of leaving doors open, and this when the thermometer is probably down to zero.

I remember traveling a few years since with an observing and intelligent Englishman. "Every nation," he remarked to me, "has its dis-

tingitive peculiarities, and if I were to point out the characteristic feature of your countrymen, it would be that they never shut doors after them. In the course of nearly two years traveling through the United States you are the first individual I have noticed shutting a door after him." I laughed, and expressed an opinion that the case could not be so general as he thought. "If you find any man between here and Columbus shut a door after him, I will pay your bill when we leave that city." We were then at Sharon, and I suppose that on our journey we stopped at thirty different places to take our meals or water the horses. It was as inclement a spell of weather as ever I traveled in. At every public house there were blazing fires in the bar-rooms, and yet the very individuals whose first movement after they got in was to punch the fire afresh, invariably left the doors wide open, even in cases where they led direct to the road or the street. "Landlord," said I, in one case, where a carpenter was employed repairing the door, what do you keep doors to your room for?" He stared as if to enquire what I meant. "Why," said I, "there is no earthly use for a door in a country where nobody shuts it. There have been twenty persons out and in through the opposite door since we came, and I have not seen the first man shut it." Turning to my English acquaintance, I then said, "I give up the debate."

Citizens and Strangers.

The inhabitants of a city acquire from coming into daily contact with numbers in the various relations and occupations of life, a character and appearance, which enables them to detect a stranger from our interior towns at a glance. He may get his clothes or his hat or boots, or any thing else, from our most fashionable establishments. Still there is something in his gait or want of easy self-possession, or a difference in shuffling over city side-walks, which points him out as at once the stranger. In this manner our dry goods clerks know a young lady from the interior of Ohio or from Kentucky on her very entrance, and act the salesman accordingly. There are other marks still more palpable which expose persons visiting a large city to imposition and even robbery, from which the citizen is exempt. If a stranger walks our street, as he may occasionally be seen, eating an apple in the streets, perhaps with a knife open in his hand, such an individual is sure to be followed, and in all probability victimized, by some of the loafing gentry which infest every large city. Stopping on the side-walks to converse, or at a picture or fancy shop to look at fineries; also marks out a subject to predators. Opening a pocket book in the streets to examine if its contents are safe, exposes

the individual doing it to dangers of the same sort. Hence we find that most cases of picking pockets or street robbery, are perpetrated on strangers, while citizens are visited and plundered by breaking into their houses.

Reminiscences of the War of 1812.

The Hon. Lemuel Sawyer, who was a member of Congress in 1812, furnishes the following interesting reminiscences in a letter to the editor of the New York Courier and Enquirer:

I well remember the occasion of the presentation by Mid. Hamilton, of the flag of the Macedonian. I was present, though unintentionally, at the grand naval ball, given about the 14th of December, 1812, by the citizens of Washington, to Capt. Stewart, in return for one he had given them a little previous, on board his ship.

The ball was held at Tomlinson's Hotel, on Capitol Hill, where I boarded; and being somewhat indisposed, I had retired to bed just as the ball opened. The music, and the regular vibration of the floor to the motion of the dance, kept me awake. I considered as I was thus condemned to suffer the evil of the ball, I might as well compensate myself by its gratification. I found it well filled with the beauty and fashion of the place, and honoured with the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Madison, and the Heads of the Departments, among whom was Paul Hamilton, the Secretary of the Navy, his lady and two handsome daughters.

In the midst of our enjoyment, at about eleven o'clock, a messenger came to the door and communicated some news secretly to the manager. They were then observed to whisper something to Mr. Hamilton, who had a private conversation with the President. Immediately it was buzzed about that a messenger had come and was waiting below, with the glad tidings of a signal victory of one of our ships over one of the British, with equal force.

In a moment, and without the least noise or confusion, an arrangement was made by the managers, to give full effect to the fortunate incident. The Secretary's impatience to run down stairs and meet his son, was restrained, and a delegation of three gentlemen were appointed to wait on Mid. Hamilton and invite him up, with the trophy of victory of which he was the bearer, the flag of the Macedonian.

An opening was left through the crowd of spectators, from the door to the part of the room. Secretary Hamilton and his family were placed at the bottom of the passage, and in front of the door, while the President and his lady, with the members of the cabinet, were placed on each side. A breathless silence prevailed. The ladies stood up on the back seats, between the columns that supported the ceiling, the whole length of the room, gazing with intense interest at the door.

It may be mentioned that Mid. Hamilton had been absent two years, and that he had escaped, by a miracle, from the conflagration of the Richmond theatre, the winter before, by breaking through the sash of one of the upper windows, and leaping to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. At length the head of the procession entered the room, consisting of Mid. Hamilton, supported on each side by a member of the committee, followed by a train of gentlemen, having the captured flag.

Young Hamilton, seeing his parents waiting

his approach with outstretched arms, with modest demeanor and accelerated steps threw himself into the arms of his mother, who hid her face in his bosom, overcome by her feelings of silent joy; from thence he tore himself to grasp his father's hand in a long and cordial shake, and ended by returning the enraptured embrace of his sisters.

As soon as this highly dramatic scene was over, one sudden burst of huzzas resounded through the room. The flag was paraded, and marched through the room to the tune of Hail Columbia—after which it was brought before Mrs. Madison, and laid at her feet, but she did not tread on it, as some of the opposition papers alleged. You may well expect that this new and unexpected feature in the ceremony, gave an increased zest to the entertainment, and that it went off with charming and enhanced gusto.

Young Hamilton was a very handsome officer, and invested as he was, with the virgin honours of this great naval victory which dissolved the charm of British invincibility on the ocean, was the cynosure of all the fair eyes present; but he bore his triumph meekly. He was promoted to a lieutenancy, and in that capacity was cut in two by a chain shot, in the action of the President with the Endymion, or rather a British squadron off the coast of Rhode Island, a few months after, while he was bravely discharging his duty under the gallant Decatur.

A Western Simile.

At Memphis, I met with a very intelligent coloured Baptist clergyman, from Jackson, Tennessee. Finding out I was from Cincinnati, among other questions he asked me, "Do you know a preacher there, Dr. S.?" "Perfectly," I replied. "Well sir," said he, "he lived five or six years in our town, and I heard he had gone to your place. He is a most wonderful man, don't you think so?" "I don't know," I replied, "we have abler preachers than the Doctor in Cincinnati, I think." "That's what I think too," replied my acquaintance—*He scatters like a shot gun.* Those who know how a shot gun stands in the estimation of a western man, as compared with the rifle, will understand, and relish accordingly the simile. It was so apposite that I gave way to a hearty burst of merriment. And I shall never hear a preacher of that description, without thinking of the shot gun.

Anecdote of Gen. Jackson.

A distinguished politician of Cincinnati, on a visit to Washington in 1835, was accounting to Gen. Jackson for the defeat at a recent election, of the party to which he belonged, by alleging that "they had not used proper policy, and that a little management in the disposal of a certain question, would have doubtless rendered their party successful," with other remarks of similar tenor. The general heard him through without making the slightest comment, after which, walking up to the fire place, he knocked the ashes out of the pipe he had been smoking.

which he deposited on the mantel, then turning to his visitor, he observed: "Mr. —, you are a young, as I am an old man—suffer me to give you a word of advice: never use that abominable word *policy*, again, in that sense, nor practice the principle. Rely on it sir, honesty is as much the best policy in politics as it is in any thing else.

Journal of Rev. David Jones in 1773.—No. 4.
Communicated by H. G. Jones, Jr., of Leverington, Pa.

Wednesday 17th, Killbuck's son was kicked badly by a horse, therefore no business could be done, for he could not leave him. Thursday 18th, in the afternoon, Killbuck told me that the young men were very desirous to hear me preach; consequently I concluded to preach next day. In the evening conversed with Joseph Peappi, who was willing to interpret for me, but when I told him my Society allowed me only to pay five pound a month, he said he would have seven pounds. I find the Indians from the greatest to the least, are mercenary and excessively greedy of gains; indeed they are so lazy, that they are always needy, and must be so, if they do not apply themselves to cultivating their land, for deer are scarce, so that the great part of the year, they rather starve than live. Mr. Evans, who is a trader in this town, told me that last summer they supported themselves by sucking the juice of green cornstalks. Friday 19th, I expected to preach, but Killbuck told me that they were not yet fully united on the point. I found the king was not much for it, though he said little; neither have I any reason to believe that Joseph was desirous of it, for I was often told by the traders that the Moravians taught their Indians to disregard others, and by Joseph's talk I believe there is too much reason for the report. I asked Killbuck why they were not agreed about my preaching; he said if I had come last fall while they were in the notion of it, it would have been otherwise. But I found by conversing with him, that they were jealous, lest the white people had some design of enslaving them, or something of that nature. He said that a Highland officer took one of their Indian women as his wife and went to Maryland near Joppa, and he had heard—from a gentleman of Philadelphia—that there he sold her as a slave: as they never could see the squaw, they were ready to conclude the case was so. I told him I never heard of it, and was certain that it could not be true that she remained in slavery; for if the officer was so bad as to be guilty of such a crime, the law of our land allowed no Indian to be a slave, and the magistrates would surely set her free. He said their people did not know our law, and therefore such reports as this made

them afraid of us, and said he, what has become of the woman, for she has never come back to us again? I replied that I could not tell—perhaps she was dead, or if alive, did not choose to come.

By this time I was almost starved, for what they call a feast, with us would be considered a fast; no meal was to be had for love or money. I bought milk for nine pence a quart, and butter for two shillings a pound, but could not be half supplied. From the king I bought the rump of a deer, dried after their fashion in the smoke to preserve it, which made it very disagreeable. I had coffee, chocolate, and tea, but sugar was very scarce, so that I could not often use it. Therefore, on Saturday 20th, I made enquiry for a guide to go with me towards the Ohio. The season was as cold as severely cold weather at Philadelphia, so that the king and Capt. Killbuck would not suffer me to go, for they said the cold was so great that it would kill an Indian, and therefore would surely kill me. The weather continued so intensely cold that I was convinced that travelling was impracticable—though my continuance was very disagreeable, for notwithstanding the traders of this town were very evil, yet they had no taste for religion, so that I was alone and had no suitable sustenance, waiting the permission of Providence to depart homewards. Sabbath 21st.—This was a remarkable cold day. I spent part of it conversing with Capt. Killbuck on several subjects, in which I enquired into the belief of the Delaware Indians;—in particular I asked him if they believed there was a God who created all things. He said they all believed in this. Then I asked if they believed that when a person died, his soul went either to a happy place or a bad one;—he said this was their belief. Then I enquired whether they knew that God would by his great power raise all the dead to life again—to which he replied that this they knew nothing of, until lately they had heard it among the Moravian Indians. But these Indians have been so long acquainted with us, that it is not easy to determine what they have learned of us. To-day Killbuck told me, that as they had concluded their feast, if I had an interpreter, I might preach as much as I pleased; but he would not accept of Joseph, for he said I might as well not speak as to have Joseph, for instead of delivering what I said, he would say what his own heart thought. I soon perceived that Killbuck had such an aversion to Joseph, that nothing could be done if he was made use of: therefore all I spoke in the way of preaching was in the council, using Capt. Killbuck as my interpreter. He is a sensible man in common affairs, but knows not half as much as Joseph in matters of religion. I saw now, that through the want of Mr. Owens, my old in-

interpreter, I was altogether frustrated in this visit and could do nothing. To-day the king and council concluded that no more rum should be drank in this town, and that there should be no dancing except at their Triennial Feast. This made me think of the laws of New Jersey about horseracing, in which there were such reserves as evidently demonstrated that some of the assembly loved the sport. Monday 22d, Captain Killbuck told me they were making up a speech to Governor Penn, who had written to them last fall, and that I must wait and carry it—telling me at the same time not to concern myself about a guide, as they would provide one. Tuesday 22d, the same message was sent, informing me that for six dollars I should have a guide to see me to the Ohio. This news was not the most agreeable, as the wages of the guide were unreasonable, and my daily expenses were similar. It was impossible to get a piece of bear's flesh or venison ham. This people live very poorly—their land, however, is good, but the price is in fool's hands. In the afternoon a messenger came for me to wait on the king and council. I attended, and found about twenty persons convened in their council house, which was sixty feet by twenty-eight. It had one post in the middle,—there were two fires around which the Indians sat on skins, nearly all having long pipes which they kept in constant use. They prepared a stool for me, and presented me with a bowl of homony, of which they were eating, but they had a great advantage over me by reason of their very wide mouths which suited the broad ladle, used by them instead of a spoon—one ladle serving for four or five Indians. After our repast a sheet of paper was brought, and Killbuck being interpreter informed me that it was their desire that I should write to Governor Penn from them, desiring him to let his people know, that, if they or any white man or Indian brought rum to their side of the Allegheny or Ohio, they had appointed six men on penalty of death, to stave every keg; and that he would let Gov. Franklin know that they desired all the Jersey Indians to move to them, as their country was large enough. According to request I drew up a letter and had every word of it interpreted by Capt. Killbuck and an assistant. This I delivered to his honour Richard Penn. Wednesday 24th, I was called to the council, and was desired to deliver a speech to the Quakers of Philadelphia; but there was nothing in the message worthy of writing, and hence I delivered it verbally to Mr. Thomas Wharton of Philadelphia. As I was to start on my journey the next day, I took leave of them at this meeting—giving them all the advice I thought proper, which they seemed to receive in a friendly manner—so that we parted in love and peace.

These Indians are not defective in capacity, and their long acquaintance with us has given some of them better notions than many other savages hold. They are as void of government as the Shawanese—their virtues are few—their vices nearly the same as those of other Indians. Their apparel and customs are similar to those of the Shawanese; but they do not paint as much, and they have a great feast once in three years. I asked Killbuck the reason of this, to which he replied that it might have had some meaning at first, but it was only observed as an old custom. These Indians have no kind of worship but incline to have learning among them, and are beginning to farm. Indeed it appears to me that a schoolmaster and minister may go with safety and success among them, if they keep their conclusion to suffer no rum to be used in their country. On this subject I spoke much, and they answered with loud voices, *Kehellah*, which is the strongest affirmation. They were very civil to me, and honour a minister. Their number, including men, women and children, is about six hundred: they increase much more than the Shawanese, licentiousness and polygamy not being so common. This town is in no regular form. Neither these nor the Shawanese claim any distinct property in land, nor do they know where their boundaries are. *Neetotwhealemon* is among them styled a king, and is considerably honoured—his house has a good stone chimney—a good loft and stairs. Providence seems to point out the civilizing of these Indians, for a farming life will lead to law, learning, and government to secure property. Capt. Killbuck told me he saw there was a need of a magistrate to recover debts and expected by and by they would have one; but their people did not yet understand matters. This I can say; though the want of an interpreter and provisions, rendered my continuance impracticable, yet I left them with a heart full of pity, considering them my fellow creatures.

Thursday 25th, having got a guide ready, who cost six dollars, I set out about eleven o'clock for the river Ohio. My guide was a Jersey Indian named Pontius Newtimus, who spoke good English, but was almost as great a stranger to the woods as myself, and we had no road only a small part of the way. The spot on the Ohio at which I aimed lay a little south of east from Newcomer's Town—traveled fifteen miles and encamped by a brook, where we were surrounded by an abundance of howling wolves: we made a large fire and slept well. Friday 26th, we set out about eight o'clock, and traveled over exceedingly fine land for wheat—covered with excellent timber and gooseberry bushes. Crossing a number of brooks running southwardly, we

came at last to a creek about fifteen feet wide running southeast, where we encamped. We could not tell whether this run into the Ohio or Muskingum; however we slept safe on its bank in the midst of the wilderness, having traveled at least thirty miles.

Saturday 27th, we soon left this creek and went through the woods an east course, until at length we came to a creek which we followed; and a little before sunset came to the river Ohio, opposite Wheeling. This creek comes into the Ohio against an island and was not mentioned in Hutchins' map; therefore, as I gave information of it, in the map it will bear my name. Sabbath 28th, I parted with my guide in great love and friendship, having traveled at least seventy-five miles together in the solitary wilderness; and though he behaved very well, yet I must say that I was not without some fear lest he might have done me an injury. I went about four miles down the river and came to a place opposite Mr. Wm. McMeekens, from whence I took the water for the Shawanese. The river had much driving ice in it, yet when I called Mr. McMeekens over in a small canoe and took me over safely, having left my horse behind on account of the ice, but in a few days I obliged him to swim over. When I set my feet on shore on that side of the Ohio, I felt as if I was at home and hope rose high in expectation of seeing New Jersey once more. Here I tarried some weeks, waiting for my brother and Mr. Clark to return with corn from the Manongahela, for I could not set out however until I saw them, because I had left part of my clothes with them. As I am now about to depart from this famous country, I think it proper to say something on a subject which I forgot when speaking of it before. The land itself I have justly described—but this is not all the excellency of this new world, for its waters abound with the greatest abundance of famous fish that are any where to be met with. There is a kind called white perch, which is much larger than a shad and is very agreeable food; the yellow perch, called sun fish, are here as large as shad. There is another fish called Buffalo fish, which is much larger than our sheep's head. Catfish of an extraordinary size are taken—some weighing one hundred pounds, and we took one from which fourteen persons ate and then part was given to the Indians. Large salmon are also to be found—some as large as prodigious large pike, with herrings, chubs, mullets, and various kinds of small fish, and what is remarkable, they are found not only in the Ohio, but in the creeks. There is also a soft shell turtle, which is good food. This country abounds with an abundance of turkeys, some of which are very large, wild geese, ducks, and some swans are also seen—

and after you go near the Great Kanawha, large flocks of small green parrots are to be seen—not many pigeons—some few quails—considerable numbers of pheasants—abundance of eagles and ravens, but very few crows and black birds. The wild animals are bears, panthers, wolves, wild cats, foxes, very few rabbits, deer, buffalo, moose deer, which are commonly called elks, but in the Delaware language moose—some few squirrels, and plenty of raccoons, beavers and otters. Thus I have described this country and that of the Indians, together with some remarkable occurrences, and would now leave the reader; but as God was pleased to bring me through some very trying scenes, I have thought proper to communicate the same. Before doing so, I wish to remark that I made many inquiries for the Welsh Indians—all accounts pointed out their residence beyond the Mississippi in the latitude of forty degrees, or thereabouts. But the accounts are so various that it is a doubt with me whether there is any such people on the continent; but if there is, a few years will discover them, for we gain knowledge fast of this western world. Friday, March 19th, I left the Ohio, and slept alone in the solitary, wild wilderness, among wild beasts, but God kept me safe and undisturbed.

On the 25th of March, I was crossing the Allegheny mountains and the snow was nine inches deep. Came to Old Town the 28th, and preached in the evening at Col. Cresap's. On my way in the following week, was taken with the plague, and lay at David Bowen's, west side of the Connecheague. On Saturday, 30th of April, had blood let and gained so much relief, that in the afternoon I fell into a pleasant sleep, and had such a representation of the state of my family at home, that when I awoke I told the people that I believed my son was dead, and I found when I came home that he had died about that very time. From that time my spirit sank in me with unaccountable sadness. I would infer from this circumstance that God may reveal some things in the sleep, but in common regard ought to be placed in slumbering imaginations. After recruiting I started home—passing through New Castle county, Delaware, having some business that way. On Thursday 22d, at a town called Chester, about sixteen miles from Philadelphia, I was informed that my favorite son was dead. Though I much expected it, the tidings struck me through the very heart, with such sorrow that my soul was ready to expire. Sorrowfully I rode to Philadelphia, where I was prevailed on to stay over Sabbath. I had buried two children before, but as Jacob's heart and life were bound up in Benjamin, so was mine in this son.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.

BY J. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Piqua.

UPPER PIQUA, Nov. 26th, 1845.

MR. C. CIST, Sir—

In conformity to a promise made you in Cincinnati, last summer, that I would write you some account of my rambles over the mountains and throughout the west, more than a half century ago, having some weeks of leisure, during a sojourn at the Harrodsburg Springs, in August and September last, I employed the time in putting on paper what had then occurred to my mind. In the hurry of packing up my baggage, or in the confusion at Frankfort on the occasion of the funeral of the remains of Boone and his wife, I lost my manuscript, and since my return to Piqua, I have been so much occupied with the affairs of the farm, together with occasional bad health, that I could not until the present redeem my promise.

I was at Carlisle, in Pennsylvania, at sixteen years old, behind the counter in the store of a good honest Presbyterian Elder, Judge John Creigh, when it first entered my head to become an adventurer in the far west. Many of the troops who perished in the defeat of St. Clair, in 1791, rendezvoused at Carlisle, were there disciplined, prepared for the field, and marched westward. The United States owned extensive grounds and barracks there, erected during the Revolutionary War, and used at the present day as a military depot. Here some of the officers returned after the carnage at which is now called Recovery. Among these was Major Thomas Butler, who was shot in the leg, and who commanded all the troops collected at Carlisle, for the army under Gen'l. Wayne. I thus early became familiar with persons who had been in the west, heard the beauty and extent of the country described; its large lakes and rivers, boundless forests, extensive prairies; and I was determined to behold with my eyes what had been so often described in my hearing. Accordingly the son of my patron, Judge Creigh, and myself, set out about January 7, 1793, for the Ohio, with a mercantile establishment. I crossed the mountains on foot, with the waggons, for the protection of the property, young Creigh, having preceded me on horseback to make arrangements for transporting the goods down the river. After a tedious and harassing journey in the midst of winter, through frost and snow, averaging twelve to fourteen miles a day, for there were no turnpike roads then in Pennsylvania, I reached Pittsburgh in safety with my goods, and descended the Ohio to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, without encountering the the smallest accident. We took in for a passen-

ger at Pittsburgh, a French lady from Paris, in pursuit of her husband, an emigrant some time settled at the French grant—Gallipolis. The meeting of the parties in that wild country was interesting and affecting in the extreme. Previous to the finding of her husband, the lady's caresses were all bestowed upon a favourite dog, which had accompanied her from her own fair France. He eat with her and slept with her; but on meeting with her long lost husband, the poor dog, as was to be expected, was no longer noticed. He evidently felt the neglect, and by his looks and manner sensibly rebuked his mistress. We were detained a day and night at the station, to share in the joy of our passenger, for we had treated her kindly, and she was very grateful. In 1793, the French inhabitants at Gallipolis had a fort built, and a regular military organization for their safety from the Indians. The officers wore blue as uniform, with white facings, after the fashion of their own country. In the fall of 1794, in ascending the river to Pittsburgh, I called at Gallipolis to see our former friend madame; found her in good health, much altered in dress and appearance, alarmed about the Indians, tired of the country, and urgent upon her husband to abandon it and return to France. All kinds of merchandise were high in price, and in demand at Fort Washington. The army was cantoned at Hobson's Choice, just below where is now the city of Cincinnati. Money plenty—the currency, with the exception of some specie, was all of the paper of the old Bank of the United States. A great proportion of the circulation was in bills of three dollars, three dollars being then the monthly pay of a private soldier. It was a common expression with the troops to call the bank bills *oblongs*. This was more especially the case at the gambling tables. Gambling was much practised among the officers and retainers of the army. The principal merchants and traders with the army at Cincinnati, in 1793 and 4, were Abijah Hunt and brothers, Smith and Findlay, the late Gen. James Findlay, O. Ormsby, Tate, afterwards Bullock, Ferguson, Wilson, Creigh, and others not remembered. Traders with the produce of the upper country were constantly coming and going. The pack horses, for transporting supplies to Forts Hamilton, St. Clair, Jefferson and Greenville, were all procured in Kentucky. Captain Benham had the command of the pack-horse department, and was called pack-horse master general. He was assisted by John Sutherland, Wallen, and others, as subordinate captains, each having the care and management of 40 horses with the requisite number of divisions. This branch of the service was very laborious and dangerous, the drivers being

often killed by the Indians. Ox teams were also employed in transporting supplies to the out posts above named. Several generally went together and were protected by escorts of troopers or dragoons. Pack-horse companies often went unprotected, because they went quicker and were not so liable to be attacked by the Indians.

A certain Scott Traverse owned an ox team, with wagon, frequently passing alone as far as Greenville, unharmed. He never would wait for an escort. Go always when he was ready, he prided himself on his good fortune. At last, on one of his trips, near Fort Hamilton, he was overtaken by the Indians and himself and his oxen killed, his wagon burnt, and the loading carried off and destroyed. He was often cautioned against his fool hardiness.

Elliott, the partner of Elliott and Williams, the army contractors, was killed in the summer of 1794, between Cincinnati and Fort Hamilton. He was on his way coming in from the head quarters of the army, at Greenville, having, as was reported, settled up all his business previous to the commencement of the campaign, and was not to revisit the army any more. The body when recovered was abused and mutilated by the Indians. It was brought into Cincinnati and interred. I think it was in June, 1794, I went to Greenville in an escort commanded by Major Winston of the dragoons. There were several ox teams, with pack horses, quarter masters' men, and others along; some on foot and some mounted. The late Daniel Conner of Cincinnati, and myself, were together on foot. The escort was large, extending on the road a considerable distance. A few miles in advance of Griffin's station the front of the line was fired on by the Indians, and several men killed and scalped by them, before the dragoons came up. They had detained at the station, and not a man of them came up until the mischief was all over. The officer in command was blamed, but not brought to court martial. Had his force been properly distributed in front and rear no attack would have been made. No doubt at all the Indians, as was their constant practice, had their scouts watching our progress, and finding the dragoons repaid in their duty they availed themselves accordingly. They got little or no booty. I often learned from the Indians in after times, that no detachment of troops ever left the Ohio without their progress being daily watched by the Indian spies.

Kentucky against the World.

When I referred, last week, to the fine steer *DISTRIBUTION*, raised in Ohio, and recently bought by Messrs. *Wunder & Butcher*, for the approach-

ing holidays, as having no rival of his kind in the United States, I was not aware that an equally remarkable animal from Kentucky would be here to divide public attention and admiration in this line.

It is worth a walk the whole length of the city, to see a remarkable heifer raised by Mr. *Roberts*, of Kentucky, for which two hundred dollars has been paid by the same persons, *Vanaken Wunder* and *John Butcher*, for the purpose of grading their stalls during the Christmas and New Year festivals. She weighs sixteen hundred pounds, and has been pronounced both the *fattest and largest heifer in the world*, by those who are familiar with the subject. They may both be seen at the stables of Mr. Isaac Marchant, corner of Ninth and Sycamore streets.

I learn that the *BERRSFORDS*, a family of our oldest established victualars, will have an ample supply of splendid beef and other meats during the festive season which closes the year, which I propose to notice more particularly next week.

Sleepy Worshipers.

Mr. ———, a mason by trade, having worked hard all the week, was disposed while at church on Sunday, to take a snooze. He had kept awake until the preacher had progressed some way in his sermon, when he fell into a sound sleep, and dreaming in his soporific obliviousness that he was about his work, cried out in a senatorian voice—"Mort! mbre Mort!" The effect upon the congregation, says the *Portland Argus*, may be imagined.

I recollect a worthy member of the Society of Friends in Philadelphia, named *Hanson Waters*, who kept a dry goods store on Third, between Market and Arch streets. He was a man of lethargic habit, and of course, easily overcome by sleep while attending the silent meeting of his sect. One hot summer day, while at his post at meeting, he had been full of some business reverie, and fancying himself at his own store, taking his yearly inventory, he bawled out to the scandal of his brethren and his own deep mortification—"Three thousand pieces short yellow mankins; five shillings per piece; set that down John."

Ancient Bills of Lading.

The following curious document is worthy of special notice, on various accounts. It serves, in the first place, to shew that in 1729, while the House of Burgesses, in Virginia, was remonstrating against the introduction of slaves into Virginia, that New England shipping was carrying on a traffic in negroes. The continued reference to the *grace of God*, and the blending piety with commerce in this bill of lading, was perfectly

characteristic of the region and the date to which it refers, although similar language in such documents would now pass for arrant hypocrisy.

The document is perfectly authentic and *verbalim*, as respects the language:

Shipped by the Grace of GOD, in good Order and well conditioned, by William Pepperell on his account and risque, in and upon the good Briga, called, the Culner,—whereof is Master under GOD for this present Voyage, Walter Osborne, and now riding at Anchor in the harbor of Piscataqua,—and by GOD'S Grace bound for Martinique, *To say*, ONE NEGRO MAN, call'd James, Being Marked and Numbered as in the Margent, and there to be delivered in like Order and well Conditioned, at the aforesaid Port of Martinique (the Danger of the Seas only excepted) unto Capt. Ben'ia. Clark, or to his Assigns, be or they paying Freight for said Goods Nothing, with Primage and Average accustomed. In witness whereof the Master or Purser of the said Briga hath affirmed to two Bills of Lading, all of this Tenor and Date, one of which two Bills being Accomplished, the other to stand void. And so GOD send the good Briga to her desired Port in safety, AMEN.

Dated in Piscataqua, the 9th day of Feb'ua., 1729. WALTER OSBORN.

I have seen bills of lading from Liverpool, England, dated as late as 1807, very much in the same strain; and a remarkable one of the sort may be seen preserved in a frame, at the office of the Firemens' Insurance Company, corner of Main and Front streets.

A Story of Pocket Picking.

The adroitness of the nimble fingered gentry, who make pocket picking their *profession* is often a matter of astonishment to the unpractised. We have heard of a case which illustrates the *legerdemain* of this wide spread and dangerous species of villany, more thoroughly than any other we have heard of. It may be relied upon as authentic.

A few weeks since, a gentleman at the Astor House, in New York, suddenly missed a gold watch, which was worth more to him than it could be to any one else. He marvelled much at its absence, for he knew he had only been in and out of the office and reading room of that hotel since he noted the hour by it. In the hope of recovering it, he advertised his loss and offered a reward of fifty dollars. The same day he received a note, informing him that he could have his watch by calling at a certain house in an obscure part of the city. After some little hesitation he resolved to go. The watch was too valuable to him to be given up without at least this attempt to recover it. So he went. His call at the door was promptly answered by a very gentlemanly looking person, who in reply to his inquiries, replied that he had in his possession the advertised watch, and that on payment of the offered reward he would deliver it up. The loser promised to pay the fifty dollars provided he was convinced the watch was his. It was exhibited, and the gentleman recognised it at once, paid the reward, and gladly placed the recovered treasure in its place in his vest pocket. As he was turning to go away he remarked,

"I am glad, as you may suppose, to get my

watch back again, but I should really be pleased to know how you took it from me."

"That I will inform you," readily replied the pick pocket. "Do you remember holding an animated conversation with two other gentlemen in the reading room of the Astor on the morning you lost your watch?"

"I do," replied the loser.

"Well, do you not also remember that a gentleman who stood close by, left his newspaper, drew near, and finally joined in the discussion?"

"Very distinctly," replied the other, "and also that he engaged in it with much warmth."

"Precisely," continued the narrator, "and do you not remember that he at one time, in his earnestness, tapped you two or three times on the left breast, *thus*?" (suiting the action to the word.)

"Yes," replied the gentleman.

"Then I took your watch," said the other, and turning, shut the door and disappeared.

The gentleman returned to the Astor, musing on this strange occurrence, and while relating it to some of his wondering friends, was astonished to find that his watch was again missing. When the adroit knight of the nimble fingers described to him how he *once* filched from him his watch, he took it again! So the gentleman finally lost his watch, after having paid to the thief the reward for its recovery!

Responsibilities.

When a Brazilian introduces you to an acquaintance, he says, "This is my friend Mr. so and so. *I will be responsible for any thing he steals.*" Such a responsibility would be dangerous in some places.

I should have thought this a caricature, but for a circumstance of a kindred nature, which it recalls to my remembrance.

Many years ago I was a clerk to an individual, whose great infirmity was a suspicious nature. He appeared to have no confidence at all in mankind. On one occasion a gentleman from the south, a wealthy planter, who had bought a large bill of goods at the store, after taking supper with my employer, was spending the evening in the counting room. After sitting to a late hour, the gentleman rose to depart. The counting room communicated with the store, through a long and dark passage, and his path to the street was through the store. Handing me a candle my employer addressed me—"Mr. Cist will you be good enough to light Mr. ——— to the door:" then sinking his voice to a whisper, audible but to me—"and see that he steals nothing by the way."

A Recollection of the Stage.

William B. Wood, Esq., formerly manager of the Philadelphia Theatre, took a benefit at the Baltimore Theatre, after having been forty-seven years on the stage, and always sustaining the character of a gentleman. His father taught school in the large building in the rear of Trinity Church, and young Wood was usher. He was afterwards a clerk in the auction store of Hoff-

& Gloss. He is about seventy-four years of age.

Forty years ago I saw *William B. Wood* and *Syencer H. Cone* performing in the same piece on the boards of the Philadelphia stage. Until I saw this paragraph I was not aware that Mr. W. was still living. Cone soon after left the stage, united with the Baptist Church under the care of *Dr. Staughton*, an eminent divine of that denomination, prepared for the ministry, and has been ever since a successful and venerated minister of the gospel in the City of New York. How widely different has been the course of these men, once rival candidates for public favour. I cannot but believe Mr. Cone made the wiser choice. Mr. Wood's private character was always considered irreproachable; but at the close of a long life, can he look back to the influence he has exerted on society with the same consciousness that his cotemporary must feel, that the community has been the wiser and better for his existence?

A Fairy Story.

It may be considered impertinent, were I to explain what is meant by a changeling; both Shakespeare and Spenser have already done so, and who is there unacquainted with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Fairy Queen*?

Now Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been changed by "faries' theft," to use Spenser's words, and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy blue eyed boy had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbours, by way of comforting her, said, that her own child was beyond any kind of a doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves had been put in its place.

Mrs. Sullivan, of course, could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy: she, therefore, could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the road-side, notwithstanding these and several like proceedings were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of *Ellen Leah* (or *Ellen Gray*.) She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning, Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of *Ellen Leah* to her.

"You may say that Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as by your leave, or ask your pardon, and an ugly dony bit of shrivelled up fairy put in its place: no wonder then that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said *Ellen Leah*; "but are you sure 'tis a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough am I to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said *Ellen Leah*, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and after a pause, she added, "but you'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child—my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan, with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned *Ellen Leah*, "you'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and *Ellen* continued. "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire; and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether its your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as *Ellen Leah* desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water to boiling at such a rate that if ever water was red hot—it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs, and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked with the voice of a very old man, "What are you adooing mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer, without making any wonder at the words, "I'm brewing, a tick" (my son.)

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red hot," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating; so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I'm brewing, a tick," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy; what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, a tick," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp, starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I'm fifteen hundred years in the world; I never was at a brewery of egg-shells before!"

The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan seizing it, ran furiously towards the cradle; somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up without much loss of time, and went to the cradle intending to pitch the wicked thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep, one of his soft round arms resting upon the

pillow—his features were as placid as if his repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

Who can tell the feelings of a mother when she looks upon her sleeping child? Why should I, therefore, endeavour to describe those of Mrs. Sullivan at again beholding her long lost boy? The fountain of her heart overflowed with the excess of joy—and she wept! tears trickled silently down her cheeks, nor did she strive to check them—they were tears not of sorrow, but of happiness.

Rail-Road to the Pacific.—No. 3.

Pecuniary Results.—The whole commerce of Europe, with the unnumbered millions of China and India, and the islands of those seas must pass entirely by this route, rendering us the carriers of the largest and most lucrative commerce on the globe. In the next place, it would enable the vast and productive valley of the Mississippi to reach, with its bulkiest articles, our whole country at profitable rates, and to dispose of an export of Indian corn to Hindustan and China, greater than the whole present crop of that article, immense as it now is, and at a price which would forever secure forty cents per bushel as a minimum rate throughout the whole valley of the Mississippi. Let me illustrate this for a moment. Rice, the great staple of those countries, usually sells there at \$1 25 the *picul*—one hundred thirty-three pounds—which is of course about one cent per pound. This equalizes Indian corn to sixty cents per bushel. Corn will be taken on this rail-road to the shores of the Pacific for fifteen cents per bushel—thence to China and India for five cents more, netting forty cents per bushel to the owner.

The last year's crop of Indian corn in the United States, was nearly four hundred million bushels. This would not be a bushel to each inhabitant of those countries, and at twenty-five cents per bushel, which is the lowest average value ever the whole west, must produce one hundred million dollars, almost twice the value of the cotton crop of the United States; now and for some years past, its most valuable article of export.

There is no deficiency of wealth in China to purchase our produce, for she lays the whole world under contribution by the sale of her silks, teas, &c.; and until the United States exported to that country lead and domestic cottons, which even yet form but a small part of the means to pay for her imports thence, we paid for her teas, silks, porcelain, &c., in Spanish dollars. China is in fact, so far as the accumulation of money makes a nation rich, the richest nation on the globe. And when the means of transportation, at a cheap rate, of the necessaries and luxuries

which America produces for the food of mankind are thus afforded, a market will be opened there for American produce, of which we have now not the faintest idea.

Border Incident.

During the continuance of the Indian war, from 1790 to 1795, it was customary for the inmates of all the garrisons to cultivate considerable fields of Indian corn and other vegetables near the walls of their defences. Although hazardous in the extreme, it was preferable to starvation. For a part of that time no provisions could be obtained from the older settlements above, on the Monongahela and Ohio; sometimes from a scarcity amongst themselves, and always at great hazard from Indians, who watched the river for the capture of boats. Another reason was the want of money; many of the settlers having expended a large share of their funds in the journey on, and for the purchase of lands, while others had not a single dollar; so that necessity compelled them to plant their fields. The war having commenced so soon after their arrival, and at a time when not expected, as a formal treaty was made with them at Marietta, in January, 1789, which by the way was only a piece of Indian diplomacy, they never intending to abide by it any longer than suited their convenience, and no stores being laid up for a siege, they were taken entirely unprepared. So desperate were their circumstances at one period, that serious thoughts of abandoning the country were entertained by many of the leading men. Under these circumstances R. J. Meigs, then a young lawyer, was forced to lay aside the gown, and assume the use of both the sword and the plow. It is true that but little ploughing was done, as much of the corn was then raised by planting the virgin soil with a hoe, amongst the stumps and logs of the clearing, after burning off the brush and light stuff. In this way large crops were invariably produced; so that nearly all the implements needed were the axe and the hoe. It so happened that Mr. Meigs, whose residence was in Campus Martius, the garrison on the east side of the Muskingum river, had planted a field of corn on the west side of that stream in the vicinity of Fort Harmar. To reach this field the river was to be crossed near his residence in a canoe, and the space between the landing and his crop, a distance of about half a mile, to be passed by an obscure path through a thick wood.

Early in June, 1792, Mr. Meigs, having completed the labour of the day a little before night, set out on his return home in company with Joseph Symonds and a coloured boy, which he had brought with him as a servant from Connecticut. Immediately on leaving the field they entered the forest through which they had to pass before reaching the canoe. Symonds and the boy were unarmed; Mr. Meigs carried a small shot-gun, which he had taken with him for the purpose of shooting a turkey, which at that day abounded to an extent that would hardly be credited at this time. Flocks of several hundred were not uncommon, and of a size and fatness that would excite the admiration of an epicure of any period of the world, even of Apicius himself. Meeting, however, with no turkeys, he had discharged his gun at a large snake which crossed his path. They had now arrived within a few rods of the landing, when two Indians, who had

been for some time watching their movements and heard the discharge of the gun, sprang into the path behind them, fired and shot Symonds through the shoulder. He, being an excellent swimmer, rushed down the bank and into the Muskingum river; where, turning on his back, he was enabled to support himself on the surface until he floated down near to Fort Harmar, where he was taken up by a canoe. His wound, although a dangerous one, was healed, and I knew him twenty years afterwards. The black boy followed Symonds into the river as far as he could wade, but being no swimmer, was unable to get out of reach of the Indian who pursued them, and was seized and dragged on shore. The Indian who had captured him was desirous of making him a prisoner, which he so obstinately refused, and made so much resistance that he finally tomahawked and scalped him near the edge of the water. To this alternative he was in a manner compelled, rather than lose both prisoner and scalp; as the rangers and men at Campus Martius had commenced firing at him from the opposite shore. The first shot was fired by a spirited black man in the service of Commodore Abraham Whipple, who was employed near the river at the time.

From some accident, it seems that only one of the Indians was armed with a rifle, while the other had a tomahawk and knife. After Symonds was shot, Mr. Meigs immediately faced about in order to retreat to Fort Harmar. The savage armed with the rifle, had placed himself in the path; intending to cut off his escape, but had no time to reload it before his intended victim clubbed his gun and rushed upon his antagonist. As he passed, Mr. Meigs aimed a blow at his head, which the Indian returned with his rifle. From the rapidity of the movement, neither of them were seriously injured, although it staggered each considerably, yet neither fell to the ground. Instantly recovering from the shock, he pursued his course to the fort with the Indian close at his heels. Mr. Meigs was in the vigour of early manhood, and had, by frequent practice in the race, become a very swift runner. His foeman was also very fleet, and amongst the most active of their warriors, as none but such were sent into the settlements on marauding excursions. The race continued for sixty or eighty rods with little advantage on either side, when Mr. Meigs gradually increased his distance a-head, and leaping across a deep run that traversed the path, the Indian stopped on the brink, threw his tomahawk, and gave up the pursuit with one of those fierce yells which rage and disappointment both served to sharpen. It was distinctly heard at both the forts. About eight years since, an Indian tomahawk was plowed up near this very spot, and was most probably the one thrown at Mr. Meigs; as the rescue and pursuit from Fort Harmar was so immediate upon hearing the alarm, that he had no time to recover it. With the scalp of the poor black boy, the Indians ascended the abrupt side of the hill which overlooked the garrison, and, shouting defiance to their foes, escaped in the forest.

The excitement was very great at the garrison, and taught the inmates an useful lesson; that of being better armed and more on their guard when they went out on their agricultural pursuits. Had Mr. Meigs tried any other expedient than that of facing his enemy and rushing instantly upon him, he must inevitably have lost his life,

as the Indian was well aware of his gun being unloaded. On his right was the river, on his left a very steep and high hill; beyond him the pathless forest, and between him and the fort his Indian foe. To his sudden and unexpected attack, to his dauntless and intrepid manner, and to his activity, he undoubtedly owed his life.

The Wheat Crop of 1845.

It is now rendered certain that there is a serious deficiency in the English, and a partial failure in the European crops. The price of bread stuffs have, in consequence considerably advanced in our markets. Under these circumstances it is fortunate that our harvests have proved so abundant. The wheat and corn crops of this country are far heavier, this year, than ever before—notwithstanding their unpromising aspect early in the season. The wheat crop of this year is moderately estimated at 125,000,000 of bushels, which is an excess of 22,000,000 over the crop of 1842, (viz. 103,000,000) the largest ever before raised in the United States. We shall thus be able to feed our brethren across the Atlantic, and still have an abundance left for ourselves. The Albany Argus has the following paragraphs, which will not be uninteresting in this connection:—

The wheat crop of Michigan is comparatively larger than that of any other State in the Union. With a population of not over 400,000, she raises this year at least 7,000,000 bushels of wheat. The quality is also of the very best. The Wolverines are glorying in their abundance, and they say they can furnish Europe with all the bread she may need. The central rail-road now brings down to Detroit 10,000 bushels of wheat daily, but the supply is so very heavy at Marshall and the other depots at this busy season, that the motive power cannot take it off as fast as the forwarders require. This will give some idea of the production of Michigan. The recent advance in prices will most fortunately afford a fair profit to the producer, and thus with an immense crop he reaps a high price—which fortunate combination is all that is wanted to ensure a sound and enviable prosperity.

This fall the western States are not only peculiarly fortunate in their large crops, but also in acquiring intelligence of the late rise before the whole crop was in second hands.

The following table, which we find in the N. Y. Herald, affords material for reflection, as exhibiting the variations in our crops arising from the character of the season.

The production of grain in the United States for four years, according to the returns issued from the office of the Commissioner of Patents, has been as annexed:

	QUANTITY OF GRAIN GROWN IN THE U. STATES.			
	1840.	1842.	1843.	1844.
	<i>Bushels.</i>	<i>Bushels.</i>	<i>Bushels.</i>	<i>Bushels.</i>
Wheat,	84,822,372	102,317,340	100,310,856	95,677,000
Barley,	4,161,504	3,871,623	3,230,721	3,627,000
Oats,	123,071,341	150,682,517	145,029,666	172,247,009
Rye,	18,445,567	22,779,223	24,329,281	24,451,000
Buckwheat,	7,291,743	9,483,490	7,959,410	9,071,000
Ind. Corn,	377,531,875	441,829,240	494,618,316	424,963,000

Yet from the diversity of our soil, extent of country, and variety of climate, the word *ABUNDANCE* better expresses the garnerings in, of every harvest.

The amount of Indian corn raised, seems a matter of wonderment. The half starved ag-

cratives of Europe may well look at those returns with glistening eyes, for it affords twenty-two bushels of corn alone for every man, woman and child in this country. Indian corn will rarely bear exportation, and therefore but little is carried abroad. It is nearly all consumed at home. Our cattle enjoy an abundance of that food which would be deemed a luxury in Europe. Such is the prolific fertility of our soil and the extent of production under the competition of freeman.

Egypt was once called the granary of the world, but America, in the extent of its wheat production as well as the production of its quality, will throw into the shade even the fables of Herodotus.

To Readers.

No 1 of an interesting series of "Recollections of the last sixty years," being a narrative referring principally to the actual condition of things, and progress of events, in the west during that period, is this day published in the Advertiser, and will be followed by other numbers from the same pen. The writer is *John Johnston, Esq.*, of *Piqua*, well known and highly appreciated in the community as a man of integrity and capacity, and who in the character of Indian agent, which he sustained for many years to the United States, has had means of becoming conversant with many interesting facts in the history and condition of those tribes who formerly inhabited the great State of Ohio, the Delawares, Shawanese and Wyandots.

I anticipate valuable materials for the future historian in the correspondence of Mr. J.

Anecdote of Napoleon.

Bonaparte, having made a visit to an aqueduct, prepared for his return to Suez: it was a dark night when he reached the coast. The flow of the tide had begun, and it was proposed to encamp and spend the night on the shore, but Bonaparte refused; he called the guide, and commanded him to lead the way. The guide, confounded by an order from a person whom the Arabs regarded as a prophet, mistook the ford, and the passage was lengthened by about half an hour. They were scarcely half way, when the waves of the flowing tide began to rise round the legs of the horses—the rapidity of the swell on the coast was great—the darkness hindered them from seeing, the distance they had yet to go. General Caffarelli, whose wooden leg prevented him from holding firm in the saddle, cried out for assistance. The cry was deemed a signal of distress; the little caravan was instantly thrown into disorder; everybody fled his own way. Bonaparte alone continued tranquilly to follow his guide. Still the water rose, his horse became frightened, and refused to advance—the position

was terrible; the least delay was death. One of the guides, remarkable for his great height and Herculean strength, leaped into the sea, took the General on his shoulders, and, holding fast by the horse's tail, carried Bonaparte like a child. In a few minutes the water rose to his arm-pits, and he began to lose his footing; the sea rose with frightful rapidity; five minutes more, and the fortunes of the world would have been changed by the death of a single man. Suddenly the Arab shouted, he felt he touched the shore; the guide, quite exhausted, fell upon his knees—the General was saved at the moment his strength was gone.

On how little more than a thread the destinies of Europe for thirty years, depended at that moment.

Powers' Greek Slave.

A foreign correspondent of the *N. Y. Mirror*, who has seen the work of Powers, thus eloquently writes:—

I have seen it—and I want words to express my admiration. It is so beautiful, so true, so chaste. The treatment of the subject, too, is admirable in detail. The figure, you are aware, is that of a young female; her manacled hands reveal her enthralled condition. She is a slave; while the classic lineaments of her calmly beautiful face, and the adjuncts of her Greek cap and drapery—arranged to form the support of the figure—delicately but intelligently announced that she is the daughter of

The clime of the unfortunate brave
Whose land, from plain to mountain cave,
Was freedom's home or glory's grave!

The figure itself is unencumbered with drapery; the position is easy, natural, unrestrained; the face thoughtful, unimpassioned, (perhaps *too calm*—that is, one might say so, if determined to find some exception,) the limbs exquisitely moulded, perfectly proportioned, displaying the perfection of female beauty in its greatest delicacy, without the slightest nuance of grossness. The disposal of the slight chain is most happily conceived and executed, and materially assists the sentiment of *pudeur* that pervades the composition. Indeed, the figure seems to breathe an atmosphere of purity, and to be surrounded by a halo of virgin innocence; and you gaze on the charms that the artist's hand has revealed with feelings of reverence and admiration, unmixed with a thought of earthly passion. All the world acknowledges the sculptor's triumph.

Beauty of Cincinnati.

Cincinnati is proverbially clean in its streets and avenues; a thing greatly helped by the fact

that it is seated upon hilly ground, which give the streets a rapid descent for water. In its general aspect it so strikingly resembles Philadelphia that in some parts of the city I could almost believe myself there. Some Quaker angels seem to have clubbed together, and by their united strength, taken up the old city of Brotherly Love, and, bearing it over the tops of the Alleghenies, to have deposited it, joyfully, on the banks of the Ohio, in the very midst of the rich soil of "Symmes' Purchase." *There she sits*, in newborn majesty, "apparent queen." To a staid and moderate European politician the thing would seem a miracle. Here is a beautiful city, of nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, where but fifty years ago nothing was to be seen but boon Nature's wild luxuriance of wood and soil and stream. It is such a transmutation as can be witnessed nowhere but in our beloved land; and the more one contemplates it the more will a sanguine spirit be inclined to cry—

"Visions of glory! spare my aching sight;
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!"

New Map and Gazetteer of the United States.

Messrs. SHERMAN & SMITH of New York, have recently published one of the best maps of the United States, as well as the largest, in use, being seventy-two by eighty-four inches. The agent, Mr. Moulton, is offering it to our citizens, and I can recommend it accordingly.

This Map is accompanied by a new and valuable Gazetteer of the United States. If the ably condensed article referring to Cincinnati be a fair specimen of the book at large, as I presume it to be, this volume will prove a valuable topographical dictionary for general use.

Getting to the First.

Every one has heard the anecdote of Dr. Franklin, who when traveling upon a raw and gusty day, stopped at a tavern, and found the bar-room fire entirely pre-occupied by a set of village loafers, who could not budge an inch, in the way of civility to a stranger. He called for a peck of oysters for his horse, and when the unmannerly cubs all went to the stable to witness the novel spectacle of a horse eating oysters, the doctor selected a comfortable place at the fire "to roast his oysters and warm himself." Of course the horse didn't eat the oysters, but the doctor did. About as good a story is told in the Spirit of the Times, of a captain in the recruiting service at the west, where there were a lot of loungers, and no one offered him a seat. Knowing every thing about the grocery he went behind the counter, and seizing a keg marked "powder," threw it upon the fire exclaiming, "Gentlemen, it's my opinion that we've lived long enough." The way they evacuated the premises wasn't slow. Of course the keg was empty.

Tea and Toast.

One day last week the London Dock Company, at the opening of their new range of tea-ware-houses, gave a party to the tea division of the mercantile interest of London. The "usual

toasts" were given on the occasion; and though, no doubt, these toasts were, so to speak, buttered, we believe that they were not exactly that description of toast which is "usually given" at tea. On the health of Souchong being proposed,

Souchong (through his representative) declared that he had never risen—in the market or anywhere else—under circumstances so flattering as the present. He had been often drunk; though he was never either tipsy himself, nor the cause of intoxication in others; for his was the draught that cheered but not inebriated. Around him were the merchant princes of London; though he must regret the absence of one who was at once a merchant prince and a merchant tailor. He felt that he had now been on his legs long enough, and could only return his best thanks for the honour that had been done him.

Gunpowder felt himself ready to explode with gratitude for the distinction which had just been conferred upon him. He hoped to continue to give satisfaction—in a friendly way: he was not that gunpowder that feared to be superceded by steam: he respected steam for its connection with boiling water—which was his element. It was his boast to load the caddies, and not the cannons, of his country. Allied as he trusted ever to be, with the milk of human kindness and the sugar of free labour, it should ever be his aim to promote universal peace.

Green Hyson, in acknowledging the compliment that he had just received, would notice with pride an epithet which had been applied to him. He had been called evergreen: he felt thus associated with the laurel; and if the laurel bound the poet's temples, he had often to boast of stimulating the poet's brain: he was aware that it had been insinuated that he was hostile to the nervous system; this was a calumny and he took that public opportunity of making the assertion.

Young Hyson, after the eloquent speech just made by his brother, would merely express his thanks. He was unaccustomed to public speaking; his experience being limited to the silent spouting of the kettle.

"The Genuine Leaf" having been proposed—

A stranger rose to respond. He claimed the appellation which had just been mentioned: he was the British Leaf. (*Indignant cries of "Turn him out!"*)

A scene of indescribable confusion here ensued, amid which the pretender was expelled from the room. Order having at length been restored, harmony resumed her way, and several sentimental and comic songs having been sung, the company separated at an advanced hour.—*Punch*.

New Zealand Melody.

Wallaloo! Wallaloo!

Love white man and eat him too!

Stranger white, but that no matter!

Brown man fat, but white man fatter!

Put him or hot stone and bake him!

Crisp and crackling soon we'll make him!

Round and round the dainty goes;—

Eat his fingers! eat his toes!

His body shall our palates tickle!

Then we'll put his head in pickle!

CHORUS.

On the white man dine and sup,
Whet our teeth and eat him up.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.—No. 2.

BY J. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Piqua.

After the peace with the Indians, and after I became agent for many of the tribes, my acquaintance with their distinguished men was of long continuance, and in many cases highly instructing and interesting. The following are the names of some, which after a lapse of more than forty years now occur to my mind:—of the Delawares, Kithuleland or Anderson, the principal chief, a half-breed, the son of Mr. Anderson by a Delaware woman, who resided prior to the Revolutionary War, below Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna, and who gave name to the ferry, long within my remembrance, called "Anderson's ferry." This chief was a very dignified man in character and appearance, upwards of six feet high, well proportioned; a man of great benevolence and goodness; of excellent understanding, but not a public speaker; was greatly beloved by his people. In 1823, he must have been about sixty years old. In pursuance of treaty stipulations with the United States, I removed the whole Delaware tribe, consisting of twenty-four hundred souls, to their new home southwest of Missouri river, near the mouth of the Kansas, in the years 1822 and 23. Such is the fate of this once war-like and powerful tribe, that there were many persons among them in the years mentioned who were born and raised within thirty miles of Philadelphia, and who have gone at our bidding into the far west. There no doubt they will communicate to the wild tribes of that country the overreaching craft, cunning, and deceit of the white man. I will give an instance to shew that the Indians are capable of performing some of the highest acts of humanity and magnanimity. During the last war, the Delawares claimed and received the protection of the United States. The tribe were committed to my keeping during the war of 1813. C. M., a plain country farmer, came to my house at Upper Piqua to see his benefactor, the chief Anderson. This man then resided two hundred miles below Cincinnati, near the Ohio river, and his only errand was to return his acknowledgments to the aged and humane chief who had once spared the lives and property of himself and family. It appeared that he was emigrating to the west, in 1792, on the Ohio river, in a Kentucky boat; that near the mouth of the Scioto, a number of Indians, who afterwards proved to be Delawares, pursued him in canoes and finally got before him, so that escape was impossible. He did not at all fire on the Indians, and this doubtless contributed to his ultimate escape; but making a virtue of necessity, turned his boat to the shore and landed among the Indians. Himself and all

his people were immediately taken out and conducted prisoners over some hills to the camp where was Anderson and other head men. The prisoners being seated and C. M. interrogated through an interpreter, after a warm discussion among the Indians, the chief, Anderson, informed the white people they were at liberty to depart with their boat and all it contained; and cautioned them to be on their watch further down, as there were other Indians waylaying the river, who would certainly murder and rob them if they fell into their hands. They found every thing in the boat as they had left it, and after dividing liberally their stock of provisions with the Indians, they put off with light hearts and many thanks to their uncouth benefactors, and reached their place of destination in safety. The head of this family hearing that Anderson and his people were stationed at Piqua, in the war of 1812, came a long journey of over two hundred miles to see and thank his benefactor. The interview took place in my then "Log Cabin," and in my presence. At our treaty with the Delawares, in 1817-18, at my instance a pension of one dollar a day was settled upon Anderson, which he continued to receive during his life. The second chief of the Delawares was Lapauehlie, a full blooded Indian, also a very large, fine looking man. At the treaty above mentioned, a pension of fifty cents a day was settled on him, during his life. These two chiefs died since their removal westward,—both beloved and popular men of the Shawanese. There was Kituwekasa or Blackhoof, the principal chief, a great orator, small of stature—died at Wapaghkonetta, Allen county, Ohio, at the age of more than one hundred years, some time before the tribe emigrated westward. He was probably in more battles than any living man in his day. His first great affair was at the defeat of Braddock. He was born in Florida, and his nation being the most restless and warlike, was a continual thorn in the side of the Southern English Colonies, warring against them continually. They hovered along the frontiers of the Carolinas and Virginia, until they entered Pennsylvania, giving names to several of the rivers and places within that province and Maryland. The other chiefs of this tribe, we the Shemenetoo or the Snake, Biaseka or the Wolf, Lolaway or Perry. Tecumtha was of this tribe, but not a chief, until he threw off the authority of his nation and became the chief of a banditti, for his followers at Tippecanoe were composed chiefly, if not altogether, of outlaws from all the surrounding tribes. His father was a renowned chief, and killed in a fort at the mouth of Kanawha, before the Revolutionary War, under the following circumstances:—the

Indian chiefs were invited to a truce by the commanding officer, when a soldier crossing the Kanawha river to shoot turkies, was waylaid by some Indians, killed and scalped. His comrades going over and finding the body, returned enraged, rushed into the fort, and despite of the entreaties and authority of their officers, fell on and murdered the ambassadors of peace, leaving not one of them alive. This, with other cases of atrocity, which has been related to me by the Indians, was assigned as a cause for the deep rooted hatred which Tecumtha always manifested towards our race. His feelings were so intense on this head that he often said he never looked upon the face of a white man without being horror struck or feeling his flesh creep. Although he was unquestionably a true patriot and brave man, it is nevertheless a fact that in the first fight he was engaged in with the Kentuckians, on Mad river, he ran away, leaving his brother, wounded, to take care of himself; but was never known to flinch afterwards. He was undoubtedly among the great men of his race, and aimed at the independence of his people by a union of all the Indians north and south, against the encroachments of the whites. Had he appeared fifty years sooner he might have set bounds to the Anglo-Saxon race in the west: but he came upon the stage of action too late—when the power and resources of the Indians were so much impaired and weakened as to render them unable to effect any thing against their powerful neighbours. This celebrated man was about five feet ten inches in height, square, well built form for strength and agility; about forty eight or fifty years old when he fell at the battle of the Thames, during the last war. Tecumtha signifies in English, a wild cat or panther crouching ready to spring upon its prey. The Shawanese successively inhabited in Ohio, the country on the Scioto at Chillicothe, and Old Town, the Mad river country at Zanesfield, Bellefontaine, Urbana and Springfield, the Great Miami at Staunton, Lower and Upper Piqua. From the latter place they were routed by the Kentuckians, when they took refuge on the Auglaize and Hog Creek, extending their settlements down as low as Defiance. Latterly they had chiefly congregated at and near Wapaghkonetta, twenty-nine miles north of Piqua, from whence they finally emigrated southwest of Missouri in 1826 and 1833. The Shawanese were divided into four tribes, viz. the Chillicothe, Mequochake, Piqua and Kiscopokee. Tecumtha was of the last named tribe, and on account of their restless, warring propensities, this tribe numbered very few fighting men when they left Ohio. The prophet, Elsquatawa, was a twin brother of

Tecumtha, a "man" void of talent or merit, a brawling, mischievous Indian demagogue.

Ladies' Fair.

This is the season of fairs: And I am desired to say to my readers that the ladies belonging to the Central Presbyterian Church, will continue for a night or two more in the basement of the church edifice, on Fifth street, between Plum and Western Row, the Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles, which was opened last evening, the 23d inst. They rely on the liberality of their neighbours and friends in purchasing the avails of their industry, to furnish means for the payment of sundry debts, contracted in their department of the church enterprise. I trust to behold there the usual complement of bright eyes and happy faces appropriate to the season and the scene. "The Christmas Guest," I suppose will make its reappearance and two or three curiosities exhibited of great local interest. One of these is the original list of subscriptions to the erection of the oldest permanent house of worship here—the First Presbyterian Church, on Main street. Here may be seen the autographs of the early settlers whose liberality put up that building contributions, in which shame the public spirit of the present age. Some of them yet survive in the midst of the community which they have aided to build up, and it is right that the inhabitants of Cincinnati should know who those are to whom they are thus indebted.

Lastly, I take occasion to say that some specimens of that fine bread which attracted so much admiration last week at my office, will be offered for exhibition and taste, to those who have not yet enjoyed that luxury. I am determined that the citizens of this place shall learn what flour ought to be and can be made to be.

A Relic of Revolutionary Days.

The following letter, published now for the first time, was written by Gen. M'Dougal to Judge Goforth of New York, afterwards one of the first settlers of Columbia:

FISH KILL, February 7th, 1780.

My Dear Sir:—This will inform you that I have been at quarters here, since the 6th of December last, in order, to get rid of an old complaint of the stone. The symptoms have so far yielded to medicine, as to render them more tolerable than they were.

I have seen the report of the committee of the convention of Massachusetts Bay of a constitution to be offered the people for their approbation.

From some sentences in it, I think they have not wholly lost sight of an establishment. I am inclined to believe this was occasioned by their

dread of the clergy; for if the convention declared against such a measure, they would exert themselves to get a negative put on it. when it should be proposed to the people. But independent of this subject, I think the people will not approve of it, or any other form, which gives energy to the government or social security to the people. To give security to a people in the frame of a government, they must resign a portion of their natural liberty for the security of the rest. There is a large county in that state that will not suffer a court of justice to sit to do any business. These very people have become so licentious that they have taken flour by force of arms from a magistrate in this state, who was retaining it here according to law to supply the army, which has been frequently distressed for the want of that article. From this specimen you may form a judgment what kind of constitution will suit that people. There is a great deal of good sense among them; but I have my doubts of its having effect in the frame of government.

I want some small articles from your town. I shall be much obliged to you to inform me how much higher dry goods are than they were before the war for *hard money*? What can the best leather breeches be bought for in like specie?

Your old subaltern is well.

I wish to hear from you by post on the subject of my request as soon as possible.

I am, dear sir, your humble ser't,

ALEX. M'DOUGAL.

Judge W. GORRATH, New York.

Ice.

It is some alleviation of the hardship to which we are exposed for a few weeks of paying double price for fuel, that the same cause, the intense freezing during the last fifteen days, has furnished our ice houses with abundant supplies of ice, some of it twelve inches thick. The article will be plenty and cheap next season without doubt. bringing a wholesome article of the comforts, if not luxuries of life, within the reach of all classes.

Our Ancestors.

Statistics are considered by many persons as dry subjects. But they serve to shed light and elicit truth on many topics, which they illustrate distinctly by means of facts and figures.

It is a common prejudice to suppose that extravagance and luxury are of modern date. Hence our grandfathers and grandmothers are usually contrasted with their descendants as paragons of economy and thrift. I propose to set this matter on a different basis, by showing that fashion and luxury are the same in all ages, when the means of expenditure are alike.

An account of disbursements more than one hundred years ago, on behalf of a lady residing in New England, niece of Sir John Sherburne, formerly Governor of Nova Scotia, has been handed to me in the original manuscript. It is a great curiosity throughout, although my extracts must be brief. For convenience sake, I have thrown the amounts into dollars and cents, although kept in pounds, shillings and pence.

One satin dress, *nineteen yards*, with four

yards founce,	-	-	-	\$533 00
One piece fine lawn,	-	-	-	113 50
One silk petticoat,	-	-	-	150 00
One fan—mounted,	-	-	-	26 00
Bill of lace per particulars,	-	-	-	484 33
One pair silk shoes,	-	-	-	35 67
One <i>full suit</i> rich brocade, <i>eighteen yards</i> ,				666 67
Two very rich brocaded night gowns,				600 00
One long cloth riding hood,	-	-	-	166 67
One sett yellow moreen bed curtains,				443 50
One sett crimson do complete,				250 00
One pair sconces,	-	-	-	312 67
Two scone glasses,	-	-	-	186 67
One pair stays,	-	-	-	60 00
Three yards fine crimson, \$12 50,	-	-	-	37 50

\$4066 18

It will hardly surprise my readers after perusing this specimen, to learn that the bill or running account, of which the above is part, was £9023, 17s. and 10d., which at \$3 33—the New England six shillings to the dollar—is more than *thirty thousand dollars*!

The account to be sure, ran for several years—like all such bills—without settlement, or indeed payment in whole, or in part. Such a woman is indeed of more value than *pearls* or *rubies*.

I have growled at having to buy ten yards for a dress; but “*eighteen*” or “*nineteen*” yards leads all things. I suppose this was the era of hoops.

I trust when my New York exchanges copy this precious document, that the ladies there who have been teasing their husbands for “*those fifteen hundred dollar shawls*,” will send me a vote, of thanks to encourage my further explorations into the past.

Powers, the Sculptor.

A literary friend handed us yesterday the following extract of a letter he has just received from Powers, the American Sculptor, now at Florence. We gladly give it to our readers as a matter of interest:

“The death of Mr. Carey grieves me more than I can tell, or you would perhaps believe, and what adds to my grief and makes the circumstances still more sad to me, is, that the bust of “*Proserpine*,” upon which I had spent so much pains and time, arrived too late to be seen

by him. I did my best to have it done sooner, but the difficulty of procuring workmen to execute to a certain extent, my works, has all along perplexed me. There are plenty of them, but I find but few of them capable of performing precisely what I wish them to do. Besides I had previously commenced another for Mr. Carey which I had laid aside, mainly because it had no basket attached to it.

"My Slave has proved more successful in England than I had ever hoped for. I have already orders for three copies of it—and lately have received an order for an original work—a *female statue*—the subject left entirely to my own choice. One of these orders is from America, the others from England. I am now engaged on a bust of Princess Demidoff, a daughter of Jerome Bonaparte. She has a very handsome face, and I am taking much pains with it. Her husband desires me to make his bust also. I have quite as much work therefore as I can do.

The daguerreotypes all failed, although I made many trials. The marble is too white for the process, it burns up the surface before the shadows have time to take effect. I gave two or three of them to Mr. Lester, but the impressions were so false that they would not admit of being engraved. I intend soon to have a careful drawing made, both of that and my second Eve, and if I succeed better, I shall send copies to you. At all events I shall not forget you. I hope soon to have it in my power to make a suitable return for kindness received.

"With the best wishes for your welfare and happiness, I am sincerely and truly your friend,
HIRAM POWERS.

Manufacture of Boots and Shoes.

Every day is adding to the variety, as well as extent, of our manufacturing operations. When I took the statistics in this line, for the census of 1840, for Cincinnati, although the value of the leather annually manufactured in the place, was \$335,000, yet at that period the entire consumption of leather here was for customers by the boot and shoemakers, and the amount of raw material beyond that demand was exported east, whence it came back to a great extent worked up into the cheaper qualities of ready made boots and shoes.

Within the last three years a beginning and successful progress has been made in changing this course of things. L. CHAPIN & Co., who are now in active operation as wholesale boot and shoe manufacturers, at the corner of Elm and Second streets, made a commencement in this line in 1842, and there is no doubt, that in the course of ten years or less, not a pair of boots or shoes will be brought here of New England manufacture; and a high probability exists, that within a few years more we shall be supplying the very markets in which we now purchase.

A brief statement of some of the operations of this firm will illustrate the subject. Their manufactory is twenty-five feet on Elm, by one hundred feet on Second street, and is four stories

high, with convenient cellars and attics besides. Their operations are in fine and coarse shoes and boots, principally the last. The leather, with the exception of a small portion of hemlock tanned soal, is all made in this city. They work up calf skins and upper leather yearly, to the value of \$15,000, and require an annual supply of thirty-five thousand pounds of soal leather, and twelve hundred dozen sheepskins for their operations. They use up, during the same period, three thousand pounds boot nails, three hundred bushels shoe pegs, and three hundred dollars worth of lasts. As their materials are all manufactured here, these facts exhibit the manner and extent to which this, as every other new branch of business embarked in here, aids existing manufacturing operations, or contributes to the establishment of new ones.

Every description of boots and shoes, as has been ascertained at this factory, can be made as cheap here as at the Eastward, and the finer kinds much cheaper; and the country merchant can buy always to better advantage in the west, not merely in the saving of traveling expenses and freight or carriage, but in the certainty of getting his goods almost at his door at a day's notice, and of individuals within reach of responsibility for the wares they manufacture.

Messrs. Chapin & Co. employ one hundred and seventy-five hands in the various branches of their business, principally journeymen; although a large share of the rough work is done by boys, and the stitching and binding by women. It was pleasant to me to learn that one beneficial result of this enterprise has been to find employment for the poor and the destitute. I was referred to a case where a woman with three boys earned in this business three dollars a week, and each of the boys three more; and of another in which an elderly man, who was out of employment when he came to Cincinnati, was now earning, with three or four children, twenty dollars per week. These are samples that employment for our poor, is of more efficiency as well as less burthensome to the community than the periodical efforts made to relieve distress in the community, after it is rendered apparent.

The firm is doing a business of \$100,000 for the year. There is little doubt that its operations for 1846 will enlarge fifty per cent. They now supply probably not more than one twentieth of the boots and shoes sold in stores of that description in Cincinnati, their customers being dispersed over every part of the west.

Fuel.

The people of Cincinnati have been lately taught, at some expense in acquiring the lesson, too, the importance of protecting themselves from imposition and extortion in the supply of wood and coal for winter use. The scarcity of coal, when winter bursts upon us so unexpectedly, because so early, as the beginning of December, has led to much suffering and privation, which it will be our own fault if we again endure. To crown our misfortune in this line, of five coal boats which were on their way from the Meigs county mines to this place, four were sunk on the way, and the fifth, after landing here, has since sunk, having been cut to pieces by ice. We are now consequently at the mercy of the weather until a favourable change sends us further supplies.

S. W. Pomeroy, agent for the Meigs county mines, has made the public a liberal proposition for furnishing the coal wanted here by families, which I judge is for the interest of all to accept. He offers to supply coal on subscriptions at ten cents per bushel, one half the price payable at the time of subscribing, and the residue on the delivery of the coal during the spring and summer months ensuing.

This is obviously so advantageous a bargain to coal purchasers, as to invite general acceptance, and I learn that subscriptions have already been made for the article, not only for family and office uses, but from the smaller manufacturers also, who are persuaded that this is the cheapest mode of supplying themselves.

One of the most favourable aspects of this arrangement to me is, that it will create a supply in due season, for those will attend to getting their coal in time, when they have half paid for it, that could not be depended on thus to provide for their families, if that motive did not secure their punctuality. And whatever amount of coal is thus disposed of withdraws just so many buyers from the regular coal market, and to that extent protects the rest of the community.

Christmas Beef.

The splendid beef offered for sale in our market is continually stimulating fresh efforts from those engaged in the business to rival and surpass previous efforts in this line, and no expense seems spared to secure the finest beef in the world for our citizens. I referred last week to the fine bullock and heifer exhibited by Messrs. *Wunder & Butcher*, which have been since sold at their stalls in Fifth Street Market, objects of admiration to the spectators, many whom were strangers to the city, and have never seen such beef at home.

On Monday last, Mr. SAMUEL BERRESFORD brought over from Bourbon county, Kentucky, eighteen head of beef cattle of a quality unsurpassed to the number, in supplies of Christmas beef, heretofore. A remarkably fat *Buffalo heifer* also contributed a part of the procession through our streets, and one hundred and eight extra fat sheep of the Bakewell breed, brought up the rear.

Four of the finest and heaviest of the cattle, with the buffalo and a dozen of the mutton, will be disposed of at Messrs. Berresford's long established stalls in Lower Market st., at to-day's market there. Finer or fatter meat has never graced our stalls. One of our city epicures was noticed contemplating the display on Tuesday, who after gazing at it awhile, turned away from the spectacle, feeling the water springing to his mouth and eyes.

Mr. Berresford has bought a lot of twenty-three head of cattle from Gen. James Shelby, Fayette county, Ky., for \$100 each, which he challenges to the world to surpass or even to equal.

Fire Engine.

I noticed by calling at Messrs. Paddock & Campbell's a few days since, an elegant new six and a half inch chamber suction fire engine, and inquiring its destination, learned that it had been built for the City of Frankfort, Kentucky; but left on their hands, the citizens having had a larger one built in lieu of it at their establishment. It struck me that it might suit for a place of two or three thousand inhabitants who might be tempted to protect themselves in this way from the ravages of fire, to which this season of the year exposes the community, if they knew that an engine could be procured without delay. With this view I state that it can be got at a fair price, under guarantee of its power and efficiency. Such of my exchanges as reside in towns needing an engine of such dimensions as may be readily worked by twenty or twenty-five hands will do well to notice this for the benefit of their neighbours.

Sugar Crop of Louisiana.

It must always be a matter of deep interest to our community to know the state of supply of this article, which habit has rendered a necessary of life. I have made the following synopsis of the subject from late and authentic communications to the press and to the Treasury Department, from responsible sources.

In 1828, there were three hundred and eight sugar plantations in Louisiana, valued at thirty-four millions of dollars. In 1830, the estates had

increased to six hundred and ninety-four, and the capital employed was estimated at fifty millions of dollars. The plantations are now—1845—twelve hundred and nine.

The last year's crop, was, as may be inferred from this synopsis, a very heavy one, and it is supposed the coming one will not fall short of it.

Seventy-two sugar mills and engines were put up the current year in Louisiana, from N. York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Louisville, and Cincinnati, principally from the last, the number manufactured here for that market being precisely forty-eight—two-thirds of the whole.

There will be one hundred and thirty-two put up the ensuing season; supplied as follows:—New York 10, Louisville 10, New Orleans 15, Pittsburgh 25, Cincinnati 72; more than one half being from our own establishments.

Importance of Right Emphasis.

A stranger from the country, observing one of *Carpenter's Roller Counting-House Rules*, lifted it, and enquiring the object, was answered—"It is a rule for *counting houses*." Too well bred, as he construed politeness, to ask unnecessary questions, he turned it over and over, and up and down repeatedly, and at last, in a paroxysm of baffled curiosity, enquired—"How in the name of nature, do you *count houses with this*?"

There is another good story on the subject of emphasis. "Boy," said a visitor at the house of a friend to his little son, "step over the way and see how *old Mrs. Brown is*?" The boy did the errand, and on his return reported that Mrs. Brown did not know how *old* she was, and that she said he might find out by his own learning.

Cotton and Wool Cards Machines.

There are few inventions more remarkable than AMOS WHITTEMORE'S machine for making cotton and wool cards:

A correspondent of the *Concordia Intelligencer*, who lately visited the great factory at West Cambridge, built by this inventor and still in operation, writes as follows:—"Whittemore's machine for making cotton and wool cards has saved to the world an amount of manual labour, which places him among the greatest benefactors of his race. When the circumstances of the inventor are considered, the machine appears a most remarkable creation of native genius, and is an extraordinary instance of a mind undrilled by education, unaided by science, and unpracticed even in mechanical labour, eliminating a series of the most complicated and beautiful combinations known to us in mechanics. On beholding its rapid, delicate, and almost incredible operations, one can scarce avoid the impression that the inventor has created something more than a machine;—that he has given it volition and intelligence. There being a factory in the village, built by the inventor still in operation,

we did not fail to pay it a visit. On entering the factory we beheld some twenty of these machines, each occupying a space of about four feet by twelve, at work in most industrious activity, making a noise like the combined ticking of a thousand clocks, and moving by some invisible power, and acting apparently without any superintendence; for, at the moment of our entrance there was no one in the apartment. One boy, we were told, could attend ten or twelve machines; for there was little to be done, but to change the leather as the cards are completed. To describe the machine, is to me impossible;—I can only tell you some of the results of its operations. A piece of leather, of the size of the card to be made, is inserted in two long clamps, that stretch it and hold it firm in the machine;—the wire is put on a reel, like a skein of yarn, and the end of it given to the machine, which is set in motion by a small band, revolving over a drum moved by a small steam engine, in an apartment below, and in a few minutes the active little automaton completes, without any human agency, one of the finest cards used at Lowell, perfect and ready to be placed on the carder. The beauty and delicacy of its movements excel those of any machine I ever saw before. After the leather is placed in the machine and the wire given to it, the first motion brings up to the leather a curved head of a small iron snake, with a forked tongue, fine as the most delicate cambric needle, with which it darts at the leather and perforates it;—in a wink, a pair of small fingers rise with a tooth in their hold and insert it in the scarce perceptible punctures made by the snake's sting, and then disappear, and out darts again the reptile's head;—when the wire is inserted in the leather by the little digital nippers. The two prongs of the card tooth are straight, but the instant it is driven through the leather, a small hammer, on the opposite side, gives it a slight blow, by which it is bent into its hook shape. The rapidity of these movements is so great when the machine is running at its usual speed as to render it difficult to follow them with the eye. I scarcely dare trust my memory to state the number of teeth it forms and inserts in a minute;—I am confident that it is as large as five hundred, and I believe it is almost as high as nine hundred. To have any just conception of this extraordinary achievement of human ingenuity, consider what wonderful precision, exactness and delicacy is required in a machine, first to form the fine tooth of the exact shape and size; then to perforate the leather and insert the pronged wire into the almost invisible holes. Each part, remember, is performed by successive motions of independent parts of the machine, moving with a rapidity that inserts, say five hundred in a minute;—counting the motions of the hammer, the bending of the wire, the perforations and insertion of the teeth, there are not less than two thousand independent, successive acts of the machine every instant of time that it is running.

"Incredible as it may appear, this machine of such beautiful combinations of varied, yet simple movements, came forth at once perfect and complete from the brain and hand of the inventor. The first machine cast and built from his original model in wood, I saw in operation, and was told that it was as perfect as any one in the factory;—after near forty years use of it, no improvement has been suggested to the original

conception of the author of this ingenious and wonderful piece of mechanism.

This fact will appear still more surprising when the history of the inventor is known, and the adverse circumstances, which attended his labours, are related. In early life he was extremely poor. Amos Whittemore, the inventor, was at first a day labourer;—having an aptness for mechanical labour, he took up the humble employment of an itinerant tinker; and for many years supported a wife and increasing family by repairing “pans, cans, and the whole kitchen trade” of the farmers in the regions about Boston. As he advanced in mechanical dexterity and knowledge, he added a higher branch of the arts to his profession, and became a cleaner and repairer of old clocks. He at last resigned the itinerant wagon, and took a shop in his native town of Cambridge, and put forth a shingle on which it was announced, “*Watches and Clocks repaired here.*” It was while engaged in this respectable mechanical trade, that he formed the first conception of his card machine. He was too poor to undertake the construction of it without aid, and no one could be found who had faith enough in his talents to risk an hundred dollars on the success of the invention. After many discouraging efforts to obtain assistance, he entered into an agreement with a younger brother, who was labouring at “*the awl and last;*” and it was stipulated that the latter should divide the amount of his weekly earnings, between his own and brother’s family, while Amos was employed in constructing his machine and putting it in operation; and if the invention proved valuable, the two brothers were to share equally the advantages of the patent. It was difficult by the labour of one man, to preserve two large families from suffering through a New England winter; but the machine slowly advanced, and hope sustained them in the struggle with want and poverty;—spring came and saw it almost completed;—summer arrived, and the lone labourer who had been hidden from the world for six months in an old obscure building, *giving form and shape to the conceptions of his own brain, came forth with one of the most remarkable inventions of his age, complete in all its parts, and so perfect in its operations*, that a child could perform the labour of fifty adults. When success had been made sure, aid was no longer reluctantly withheld. Patents were secured in this country, England, and France; and the rights to the use of the machine in Europe, was sold for a sum sufficient to commence the business here, on a large scale. The demand in this country at that time, principally for hand cards, was immense, and the projector of the machine for setting the teeth, immediately commenced a machinery for the boards and handles for the ordinary domestic card; this he soon completed; and the whole process of constructing a card from the wire in the skein; and the unpunctured leather in the hide, and the board and handle from the rude block of wood, was done by machinery, with the exception of nailing the leather on the board.

“The Whittemores, instead of selling the right to the machine, retained a monopoly of the business in their own hands. The embargo having occurred soon after the establishment of their factory, and the war of 1812 succeeding the former event, people were forced into the use of homespun and domestic manufactures, which greatly enhanced the demand for cards;—and

the families of the two brothers, who had often in former days looked forward with solicitude for means to procure an humble meal, began to roll in wealth, and adopt a style of magnificent and luxurious living. Before the expiration of their first patent, as a tribute of national gratitude, and a reward of the extraordinary mechanical ingenuity displayed by the invention, Congress passed a special act for renewing the patent for double the time for which they were then granted. Soon after procuring this grant from the country, the original patentees sold out their right to a stock company for a large sum and retired from all active pursuits, with an ample fortune, and with the intention of passing the remainder of their lives in “otium cum dignitate.”

“But how often are the apparently surest prospects of life delusive; how dangerous is it for a man “to say unto his soul, take thine ease;”—a mind that had displayed the most extraordinary powers of combination, and which, without claiming any new discovery in science, or the application of new powers, had excelled in mechanical ingenuity, all the great inventors of the age, sunk into a lethargy, after it had lost its accustomed stimulus to action, and its powers declined, till in a few years, the great inventor became a confirmed hypocondriac. The strangest idea he imbibed, and which became inveterately fixed in his mind, was that his legs had become vitrified, and that these useful members of his person, had turned to glass. With this notion, irradically fixed in his head, he had two long narrow canes made and lined with downy cushions in which he placed his legs, to secure them from injury; and it was his employment all day, seated in a recumbent position, and his leg in a horizontal position, with a long wand in his hand, to keep people at a respectable distance, and to warn them not to approach incautiously his fragile limbs. Various expedients were adopted to remove the strange hallucination; but although his mind on all subjects not relating to his own physical condition, was rational, yet on this point the dictates of reason, and the evidence of his senses were impotent to remove the false impression. Fear, nor joy, nor the most violent passions could for a moment break the delusion;—he could by no means be forced to use his limbs;—placed within the reach of the approaching tide, or surrounded by a conflagration, he would drown or suffer the tortures of the stake, rather than risk the integrity of his fragile limbs, in an attempt to escape. Although the functions of the bodily organs were regular, his strength declined with the powers of his mind;—and with growing weakness, and aberrations of his intellect, his fortune wasted away; and he died at last, within eight years after he relinquished business, in a premature dotage, and with little more money than he had at the commencement of his fortunate career;—and to the last breath of his life insisted that his legs were glass.

“His brother and partner after having well filled his purse, became afflicted with violent political aspirations to the gratification of which his lack of education was an insurmountable barrier in New England. Failing in the object of his ambition at the East, in 1818 he went to Kentucky where, in that early period, he thought his wealth would give him more consideration. Among the first acquaintances he made, was that of Prentice the celebrated speculator in lands and produce, and who at one time controlled the

whole financial and commercial operations of the community along the Ohio. Drawn into the fascinating toils of that arch intriguer, he entrusted the management of his funds to his new friend, who in one day stripped him of every dollar he possessed, and within one year from the period of his departure, he returned to Boston, with less worldly means than he had when he gained his daily bread by his awl and lapstone.

"Some may censure the publication of these details of private life;—but as they relate principally to a man whose character and fame has become a subject of history, and as they contain a moral for the government of our desires of wealth, and one for the employment of our physical and mental powers, teaching us that idleness in age as well as youth destroys the strength and health of the strongest and noblest faculties. I trust you will be excused for giving them to the world."

The Weather.

We have had to Tuesday last, twenty-eight successive days which as an average of cold have had no parallel for the past in the Miami Valley. The thermometer has ranged during three of those mornings from two to six degrees below zero, and the average of cold during the whole period, must have been twelve to fifteen degrees below the freezing point. I place this on record for future comparisons.

Popping the Question.

We forgot where we met the following laconic example of "popping the question:" "Pray, madam, do you like buttered toast?" "Yes, sir." "Will you marry me?" The mode adopted by an eccentric physician is almost as condensed. A lady came to consult him. He prescribed and took his guinea. "Madam," said he, "I wish to see you to-morrow. In the interval, take the medicine here prescribed, and ere we meet again, made up your mind to give me a plain yes or no to the question I now put to you. I am inclined to wed, not to woo. Will you allow me to lay out my fee in the purchase of your wedding ring?"

Tricking a Landlord.

I find the following in one of my exchanges:—"A man lived in a house between two blacksmiths, and was disturbed by the noise they made. At last they promised to remove, on condition that he should give them an excellent dinner, which he readily agreed to do. When the promised feast was ended, he asked them whither they intended to transfer their domicils. "Why," answered one of them, "my neighbour will remove to my shop and I to his."

I can parallel this without going out of Cincinnati.

A heavy property holder here had a tenant named Jones, who had been delinquent so long for rent, that the landlord in despair offered to

forgive his arrears if he would remove. In reply, the tenant observed that he would like to accommodate his creditor, and that he had a house in view, but the owner required payment of the rent in advance. Rather than retain a tenant rent free, the landlord agreed to advance Mr. Jones the price of a month's rent, giving him an uncurrent note at ten per cent. discount. In the evening when the landlord's agent came to report the day's business and pay over his receipts, there was the identical note of ten dollars. The landlord it seems had paid him a premium to remove from one of his houses to another one.

Poetry.

The question is sometimes asked, what is the use of poetry? The noble sentiments so loftily and beautifully expressed in the following verses makes the blood course livelier through the veins, and animate the desponding and the weary in the good fight of faith. These stanzas are worthy the lyre of Robert Burns, whose spirit they breathe. They are from a late number of the *Dublin Nation*.

Our Faith.

The slave may sicken of his toil,
And at his task repine—
The manly arm will dig the soil
Until it reach the mine;
No toil will make the brave man quail,
No time his patience try,
And if he use the word "to fail,"
He only means—"to die."

What is a year in work like ours?
The proudest ever planned—
To stay Oppression's withering powers,
And free our native land!
Oh! many a year were bravely past,
And many a life well lost,
If blessings such as these, at last,
Were purchased at their cost!

The seed that yields our daily bread
Not for a year we reap,
But when the goodly grain we spread,
We hold the labour cheap—
Yet ere the winter's snow appears,
Must other seeds be sown,
For man consumes the golden ears
As quickly as they're grown.

Not so the harvest Freedom yields,
'Twill last for ages long,
If those who till her glorious fields,
Be steadfast, brave and strong;
Shall we, then, hopelessly complain,
Because its growth is slow,
When thousands die before the grain
Is ripened, which they sow?

MARRIED.

At North Bend, on Tuesday, the 16th of December, by the Rev. Geo. W. Walker, Mr. JOHN B. ROWSE to Miss MARGARET M. SILVER, of that place.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.—No. 3.

BY J. JOHNSTON, ESQ., of *Piqua*.

The Wyandotts were a part of my agency also. They occupied the Sandusky country, the country of the river Huron, in Michigan, and a tract of land near Malden, in Upper Canada. Their principal chief was Tarhee or the Crane, who resided at Upper Sandusky, where he died twenty-five years ago; and from the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne, in 1795, was a steadfast friend of the government and people of the United States. About forty years ago this tribe contained twenty-two hundred souls, and in March, 1842, when as commissioner of the United States, I concluded with them a treaty of cession and emigration, they had become reduced to eight hundred of all ages and both sexes. Before the Revolutionary War, a large portion of the Wyandotts had embraced christianity in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. In the early part of my agency the Presbyterians had a mission among them at Lower Sandusky, under the care of Rev. Joseph Badger. The war of 1812 broke up this benevolent enterprise. When peace was restored the Methodists became the spiritual instructors of these Indians, and continued in charge of them until their final removal westward of Missouri river, two years ago. The mission had once been in a very prosperous state, but of late years had greatly declined, many of the Indians having gone back to habits of intemperance and heathenism: a few continued steadfast to their christian profession. Of this number was "Grey Eyes," a regularly ordained minister, of pure Wyandott blood, a holy, devoted and exemplary christian. This man was resolutely opposed to the emigration of his people, and was against me at every step of a long and protracted negotiation of twelve months continuance. I finally overcome all objections; on the last vote, more than two-thirds of the whole male population were found in favour of removal. The preacher had always asserted that, under no circumstances would he ever go westward. His age was about forty-eight years; his character forbade any approaches to tampering with him; and although I felt very sensibly his influence, yet I never addressed myself to him personally on the subject of the treaty: but as soon as the whole nation in open council, had voted to leave their country and seek a new home far in the west, I sent an invitation to the preacher to come and dine with me and spend the evening in conversation; he came accordingly. I told him that in consequence of his sacred character, I had abstained from using any means to influence his course in

relation to the pending negotiation; that my business with him had no concealment; it was open, and communicated to all men, women and children; and as many of their white friends as desired to hear me in open council; that I came to them with the words of their great father, Harrison; and although the lips that first uttered these words were cold in death, still they were the words of truth—which all must acknowledge were for their present and future good; that in the treaty I was about to sign in a few more days with their chiefs, ample justice was done their whole nation, and this too as well on account of my own character as the character of him who had sent me to treat with them; that if he—the preacher "Grey Eyes"—was called to preach the gospel to his nation and race, it was his duty to go with them westward and do them all the good in his power; that in a few more years the Indians would be all gone from Ohio and Michigan, and he well knew he could not, by reason of his ignorance of our language, minister to the whites, and that it must therefore be evident to all that the Providence of God called loudly upon him to go westward with his people; and there administer as he had done to their spiritual and temporal wants. He replied that during the progress of the treaty, he had opposed me to the utmost extent of his power; that now the nation having decided by a large majority on selling their lands and removing to the west, he had determined on uniting his fate with it, and would prepare to go along and do all the good he could for his people. From this time forward the preacher and myself were very good friends. He frequently called and ate with me, on all which occasions I called on him for a blessing, which he pronounced in his own language, in a very devout and becoming manner. When I had brought my business with the Wyandotts to a close, and was on the point of leaving there, I sent for my good friend the preacher and gave him all my remaining provisions and stores, not of large amount, remarking to the Indians present, to prevent their being jealous, that their minister being the servant of Jesus Christ, devoting his time to the care of their souls and bodies, to the neglect of himself and family, it was proper therefore that I should provide for him as far as lay in my power: to which they very readily assented. The Wyandotts were always a leading tribe among the Indians of the Northwest: with them was the sacred fire deposited at Brownstown, Michigan; and here was the great council of the confederacy held and peace and war decided upon in the war of 1812. The place was polluted with the spilling of blood in battle, and no council could ever after be held there.

There is nothing in the history of the settlement and extension of the English and their descendants upon this continent so melancholy to the mind of the christian and philanthropist as the case of the Indians, the primitive inhabitants and lords of the country. Since the first landing of the Europeans to the present day, hundreds of tribes of the natives have been swept away by the avarice, cupidity and vices of the white man, leaving not a single individual to testify that they ever had an existence; and what is most disreputable in this matter to our race up to the present moment, not a single effectual attempt has been made by the English government during our Colonial vassalage, nor since the American revolution by the Congress and President of the United States, to lay the foundation of a system to preserve the unhappy race of the red man from final extinction. All our plans have been directed to shifts and expedients to acquire their lands and push them further back, without in the least altering the tenure of their possession. The last story on our part was, go southwest of Missouri and we will never call upon you for the cession of another acre. In reference to this very matter, in my farewell speech to the Wyandotts, they were told that the white people loved land; it was their food; that they in the course of time might be called on in the west to sell the lands which I had assigned them by the treaty; but no matter who invited them to council for such a purpose, if it was the President himself in person, to shut their ears and obey no such call; never for a moment entertain a proposition of the kind. If you do this you will be safe: if you once listen you are undone, for the white man will overcome you with money and goods. What do we see already? While I am writing this sheet we read that a deputation of the Potawatomes is on a visit to the President at Washington imploring him to put a stop to the demands made upon them to abandon their present homes; and yet it is but a few years, certainly not more than twenty, since those same Indians left Indiana, the country near Chicago, and Michigan at our bidding, and to make room for our population. Is it any wonder that the Indians cannot be civilized; and that all confidence on their part in our race is at an end? Seeing that our avarice, overreaching and encroachments upon their homes has no limits, nothing can save them but a total change in our policy towards them. I had been officially connected with the Indian service upwards of thirty years and had reflected much upon their deplorable condition. The result was communicated many years ago to the men in power at Washington, through Gen. Joseph Vance, our then as at present representative in Congress. My plan

was predicated upon the basis that without a local government, adapted to the condition and wants of the Indians, and for their exclusive use and benefit, their race must perish. Nothing has since occurred to change that opinion, but much to confirm and strengthen it.

A territorial government, under the authority of Congress, should be established over the Indians to be composed of a Governor, Council and House of Representatives: the Governor to be appointed in the usual way by the President and Senate, the Council to be composed of the Indian agents for the time being, and the House of Representatives to be composed exclusively of persons elected by the various tribes, and in all cases to be Indians by blood, each member so elected and admitted to a seat to receive from the United States Treasury \$2 or \$3 per day for his attendance, and \$2 or \$3 per day for each thirty miles travel going to and returning from the seat of the Indian government, a delegate in Congress as a matter of course. A plan of the kind here proposed, would gradually introduce among the Indians a knowledge of civil government and its blessings, and pave the way for their civilization: without something of the kind their race must perish. That it is a sacred debt due to the primitive inhabitants of the land, from the representatives of the American people in Congress assembled, no man acquainted with the wrongs of the red man will attempt to deny. Connected with the providing a government for them, must be a solemn covenant on the part of Congress that no attempt shall ever be made to purchase or alienate any part of the Indian territory, and the total abandonment of the practice of removing competent and faithful agents for political cause. The longer an honest and competent agent is in office, the better for both the government and the Indians. So mischievous in its effects has been this practice of removing men in the Indian service, that I have known persons under Gen. Jackson's administration to receive the appointment of Indian interpreter, who knew not a single word of Indian; and another who received the appointment of blacksmith and held the place for several years, and never performed a day's work at the anvil and bellows. Notorious, wicked, and incompetent men have in many instances been appointed agents and commissioners for managing their affairs; and a course of measures pursued towards them for the last sixteen years, in violation of treaties, law and right that has banished from the minds of the Indians every vestige of confidence they ever had in us. Wholesale frauds have been practised upon them by men in office, to the disgrace of the government and people of the United States.

Our Observatory.

Cincinnati is advantageously known abroad by her artists and men of science. *Powers* has made the name of the Queen City a familiar lesson in geography to civilized Europe; and *Locke* and *Müchell* are as well known in the academies and halls of science east as at home. Indeed *John Locke* of America is as distinguished a man in Europe as *John Locke* of England, although in different departments of science.

Our Observatory has directed the attention of the *savans* of Europe to our youthful city, and we have already received unequivocal testimony of the interest it inspires abroad, in the transmission of the following documents from various places:

1. The twenty-first volume of the *Annals of the Astronomical Observatory at Vienna*: Forwarded by its director, by order of the Emperor of Austria.

2. Six volumes folio of *Meteorological and Magnetical Observatories*. This was transmitted by the Minister of France in Russia, Baron Cancrini.

3. A volume of *Observations* made at the Imperial Observatory, *Dorpat*, Russia. From the director of that institution.

4. A volume describing the *North Equatorial*, in London. Forwarded by the Duke of Northumberland.

5. A sett of *Magnetical Observations*, made in Canada by Col. Sabine.

These have all been received lately, within a short space of time, many of them from distant places, which but for the erection of our Observatory, would never have heard of Cincinnati, and which now know it as other scientific establishments in Europe will shortly, as a seat of science and the arts.

Who is there here, with the least degree of self-respect, that does not, in the knowledge of such facts, feel himself repaid for the contribution he has made to establish our Observatory.

Western Mails.

The Committee of the Memphis Convention on the subject of Western Waters, have just published their report.

They point out the injustice done the west in the neglect to establish the same continuity of line along the great business points west and southwest of Louisville, while the lines of mail communication at the east are by rail-roads and mail steamers along the coast. They suggest the reorganization of the western mails as follows:

1st. A main daily steamboat river line should be established to run from Pittsburgh or Wheeling to New Orleans, (or at least from Cincinnati

to New Orleans,) which should connect at the mouth of the Ohio with a branch from the Mississippi and Missouri rivers.

2d. This line should be divided into different sections so that boats might be constructed to suit each section of the river.

3d. During the fall months, if necessary, the sections above Cincinnati might be discontinued, and the mails upon that portion of the river line

4th. The main river line should be intersected at the chief towns on the river, by a daily stage or rail-road line, leading from thence to the capitol of each of the Valley States.

5th. A daily line of post coaches should connect the Charleston and Georgia railroads with the Decatur and Tuscumbia rail-road, and thence with the main river line at Memphis or some other central point.

Human Life.

A letter from New York gives the following picture of business in the fancy line:

"You may judge of the business and prospects of the city in the last few years, dating, perhaps, by some *accidental coincidence*, from the passage of the tariff law, when I tell you, that being last night in a magnificent French store in Broadway, I asked him the rent. Three years ago, he answered, I took it for seven years, at \$1500, but now I could get \$2500 a year for the remainder of my lease. The magnificence of some of those stores, and the costliness of their wares, are almost incredible. Sets of China, \$300, and single chairs, belonging to sets, \$100 a piece, and yet *they find purchasers!* In plate glass, the French beat the world, until now, it is said the English equal them, after having expended immense sums in the race of competition. In *gilding* furniture, great perfection has been attained. The Romans could only make seven hundred and fifty leaves of gilding, four inches square, out of one ounce of gold—while now, a single grain of gold may be stretched out to *cover a house.*"

It is just such gilding which sets of thousands of the human race, as well as furniture at New York and elsewhere, and the gold leaf is beat out just as thin for this purpose as to cover the house.

The Temperance Men.

Soon after our declaration of war against Great Britain, in 1812, had taken place, a call was made on Gov. SNYDER, of Pennsylvania, for a detachment of the militia of that State to serve a six months tour of duty on the shores of the Delaware. The enemy was just commencing that course of laying waste the accessible parts of our coasts, which afterwards inflicted so much distress upon the inhabitants of the lower parts of Maryland and Virginia.

Snyder, in place of drafting the necessary number, out of the militia, issued a proclamation calling for volunteers, which was promptly re-

sponded to, by an offer of service from three of the volunteer corps of Philadelphia, two of which were old established companies that had filled up their ranks under the existing patriotic impulse, while the third was a new company, formed within three days of their tender of service. One of the first alluded to was commanded by Captain *Samuel Borden*, for many years prior to his death, a resident of Cincinnati. *Condy Raguet*, a lawyer of Philadelphia, distinguished afterwards as an able writer on the currency and free trade questions, was captain of the last named corps. I belonged to this last. With the exception of our commander, there was not a man in it older than twenty-one; a large proportion being, in fact, eighteen and nineteen years of age. A majority of the corps were the sons of respectable and influential persons of that city.

Our services were accepted, and the detachment, numbering three hundred and forty-eight men, placed under the command of Col. *Lewis Rush*, mustered, inspected, and ordered by the commanding officer of that military district, to an encampment some thirty miles south of Philadelphia, which bore the name of *Shellpot Hill*. It appeared that an attack was apprehended on *DuPont's* powder mills, in that neighbourhood, a very important object of defence, in the existing general want of preparation for war, extending over the whole country.

As soon as we reached our encampment ground, and the tents had been pitched, kitchens dug, wood cut for cooking, and other arrangements made, we were formed into messes of seven each. This was more to a mess than desirable, during the warm season of August, which was the second month of our engagement; but the scarcity of tents did not permit us to reduce the size of our messes. Each one of these messes had a non-commissioned officer in command of it. Ours was Sergeant *Thomas I. Wharton*, a member of a highly respectable family in Philadelphia, and now distinguished as an able counsellor at law in that city.

In due season rations were issued out to each mess, comprehending meat, bread, salt, vinegar, soap, and whiskey. The uses of all these were well understood by our whole mess, except the last article. Of the one hundred and twenty men composing the company, I judge not half a dozen had ever either tasted or smelt whisky at home; those who drank used beer or wine, and a few, brandy; the great mass, however, were too young to have acquired any taste or relish for drinking at all. Judge the horror with which the taste and smell of whisky, inspired most of us. Our men, after a brief consultation, which showed we were all of one opinion, authorized me, in the re-

ceipt of the rations which fell to our share, to commute the whiskey ration into bread or beef, at my choice. I did so; and not one gill of whiskey was consumed by our mess, during our whole absence from Philadelphia. What the other messes did, I do not recollect distinctly; but believe that they generally received it, and that the whiskey was drank, by parts only of each mess; but its presence, and the convivial spirit of those days, doubtless led too many to contract a relish for ardent spirits, which brought individuals in after periods of their lives to a premature grave.

After our tour of duty was performed, the company to which I allude, returned, and on the recurrence of peace, the members gradually scattered, some changing the place of their residence south, west and north; some left for distant parts of the world; some silently disappeared from the scene of human life, and the regular operations of time and disease, carried a portion more to their graves; and after a lapse of nineteen years, when an invitation for the survivors to meet in Philadelphia, brought together the persons or names of those who were yet alive, it was ascertained that only thirty-three of the original one hundred and twenty survived. Not a mess, as originally constituted, numbered more than two among the living, except the mess to which I belonged, who were all either present or accounted for by letters. Thirteen years more, or thirty-two years, have passed since the service alluded to was performed, yet the whole seven survive to this date, as far as I know or believe. I am not aware that a single one of the seven I have thus referred to, was a temperance man, in the modern use of the phrase; but the circumstances in this case explain and illustrate the philosophy of the modern movement. They were placed in circumstances, which for half a year removed them out of the influences to which they were exposed at home; and for the same period they put aside the temptation to contract habits of drink, by which their comrades were assailed. The effect to me and I believe to the rest, was to imbibe a dislike to the taste and smell of most descriptions of ardent spirits.

Honoured forever be the memory and example of that good and great MAN, who, as President of the United States in 1832, set the example of offering pure water as refreshment at his levee, and directed the spirit ration to be abolished in the supplies of the army and navy of the United States. Thousands of lives and reputations would have been saved, and an incalculable amount of misery spared to our country, had that reform been made by his illustrious predecessor who first occupied the chair of state.

Public Halls in Cincinnati.

For many years there has been a great deficiency of Public Halls of a suitable extent and arrangement to suit the various wants of our growing city. This was in part remedied by the construction of Concert and Washington Halls, but it is only since the new College and the Masonic and Odd Fellows Halls, and the spacious saloon which constitutes an important feature in Mr. Williams' new erection at the corner of 4th and Walnut streets, that provision has been made for our wants. The public hall of the Odd Fellows is forty-nine by sixty-two and eighteen feet high; that of Mr. Williams is sixty by ninety, and twenty-four feet high; of the Masonic building is fifty-one by one hundred and twelve, and twenty-three feet high; and of the College edifice, sixty-five by one hundred and thirty-two, and twenty-two feet high. These are of sufficient capacity for any public assemblage except mass meetings; and almost any of the larger of these will hold a public meeting of three thousand citizens, as many as can brought together except on extraordinary occasions.

History of Newspapers.

Newspapers are of Italian origin, whence the term Gazette from *Gaceta*, is derived. This is a small coin, which was the price of one paper, and became the badge of the periodical as the Picayune—six cents—is that of a well known New Orleans print. The first issue was at Venice, in 1536, ninety years after the discovery of printing; so it seems books in the modern form, first printed in 1479, are older than newspapers. This was a private enterprise, and was soon suppressed by the public authorities there—at all times one of the worst tyrannies the world ever knew. I re-established in 1558, under censorship and by authority, "*con licenzia*."

The oldest newspaper in Paris was the *Mercur de France*, which appeared as early as 1605. There was in that city twenty-seven papers, in 1779, thirty-five.

A newspaper was established in Scotland by Cromwell, in 1652. One was permanently established at Glasgow in 1715 during the era of the first Pretender. The oldest paper still in existence is the *Edinburg Evening*, of which the first number was issued in 1700.

In 1696, there were but nine newspapers in London—all weekly. The first daily was issued in 1709, at which date there were eighteen published of all descriptions. In 1724, the number was twenty, to wit—3 daily, 6 weekly, 7 tri-weekly, 3 penny post, and a semi-weekly London Gazette.

In 1792, there were thirteen daily and twenty

semi-weekly papers. The oldest existing papers are the *Whitehall Evening Post*, commenced in 1794; the *St. James Chronicle*, 1793; and the *Morning Chronicle*, 1769.

The number of dailies in London since 1792, has decreased to nine; and these are all the dailies in England. The aggregate of their issues has however increased prodigiously. The London annual issues of all descriptions exceed sixty millions.

The oldest newspaper in Ireland is the *Belfast Newsletter*. It is still in existence.

I have too few data to give any statement of the newspapers in America, except to say that in 1743, there was no newspaper in New York; and at the date 1792, when there were thirty-three periodicals in London we had none in Cincinnati. Now there are sixty-nine of various descriptions in New York, and forty-eight in Cincinnati.

The issues of the American press are greater than those of England, being nearly double. The history of American newspapers is yet to be compiled.

Firemen's Fair at the Masonic Hall.

A Fair for the benefit of Relief Fire Company No. 2, on George street, opened at the public hall in the new Masonic Buildings, corner of Walnut and Third streets, on Christmas Eve, and will continue until the ensuing 8th of January.

The usual amount of useful and fancy articles, with the *refreshing* influences of ice cream, soda and cake, bright eyes and rosy cheeks, welcomed the thronging guests of that evening, opening their hearts and their purses. Besides a very great number of season ticket admissions, three thousand seven hundred and thirty persons must have been present in the course of that evening, as testified by the receipts at the door, so that their visitors on that occasion could not have fallen short of four thousand persons: indeed hundreds were shut out who came to witness the scene. And well do these, a division of our gallant firemen, deserve all the pecuniary support they receive.

In a room one hundred and twelve feet by fifty-one, filled around with novelties and curiosities upon the tables which line the sides, there was of course such a variety and extent of objects worthy of notice, as the limits of my columns would not afford space to describe. I shall therefore refer to but an article or two as a sample of the attractions of the evening.

A rich pagoda or pavilion occupies nearly the centre of the hall, constructed for the occasion, fitted up in the room by the skill and ingenuity of some of the mechanics of the company,

and furnished by the exquisite taste of the ladies of their acquaintance. It is an octagon with fluted columns and pannel work at the sides, festooned with pink curtains and canopied in gorgeous style. In the centre a temporary building was erected to serve as a post office. The pavilion will no doubt be purchased at the conclusion of the fair for a summer house, by some of our citizens. It is admirably adapted to that purpose. Opposite, and occupying a position corresponding with this, is a new hose reel made by *I. & B. Bruce*, for the company, which surpasses for excellence of work, exactness of proportion and fit, taste in design, and elegance in finish, anything brought from the east. The wood work is hickory, oak and ash of the best qualities, as the samples of the original woods there, clearly indicate. The iron work is as light as the necessary strength of the article would permit, and is coated entirely with plated brass. On the main pannel on one side is the frigate *Constitution* ploughing a rough sea; on the other, Gen. Wayne taking leave of the officers at Fort Washington in 1793. Both views are tastefully surrounded with groups of the national flag. The corner pannels are decorated with figures of firemen in their appropriate costume, with hose pipe in hand and trumpet to the mouth. The carved work, painted or gilt, the arch of the reel with its braces, the pillars and scroll work, and the lamps, are all specimens of beauty and taste which I cannot stop minutely to describe. But I must say one word respecting the bells. These are in number five, of clear, delightful tone, and hung and balanced with such accuracy that the most mechanical eye cannot detect a hair's breadth in the range of the springs or yokes which support them. The reel itself, on the whole, must be seen to be properly appreciated. It is a splendid trophy of the skill and ingenuity of Cincinnati mechanics and artists.

For the design, and the execution in part, of this reel, the company is indebted to Mr. *M. Ruffner*, and his associates of the building committee.

Two charming wreaths of white roses, contributed for the purpose by the Misses *Baker*, on Fourth street, decorate the apparatus in appropriate style.

The Lost Child.

A correspondent of the *St. Louis Weekly Gazette* gives the following account of a hunt for a lost child, in one of the thinly peopled neighbourhoods of the west:

About ten o'clock in the morning, was heard a loud shout at the gate—"Ho! Mr. W., ho!"

"What's wanting?"

"O'Leary's boy is lost—little Johnny!"

This was enough to secure a father's aid, and

on the road to shout the same at every door he passed. Little Johnny! said I, and my heart burst forth at the very sound. He was a fair and lovely child, little Johnny, and had a gentle and affectionate mother, with an ardent and sacrificing love which few mothers feel. His father was a bold hunter—his horses and hounds and rifle, had more of his heart than all the world besides; but little Johnny nestled there; indeed he was a great pet with the neighbours, and won more caresses and more sympathies than all the rest of the children together. Such appeals are always sovereign; but few perhaps, have ever met with a more quick or general response than his—every body turned out—the news flew like lightning; and men and boys for ten miles around came in to assist in the search, while women and children were running to and fro, and hailing every passer by, to learn the progress of the work. Never before I may dare to say, was there such a neighbourly union as now pervaded this motley mass—the same gush of sympathy, the same fearful apprehension, and the same images of death and woe, pervaded every home and heart. It seemed as if one vast cloud of gloom enwrapped the region around, from which shone out in lurid glare, and to which every eye was turned, and every pulse beat true—the *lost child*!

Little Johnny was about four years old; he had been out in the field, with his father and the black man, who were harvesting corn—and started for home about 2 o'clock, P. M. On returning at night, they ascertained that the child had never been seen. It was nearly dark, but the alarm was given, and some fifteen or twenty neighbours commenced the search. The corn, where he was last seen, was the first object of course; here they took single rows and scoured the field in vain. They then scattered through the adjoining wood; the father frantic, often calling out in a voice of thunder—"Ho! John—ho!—ho John!" Then fearing the boy might be alarmed and afraid to answer, he would soften down into the gentle winning tone of the fireside—"Johnny, Johnny my dear, father's come." It was a cloudy evening; and though, perhaps, he had never bowed the knee "before Jehovah's awful throne," he prayed—O how earnestly he prayed the Lord it might not rain that night. The air was damp and chilly, so that if the child were alive with his bare feet and light jacket, he must be suffering cruelly from cold. But the wolves!—ah this was the fear, this the terror, which all felt, but none dared to breathe. A wolf had been seen prowling around the premises—indeed they had a common path across the prairie—and the point where several beside myself, had heard the cries of distress, was a famous haunt for them. Even in the midst of the anxious search, a distant growl would now and then burst on the ear, picturing forth the den, the cubs, the—

The dogs were very eager in the field, especially wolf dogs. Winder, one of the best, would run no other trail. O'Leary knew this, and watched with most intense anxiety his every move. He scents—he scents—he runs—"Oh my God, he's got my boy!" He leaps from his horse, he sees the foot print of his own dear Johnny in the gopher hill by the side—he tracks him to the wood, and off from Winder's trail: ah! now he breathes again.

The search was continued until midnight, when a part thought it best to relieve their horses, and wait for daylight to begin afresh. But the fath-

er, with three of his hunting friends, who had resolved not to eat or sleep till they had found the boy, still kept on—sometimes riding, sometimes walking—calling and shouting, if for no other purpose than to keep the wolves at bay. At length they stationed themselves within hearing distance of each other, and sat down to protect the child, to rush to his rescue, in case they should hear him attacked, to watch until the morning.

At early dawn, about fifty new horsemen arrived, and the search commenced anew. The field was again examined for the track, which was pursued with some doubt, as he had been there three successive days. On tracing the path which led towards the wolf woods, the imprints of Johnny's little feet were again discovered, as he appeared to be running, and the mark of his bag dragging along by his side. Here the father's anguish gushed anew, as the fears of the preceding night were justified and corroborated. They now agreed to take a station of about fifteen rods abreast, go up one side of the branch and down the other, till the whole surface of an extensive area, (farther than he could possibly have travelled,) had been explored. They had completed one side, and were returning, when the signal was given—Johnny was found! The noisy shouting and repeated peals of the hunters' winding horns, soon grouped the excited cavalcade. But O'Leary, though foremost in the hunt; fell back at the first note of the summoning horn, nor did he speak a word, or scarcely breathed, till he snatched his own dear Johnny from the arms of his delighted bearer, and pressed him with a frantic fondness to his now bursting heart. The dear boy was found about two miles from home, in a thicket of hazel, picking filberts, with his bag of corn still on his arm. He looked bright and happy; and when asked where he was going, said he was going home, but it was *so far*. He said he hadn't seen anybody, but he heard some one call him, and that he was afraid, that he run away till he was tired, and then he laid his little head down on his bag, and cried—that while he was crying, he saw a big carriage go by him with candles in it, (the thunder and lightning,) and then it grew very dark, and he asked God to take care of little Johnny, and went to sleep.

Putting Resolutions into Practice.

At a missionary meeting held amongst the negroes at Jamaica, these three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the negro that received the money, "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but its not according to de second." The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back again to his seat in a rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dare, take dat!"

It was a valuable piece of gold, but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, "No! dat won't do yet. It may be according to de first and second resolutions, but not according to de last," and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all had gone, and then came up to the table, with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasury. "Very well," said the negro, "Dat will do. Dat according to all de resolutions."

Royalty.

A leaf from the account book of the Lord Steward or head cook of Queen Victoria's royal household, for the last year, gives the following items. The amounts are thrown into American currency, that they may be understood at a glance.

Butcher's meat	\$17,000
Bread	10
Milk and cream	7,000
Poultry	18,000
Fish	10,000
Bacon, cheese and eggs, . .	25,000
Groceries	23,000
Oil	8,600
Fruit and confectionary . .	8,250
Vegetables,	2,000
Wine, ale and beer—liquors, &c. .	47,050
Wax and tallow candles . .	11,000
Lamps,	23,000
Fuel,	24,000
Stationery	1,000
Turnery	1,700
Braziers,	4,400
China, glass, &c.	6,550
Linen	4,420
Washing table linen . . .	15,500
Plate	1,740

\$316,000

Such are the blessings of royalty. The relative disbursements for bread and wine, beer and ale have had no parallel since the days of Sir John Falstaff. "Oh monstrous!—four penceworth of bread to all this sack," and is another striking illustration how true to nature Shakespeare wrote.

A Lawyer's Portrait.

A painter, the other day, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney who from humble pretensions had made a good deal of money, and established thereby his pretensions, but somehow or other not very much enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlour as large as life. There it is, very flashy, and true; one hand in his breast and the other in his small clothes pocket. It is market day; the country clients are called in—opinions are passed (the family present,) and all complimentary,—

such as, "Never saw such a likeness in the course of my born days: as like un as he can stare." "Well, sure enough, there he is." But at last there was one dissentient! "'Taint like—not very—no, 'taint,'" said a heavy, middle-aged farmer, with a rather dry look, too, about the corners of his mouth. All eyes were upon him. "Not like! How not like?" exclaimed one of the company, and who knew the attorney—"say where it is not like?" "Why, don't you see," said the man, "he has got his hand in his breeches pocket. It would be as like again if he had it in some other body's pocket!" The family portrait was removed, especially, as after this, many came on purpose to see it; the attorney was lowered a peg or two, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur as well as a wit.

Scripture Quotations.

A late city paper quotes as a scripture text, "that he that runs may read," "and that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." The second member of the quotation is undoubtedly taken from the Bible, although not literally correct in the quotation, but the first part, although cited as above in many periodicals, is neither a scripture phrase nor a scripture idea, and cannot be found from Genesis to Revelations. It would be an employment conducive to the accuracy of certain editors if they would brush up their acquaintance with the Bible, as a means of enabling them to quote it correctly. They might probably derive other benefits in the perusal.

There are various other texts, such as—"God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb,"—"In the midst of life we are in death,"—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," supposed even by persons otherwise intelligent to be derived from the scriptures, which originated from far different sources. The first is in Tristram Shandy, by Sterne; the last was written by Edmund Burke. I cannot trace the origin of the second, but believe it to be an aphorism of one of the puritan writers of England.

Diplomacy.

The following incident occurred lately at Washington. Straws shew which way the wind blows:—

At a dinner at M. Bodisco's, Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Ritchie, and the British Minister were among the guests. After dinner, Mr. Ritchie, filling his glass, proposed to Mr. Bodisco, as a toast: "The immediate affinity of the Russian and United States Territory on the Northwest coast." Mr. Bodisco, turning to Mr. Packenham, said—"Will you drink that?" "I am not thirsty," said Mr. Packenham, filling his glass with water. Some time afterwards, Mr. Buchanan accosted Mr. Ritchie, "Come, I will drink your toast again!"

There was diplomacy for you, in the quiet reply of the British Minister!

From the Snow-Flake Annual for 1866.

The Memory of the Past.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

One balmy summer night, Mary,
Just as the risen moon
Had cast aside her fleecy veil,
We left the gay saloon.
And, in a green sequestered spot,
Beneath a drooping tree,
Fond words were breathed, by you forgot,
That still are dear to me, Mary,
That still are dear to me.

Oh we were happy then, Mary—
Time linger'd on his way,
To crowd a life-time in a night,
Whole ages in a day!
If star and sun would set and rise
Thus in our after years,
This world would be a Paradise,
And not a vale of tears, Mary,
And not a vale of tears.

I live but in the past, Mary—
The glorious days of old!
When love was hoarded in the heart,
As misers hoard their gold;
And, often like a bridal train,
To music soft and low,
The by-gone moments cross my brain,
In all their summer glow, Mary,
In all their summer glow.

These visions form and fade, Mary,
As age comes stealing on
To bring the light and leave the shade.
Of days forever gone!
The poet's brow may wear at last
The bays that round it fall;
But love has rose-buds of the past
Far dearer than them all, Mary,
Far dearer than them all.

A Professional Hit.

Dr. Elliott, as is well known, was a merry, eccentric little being, who talked pretty much at random, and oftentimes with no great reverence for the subjects which he talked upon.

On one occasion he called upon a patient, Henderson, the celebrated actor, to inquire how his medicine had succeeded, and in his northern accent demanded of the patient,

"Had he taken the *palls* that he sent him?"

"He had."

"Well, and how did they agree? what had they done?"

"Wonders," replied Henderson; "I survived them."

"To be sure you did," said the doctor, "and you must take more of them, and live for ever. I make my patients immortal."

"That is exactly what I am afraid of," doctor, rejoined the patient.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, JANUARY, 1846.

Coal.

I referred a short time since to a proposal made by Mr. S. W. POMEROY, of our city, to supply coal on contract for the ensuing season, at ten cents per bushel, one half payable at the time of subscribing, and the residue on delivery. I find great misapprehension exists as to the character of this project and its advantages to the public, which in both its pecuniary and moral aspects, I propose to remove.

It has been objected to me, that this is too high a price. "We have bought coal," say individuals, "when plenty, at nine cents per bushel, and even less. Mr. Pomeroy himself sells coal at six and seven cents by the boat load, and why should he charge such a difference to families?" In fact I have been told that I have been doing the community an injury by advocating the project, and an insinuation was made more than once that it was done by me for interested purposes.

As to the unworthy motives imputed to me, as there never was a public servant who did his duty, that escaped such treatment, I shall endure it, satisfied if a great public good shall have been accomplished by this project. As to the character of the proposal, a word or two.

When coal first became an article of fuel here for family purposes, it was sold at twelve and a half to fifteen cents, by Ephraim Jones, who introduced it here into general use. As others got into the business it became an article for speculation, commanding in time of scarcity as high as thirty, and even forty cents per bushel. To remedy this, the Fuel Company was established, and stock to the value of \$30,000 taken. The larger share of this has been absorbed in improvements, stock and fixtures, some thirteen thousand dollars being applied annually to the purchase of coal, hardly enough to supply four hundred of the eight thousand families here, who consume the article, and in fact not a sufficiency for the supply of two hundred, if we deduct what is needed for the use of manufacturers who are stockholders. Well, the Fuel Company sold upper country coal at twelve and a half to fifteen cents, and in a great measure checked the spirit of monopoly and extortion that was at work. A permanent market being thus opened, coal was landed here in large quantities, and for one sea-

son the Fuel Company was undersold, and its operations temporarily checked, by the public affording no further patronage, being led to suppose that the desired effect on the coal market had now been accomplished in a permanent reduction of its price.

What next? Here we have had a long period of low water, succeeded by a month of suspension of river navigation by ice, while our consumption of coal has increased more than double the amount of 1840, and the result has been that from thirty to eighty cents per bushel has been exacted for coal. Truly is it recorded that the love of money is the Root of all evil. Alas! that men, for the sake of making a few dollars, should be guilty of extorting from the pockets of the destitute the last dime of their wretched pittance. We have all now learnt a lesson. Let it be considered how to profit by it. And now for Mr. Pomeroy's proposition.

In the first place, coal delivered at the doors of private houses is as cheap as it can be permanently done. Ask any manufacturer who buys by measurement and pays his hawling himself, how much cheaper he gets it than the man who buys it by the cart load. One cent per bushel, probably. Is this too great a difference? But it has been bought at nine or even eight cents, when the market was glutted. But did not this glut put the next season's consumption to you at sixteen cents, and was not the average thus made, higher than the price now proposed?

But if there are those who believe they can buy to better advantage without making such engagement as I recommend, is not this very arrangement the means of enabling them to do so. By withdrawing a large portion of purchasers out of the private yards, will it not lessen the usual demand there, which has served to keep up or advance the price; and did not the Fuel Company operate as far as they went, to this very effect?

As to the Fuel Company, it must enlarge its sphere before it can protect the community. Men have not only had to pay extra prices elsewhere for what they have needed, but the benevolent have been disabled from assisting with this article as many of the destitute as they would otherwise have done.

I will make a fair proposition to any one who does not agree in these views, to test their value. I shall buy three hundred bushels of Mr. Pomeroy, under this arrangement, for my own use. Let any person who thinks he can economise by purchasing the same quantity in any other mode, invest thirty dollars in the article. At the close of the winter, let it be ascertained who has most on hands. Let the value of what is left be paid to the Orphan Asylum, by whoever shall have the least quantity unburnt, or the value of a load by him who shall first run out.

The importance of the subject must excuse the length of this article.

Cincinnati Steamboats of 1845.

I have procured for publication a list of steamboats enroled as belonging to this district, together with the names of two others which were built here, but finished, the Belle Creole of 448 tons, at Louisville, and the Bulletin of 499 tons, at New Albany.

Magnolia - - - -	596	50,000
Bulletin - - - -	499	37,000
Belle Creole - - - -	449	33,000
Hercules - - - -	371	20,000
Jamestown - - - -	338	27,000
Cincinnati - - - -	326	32,000
Sea - - - -	310	21,000
George Washington - -	303	24,000
Metamora - - - -	297	25,000
Hard Times - - - -	291	20,000
Alhambra - - - -	290	24,000
Star Spangled Banner -	275	25,000
Pike No. 8 - - - -	247	20,000
Andrew Jackson - - -	229	22,000
Selma - - - -	227	18,000
Undine - - - -	193	15,000
Wm. R. McKee - - - -	165	13,000
Mary Pell - - - -	159	11,000
Reliance - - - -	156	9,000
War Eagle - - - -	156	14,000
Sultan - - - -	125	6,000
Clermont - - - -	121	6,000
Rob Roy - - - -	111	8,000
Eureka - - - -	110	7,000
Mentoria - - - -	108	6,500
Matilda Jane - - - -	87	8,000
Henri - - - -	56	3,500

27 boats.	Total,	6609	505,500
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The building here in 1840, was thirty-three boats of 5361 tons, at a cost of \$592,500; of 1844, thirty-two boats of 7838 tons, and a value of \$542,500. The gradual diminution in value of of aggregates, results from the reduction in the price of materials of late years, and the disproportion of price of cost, compared with tonnage, and in the War Eagle and Reliance of the same

tonnage, costing, one nine and the other fourteen thousand dollars, in the absolute difference of finish and equipment.

The steamboats and barges built last year, as far as I can make up a list, were at

	Number.	Tonnage.	Cost.
New Albany,	11	1,959	\$118,500
Louisville,	16	4,152	270,000
Cincinnati,	27	6,609	505,500

As soon as I get the Pittsburgh and St. Louis lists I shall add them to this.

Several boats are on the way here—two of them nearly finished, which are not included in my list.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. C. CIST,—Sir:

I am not much given to speculation, nor can I be charged with favouring any of those extensive projects by which our citizens have been plundered or the city involved in debt. Yet when an enterprise perfectly practicable, and of immense importance to the public, has been proposed, although it may involve an outlay of money, I have not withheld my assent.

A few years only can elapse—not exceeding ten—before we shall have a railway connecting the Capitol of the State of Indiana with Cincinnati. The distance is about one hundred and ten miles, and the route must be through the Whitewater Valley to Hamilton, thence to the city on the line of the canal.

Our citizens and the city corporation have a grade for twenty-five miles of the road already, in the bed of the Whitewater Canal. Upon this bed, timbers and rails can be laid down for about \$4,000 per mile, making the cost of our portion of the work when completed, \$100,000. The east end of the Whitewater Canal, terminating at Cincinnati, it is the general impression, will never yield anything, as revenue, to the owners, while used as a canal; but when abandoned for the grade of a rail-road, the stockholders will receive at least six per cent. upon the whole cost of grade and rails. Such will be the impetus given to trade and travel in the direction of Indianapolis, by the extension of this work even to the Indiana line, that the people of that state will soon make provision for its completion to their capitol.

The controversy now waging between the owners of property on the line of the contemplated street and Market Space, between Walnut street and Western Row, and the city, must end in embarrassment to both parties, if not soon terminated. By the abandonment of the Market Space, between Elm street and Western Row, and only taking ground for a fifty-three feet street, room can be had for the passage of the railway from

Western Row to Walnut street, and the difficulty may be settled. This track may be made so as to touch the south end of Green street, and afford space for warehouses, and a depot on the whole line from Western Row, without encroaching upon Pearl street. The rails may be laid upon a level with the bottom of the canal at the east end, and allow the cars to pass under the cross streets to the terminus, without obstruction or damage to the thoroughfares of the city, and without any opposition on the part of the citizens; and *this is the only way and the only route by which a railway will ever be permitted to enter the city.* The importance of a depot from Indiana and Hamilton, in the centre of the city, must be seen at a glance; and on looking over our city plat, covered with expensive and permanent improvements, it must be admitted that I am right in my conclusion that this is the only route left.

In view then of securing the money already invested in the Whitewater Canal, of terminating a costly and vexatious litigation, and of affording to our merchants the only opportunity of a railway termination in the centre of the city, I hope our City Council and others interested, may take up this project and give it a full and candid examination.

C.

January 1, 1836.

Fire Engines.

A new engine called "Relief No. 2," built by Paddock & Campbell for the Fire Company on George street bearing that name, and intended to match the superb hose reel now exhibiting at their Fair at the Masonic Hall, was brought out on trial a few days since.

In the construction of this engine Messrs. Paddock & Campbell have not only surpassed everything heretofore brought from the east—the Fame for example—but also all their own previous efforts in this line. This can readily be made apparent.

The Fame throws the farthest of any of our Eastern engines, as the Cincinnati does of those made here. The Fame has thrown water after repeated trials two hundred and four feet, and the best performance of the Cincinnati was two hundred and ten; both from the gallery. These are respectively of $7\frac{1}{2}$ and $7\frac{1}{4}$ chambers, and of corresponding power in other respects, and constitute a class of engines which usually throw thirty to forty feet farther than the smaller class of six inch chambers, which is the size of the *Relief*. Yet the last engine, in an unfinished state, on her first and only trial, has thrown water by measurement, two hundred feet, level distance, through a nosel, also, one sixteenth of an inch larger than that of the Fame.

The *Relief* is now in the hands of her painters,

I. & B. Bruce, and will doubtless settle on her next trial the question, what we shall gain by sending to our Atlantic Cities for fire apparatus.

The *Relief* costs less than the Fame, and besides being of greater power, as a double suction engine, is not as heavy by from twelve to fourteen hundred pounds in weight.

It gratifies me to find our Cincinnati mechanics justifying my guarantee that they will make as good if not better work, at as cheap if not cheaper rates, than the same description of articles cost in Boston or Philadelphia.

Adventure with a Bull.

(From Scenes and Adventures in Spain.)

It was a fine afternoon in August. On the old plaza the rays of a canicular sun were shed with scorching intensity, and a strong stream of light gilded the pavement under the arch, and for a short distance beyond it.

As I emerged from the heated region into the cool, solitary street, but adorned and irradiated with bright eyes and gracious smiles from the ranges of balconies above, the effect was singular. Advancing towards my quarters, intending merely to take leave of my *putron* and his family, I saw my servant with the horses waiting for me at the door according to my directions. In the balconies were the young ladies and some *Senoritas*, their friends. A good distance beyond, and where the street was somewhat broader, there was a mass of people looking down another street which branched off, occasionally peering round the corner, and starting back as though dreading some encounter.

In a few minutes a *Novillo*, or rather a young bull, rushed, prancing and butting, into the street, maddened and urged on by hundreds of vociferations, from the crowd by whom he was pursued. My servant dragged his horses through the gateway, doubtless expecting me to follow, but I did not choose to do so. How could I, when so many bright eyes were bent down upon me? So I bade him shut the gate.

"'Tis only a *Novillo*," said I to myself.

And here let me explain that, in the northern provinces of Spain, and, I believe, in many others, it is the custom, on festive days, to enjoy a sport called *Novillo*, that is a yearling bull is secured by the horns with rope several fathoms in length, and then he is cast free, as it were, and excited by hootings, shrieks, and an infinity of discordant sounds, until he runs the whole length of his tether, when he is brought up with a jerk. All get out of his way as well as they can. Some, however, tantalize him by shaking their cloaks, jackets, or handkerchiefs before his eyes, and imitating the tricks and manœuvres of professed bull-fighters.

Well, I was alone, in the narrow part of the street, quite despising the *Novillo*. All at once he came full tear down the street, the whole *posse* of tormentors howling after him. I stood resting on my cane, which was a stout one, with a long gilt ferrule at the end; but the *Novillo* was butting right at me, and, to my dismay, I perceived that he had very sharp, and, by no means, short horns.

There was no possibility of a retreat. The case was a desperate one. I was between the infuriated animal's pointed horns and the wall

against which he seemed fully bent on pinning me.

How it came into my head I know not, but instantaneously I wedged the thick end of the cane between the upper part of my arm and my chest, as I had seen the *picadores* do with their spears, at the bull-fights, and firmly grasping the projecting portion in the hand, presented the ferruled point to the animal, who came on most furiously, head down, horns just at the proper tossing angle, and tail lashing his flank. I kept my eye upon him, and just as he made at me, I thrust my cane with all my might and main. I meant to do so into his shoulder in *picador* style, but luckily for me, I think, it buried itself in his flank, and threw him down with great force, turning him on his back, his feet trembling in the air, and his tongue lolling out of his foaming mouth.

I slipped aside, and was greeted with *vivas* from all the balconies, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs to me, my own fair *patrones* being among the most energetic. I coolly took off my cap, bowed right and left, and passed along amidst enthusiastic cheers, until I again passed the archway into the *plaza*.

When I arrived there, I stood still, marveling at my escape, and at the manner which I had hit upon to effect it. The whole scene did not occupy a twentieth part of the time it has taken me to describe it. I returned presently to my street, in which there were several groups in animated conversation. I was soon recognised, and again cheered as *El torero Yngles*. Nothing could have happened more calculated to make an individual popular than an event of this kind, any feat of agility or *sang froid* in encounters of this kind, being quite to the taste of the people all over Spain, though there was no merit on my part, no prowess; it was a case of self-preservation; and, not only did my poke in the *Novillo's* short ribs force the breath out of his body, but the pavement of Vitoria is proverbially slippery; so that when he once lost his legs, there was no recovering them. I had only time to say adieu to my friends, to receive their warm congratulations, to enjoy a hearty laugh with them at my curious adventure; and to depart, as I had a long ride before me, and was anxious, lest any sudden march at head-quarters should occur during my absence.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.—No. 4.

By J. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Piqua.

During my agency at Fort Wayne, the *Miamis* were a part of my charge. They formerly inhabited this river, the Miami of Ohio, and here where I live was their principal towns—extending from the mouth of Loramie's creek, including the ground occupied by my farm down to, and including lower Piqua, the present town of Piqua. The *Miamis*, in the old French war, which terminated with the peace of 1763, took part with the French, and were obliged to abandon their towns here; and sought a refuge on the upper waters of the Wabash and the Miami of the Lake, near the mouth of the Saint Joseph and Saint Mary's rivers, where Fort Wayne stood. The Shawanese and Delawares adhered to the

British interests, and were the occasion of the expulsion of the *Miamis* from this point. The *Miamis* were anciently called the *Tewightwees*; and after them the Shawanese took their places here, and gave it the name of Piqua, from one of their tribes. Of this tribe, the Miami was *Meshekenoghqua* or Little Turtle, a celebrated orator and chief who signed the treaty of Greenville with Gen. Wayne; a man of great wit, humour, and vivacity, fond of the company of gentlemen, and delighted in good eating. When I knew him he had two wives living with him under the same roof in the greatest harmony; one an old woman about his own age—fifty—the choice of his youth, who performed the drudgery of the house; the other a young and beautiful creature of eighteen, who was his favourite, yet it never was discovered by any one that the least unkind feeling existed between them. This distinguished chief died at Fort Wayne about twenty-five years ago, of a confirmed case of the gout, brought on by high living, and was buried with military honours by the troops of the United States. The Little Turtle used to entertain us with many of his war adventures, and would laugh immoderately at the recital of the following:—A white man, a prisoner of many years in the tribe, had often solicited permission to go on a war party to Kentucky, and had been refused. It never was the practise with the Indians to ask or encourage white prisoners among them to go to war against their countrymen. This man however had so far acquired the confidence of the Indians, and being very importunate to go to war, the Turtle at length consented, and took him on an expedition into Kentucky. As was their practise, they had reconnoitred during the day, and had fixed on a house recently built and occupied, as the object to be attacked, next morning a little before the dawn of day. The house was surrounded by a clearing, there being much brush and fallen timber on the ground. At the appointed time the Indians, with the white man, began to move to the attack. At all such times no talking or noise is to be made. They crawl along the ground on hands and feet; all is done by signs from the leader. The white man all the time was striving to be foremost, the Indians beckoning him to keep back. In spite of all their efforts he would keep foremost, and having at length got within running distance of the house, he jumped to his feet and went with all his speed, shouting at the top of his voice, Indians! Indians! The Turtle and his party had to make a precipitate retreat, losing for ever their white companion; and disappointed in their fancied conquest of the unsuspecting victims of the log cabin. From

that day forth this chief would never trust a white man to accompany him again to war.

During the Presidency of Washington, the Little Turtle visited that great and just man at Philadelphia, and during his whole life after, often spoke of the pleasures which that visit afforded him. Kosciusko, the Polish chief, was at the time in Philadelphia, confined by sickness to his lodgings, and hearing of the Indians being in the city, he sent for them, and after an interview of some length, he had his favourite brace of pistols brought forth, and addressing the chief, Turtle, said—I have carried and used these in many a hard fought battle in defence of the oppressed, the weak, and the wronged of my own race, and I now present them to you with this injunction, that with them you shoot dead the first man that ever comes to subjugate you or despoil you of your country. The pistols were of the best quality and finest manufacture, silver mounted, with gold touch-holes.

The white people, by their knowledge of letters, are enabled always to exhibit a long catalogue of grievances against the Indians, whilst they not possessing the same advantages, their wrongs are in a great measure unrecorded and unknown. I will cite two instances of many that occurred during my long intercourse with the Indians, which for cold blooded, unprovoked, and premeditated cruelty, has never been exceeded and seldom equaled, among savage or civilized people.

In the time of sugar making, 1824, one of the subordinate chiefs of the Seneca Indians, with eight of his people, were hunting within the limits of Madison county, Indiana, a new county then, and thinly populated. Having spent the previous fall and winter there, they were distinguished for their inoffensive, orderly and peaceable conduct. In March of that year, Bridge, Sawyer, Hudson, and a youth under age, the son of Bridge, with another person whose name I have forgot, and who made his escape to Texas, the common refuge of all bad men, matured and perpetrated a plan for murdering the unoffending Indians. Those five white persons repaired early on a certain day to the hunting cabin of the Indians under a pretence that they had lost their horses, and asked the two Indian men to go with them in the woods in different directions to search for them, each party taking an Indian. When they got them out a sufficient distance they basely murdered them; and after covering up the bodies, returned towards the Indian camp. The poor women seeing the white men return without their husbands, came out to meet them. One of them in front, who was a Delaware, half white, and spoke English, asked, much agitated, for her husband. They told her that he would

come by and by, and to turn and go into the house. It appeared by the confession of these monsters in human shape, that they had not the heart to shoot her down facing them, but as soon as she turned away from them, they shot her, though not mortally. She fell on her knees, imploring mercy for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, telling them she was of their own flesh—alluding to her colour—and in that condition they knocked out her brains with a homony pounder, and with knives, tomahawks, and the same instrument, they murdered the remaining women and children; whole number murdered nine. To cap the climax of this tragedy, and to shew what a degree of callous, hard-hearted depravity, men calling themselves christians may arrive at, the whole of these murderers were next day found in attendance on their knees at a religious meeting in the neighbourhood. As soon as the murder was known among the Indians, many of whom were in the neighbourhood hunting, having met, they declared if the murderers were not secured and punished, satisfaction would fall upon innocent persons, as they could not restrain their young men. The frontier became alarmed; the murderers apprehended with the exception of the one who fled to Texas. An express was sent to myself with the news; I repaired to the spot, took immediate measures for the security of the prisoners, reported the case, first to the Governor of Indiana, who declined acting, and second to the Secretary of War, Mr. Calhoun, who promptly acted, giving me ample powers to prosecute to conviction and execution, and to spare no expense. The conduct of this upright and able secretary in this and many other cases which fell under my notice, placed him above all praise. He filled that department, in my estimation, better than any other man since the days of Washington. At the time of Gen. Jackson's coming into power, I was at the seat of government settling my accounts. A friend of holding office, called on him to solicit his influence with the President in favour of his being continued. Mr. Calhoun appeared to be surprised that any fears should exist on the part of any faithful, competent man, and expressed his utter abhorrence at having anything to do, pro or con, with such dirty work.

Foreign Correspondence.

I am in receipt of a letter from *Buenos Ayres*, from our late fellow-citizen, *T. B. Coffin*, under date of October 22d, being the latest advices from the Argentine Republic. At that date the port of Buenos Ayres had been thirty days under blockade by the English and French squadrons on that coast, and all business in the city was in an absolute paralysis.

The Buenos Ayreans were in an exasperated state of feeling, the British having not long before taken possession of their national fleet at *Montevideo*, and the Argentine Legislature was at that date deliberating on a declaration of war against those powers. The allied invaders had made a descent on *Gualaguchu*, in the province of *Entre Rios* and on the river *Uruguay*, and after being guilty of the most atrocious violence, had carried off a booty of \$150,000 in value. The writer adds, that there is no doubt that Great Britain is about to take the same steps to force a commerce up the *La Plata*, *Parana*, and *Uruguay*, as she has done with *China* and would up the *Mississippi* and *Ohio*, if she had to do with same kind of people.

Going the whole Figure.

At the late meeting in New York of Robert Owen's Convention for National Reform, the principle was laid down that no one should be permitted to hold more land than would constitute a suitable farm. This was going a step farther than that body laid down "the principle" in 1844, when they resolved that the General Government had no right to dispose of the public lands, which they alleged belonged to the whole country, and should first be allotted to the settlers free of cost—to the extent they would be needed for that purpose. But revolutions neither go backward nor stand still, as the following colloquy which appeared in a late New York paper, serves to prove:

"Bill," said one fellow to another, "I see a National Reformer, I is."

"Vy, is that our party?"

"Vy, yes, hossy, it is that. If you puts in a vote for that ere party, you votes yourself a farm."

"Vell, I don't go that unless they'll go a little further. I wants a farm, and *somebody to work it besides*."

This is carrying out "the principle," and reminds me of the views expressed by a sailor, during a nautical row in New York in the time of the "long embargo."

"What do you want, my good fellow?" asked the Mayor of the city, in a deprecating tone.

"Want?" exclaimed the spokesman, an old weather-beaten tar, about "three sheets in the wind"—"we want our *rights*. No land-lubber should be allowed to live on fried halibut, sea-pie and soft tommy, while poor Jack is starving on mouldy biscuit and salt junk. We want an equal division of property and provisions!"

"My good friend," exclaimed a sedate and portly-looking alderman, if we should comply with your demands, and make an equal division

of all property, in less than a month you would be as destitute as ever."

"Perhaps so," replied the old tar, with a sly wink and a significant grin, "and *then we will divide again!*"

Transcendentalism.

The Chinese and Hindoos occasionally furnish us specimens of "orphic sayings," which throw into the shade their brother savans of Germany and Boston City. The following letter was written during our last war with Great Britain, by a merchant in extensive business at Calcutta. It is a curious document, and in no respect more remarkable than in the writer's ability to express himself in good English when he comes to treat of money matters.

CALCUTTA, 10th December, 1831.

Sir:—Having favoured with your kind Epistle of the 16th December, 1812, and received it with the best promulgation of Joy, with a view of renewing our reciprocal friendship again to its former state, but it solely partitioned by the present serious warlike intercourse existed between you and the British Government, which commonly occasioned an obscurity amongst the inclination of the Mankind, who originally entered to improve their Commodities in Traffics. However we confide these serious resistances will not remain for a longer, and will accordingly orifice an way on a reasonable time to enable us to promote our Mercantile purposes, as it was before.—We had once learned that an amicable arrangement on the subject have had taken place, and which caused to demonstrate our Joy, and accordingly we had the honour to sent the intelligence in circulation under cover of the Envelopes, but it instantly regreted us by perusing the advertisement, announcing the refreshment of the American War over again; however we hope that the Providence may determine the present hostility, and exist a tranquility between your territories and the Great Britain.

In regard the remittance of the Proceeds of Peace Goods, I beg leave to request you that if you think the present war to be immediately concluded and your coming out to Bengal will be taken place, I hope you will bring the amount with you, otherwise you will please to remit the same to Messrs. Farlie, Bonham & Co. of London, directing them to send the amount by a bill of Exchange to Ramdullol Day.

I hope this will meet you and family in a perfect health and happiness.

And remain with due respect, Sir,

Your most Obedient and Humble Servant,
RAMNARAIN GHOSS.

To G. W. J., Philadelphia.

The Dutch of Pennsylvania.

A traveller through York county, Pennsylvania, having lost his way, hailed a man he saw in a garden hoeing cabbages. "Hallo! I say, can you tell me the way to Daudel's mill." The man thus accosted, and who was, to use a Pennsylvania simile, as dutch as Hiester's horse, turned round and replied—"Py sure; I gin dell you

o pesser als any potty. You see dat pridge; roost make dat pridge ofer, den durn the riffer ip schtream, biss you gum to a finker bose py a gross rote; dake down dirty oder forty fannels of fence on dat rote and you will gum on a gavern ouse mit a pick jerry dree at the toor, durn de gavern round and yoost pefere you is my prudler Hans' parn schinkled mit schtrow. When you kit upon his house you ax him, und he giu iell you so pesser als me."

"Let me see," said the traveler, reflecting—"make a bridge over, turn the river up stream, turn a house around and take forty pannels of fence down; my gracious what a day's work I have before me! Good bye."

Chronological Table.

Jan 1st—New Year's Day. Anthony Wayne, born, 1745.

2d.—Edmund Burke, born, 1730: Lavater, died, 1801.

3d.—Battle of Trenton, N. J., 1777. General Monk, died, 1670.

4th.—C. C. Pinckney, died, 1812; Roger Ascham, 1568; Sir Isaac Newton, 1642.

5th.—Duke of York, died, 1827.

6th.—The Epiphany, an *Appearance* or apparition is kept in commemoration of the manifestation of our Saviour to the Gentiles, and first observed A. D., 813—Old Christmas Day.

7th.—Fenelon, died, 1715.

8th.—Battle of New Orleans, 1815. Galileo, died, 1742.

9th.—Archbishop Laud, beheaded, 1645.

10th.—Stamp Act passed, 1765. James Watt, born, 1736. Linnaeus, died, 1778.

Review.

A Sermon on Witchcraft. By J. L. WILSON, D. D.: preached at the First Presbyterian Church, November 9, 1845. pp. 23. Published by request.

This is a remarkable production, which exhibits all the learning, fidelity to duty, deference to the word of God, and boldness in avowing most unpopular opinions, which have characterized the whole course of the writer's life. The author holds that witchcraft has existed for ages, as he proves by the word of God; that it still exists, in the Papacy, in the New Jerusalem Church, the Shakers, the Mormons, and among the practitioners of the Mesmeric art. He adjudges the miracles wrought by Prince Hohenlohe and the Holy Coat of Treves, effected by the power of witchcraft; Emanuel Swedenborg to be no impostor, but deceived by lying spirits, and as such became the "prince of modern necromancers;" and mesmerism he considers founded on the same principle. He insists that the vain pretences to

witchcraft which have been made in all ages, are just as full evidences of the existence of that art as the presence of a counterfeit note is of the fact that there are genuine ones, since without an original, there could be neither imitation nor copy.

I cannot concur with Dr. Wilson in all his views; and regard Mormonism as simply an unprincipled movement of artful deceivers, whose dupes are sufficiently ready to be deceived. What is new of Shakerism and Mesmerism is not true, and what is true is not new. A considerable share of the phenomena in both these, is referable to the nervous system; the residue a sheer imposture of men who begin dupes and end deceivers. In this category I place the whole horde of neurologists, mesmerists, clairvoyants, &c.; such as Professor Brownson, Drs. Buchanan, Parnell and June. Nor can I perceive in what respect these men are working miracles, any more than Signor Blitz or the Fakir of Ava.

Dr. Wilson's pamphlet is, however, worthy of a careful perusal by all who take an interest in the subject on which he treats.

The Sermon is from Donogh's press, and is a beautiful specimen of Cincinnati typography.

Address at the Fair of the Hamilton County Agricultural Society, at Carthage, Sept. 16, 1845. By JOHN W. CALDWELL, President. pp. 12.

I should not have felt called to review this production, but for the vigour and originality of the author's views and illustrations.

He commences by elevating to a proud eminence the agricultural employment. "What would our cities be without the farmer?" he asks. True, if we had not known it before, we should have found it out since we have had to pay five dollars per cord for wood. But it is not merely in provisioning us, we are under obligations to the sons of the soil, in the author's judgment.

"The very population itself of your crowded cities, is gathered from, and replenished by, the bands of healthful yeomanry, who till the soil. No city could long exist in prosperity, were it not for the commingling of its blood with that of the robust sons and daughters of the field."

This is hardly stating the case fairly and fully, for we are getting an admixture also of Saxon blood from German emigrants to renew the Heph-tarchy element in our ancestors, now nearly run out.

Mr. Caldwell contrasts agriculture as a profession, with that of the pulpit, the bench, the bar, the faculty, the political press, and the ranks of commerce and of the mechanic arts, of all which, as a class, he speaks with sufficient irreverence, although making the necessary exceptions.

I must turn him over to brothers Drinker or

Taylor, for his attacks on the political press. As to the bar, of which Mr. C. is a member, wait till the lawyers catch him in court, for him to get jesse.

He is in his element, as I have intimated, when he eulogises the farmers. Even Dr. *Overton* at Memphis, did not lay it on with a trowel, heavier, when he pronounced that convention the most able, enlightened, intelligent and influential body of men that ever had assembled or ever would assemble in the vast succession of ages to come, on the face of the wide earth. Still Mr. C. has a few things against his friends, the farmers. He thinks log cabins should be entirely obsolete—that the farmers ought to read more, and mind what they read. Above all they should pay the printer. I like the last suggestion—as such; but not the insinuation it conceals. My farmer subscribers do not want dunning, and are the best pay in the world.

Besides these things he hints to them that they are raising but thirty bushels corn, and a large share even less than that, where one hundred have heretofore been raised, unstinted both in grain and ear. And he tells them boldly if they don't spur up and remedy this state of things, the Dutch—who can produce on two acres as much as our farmers do upon ten, will get possession of their land and take the country. Hear this ye Native Americans and blow the trumpet in time!

The author closes his address in these words, every one of which is as true as it is important, and all said in the right spirit and taste.

"Indulge me, fellow-citizens, in the expression of a hope that the day is not far distant when the effort will be as well to improve the mind, as the crops of the tiller of the soil; when no farmer will consider his whole duty accomplished, whilst his children have not the facilities and opportunities of a good education; and when farmers will be men of literature and science, capable of analyzing their own soils, of applying science to their art, and of gracing the journals of the day with interesting reports of their operations. Then, and not till then, will you know and feel the full strength of your order; then, and not till then, will you obtain your true position, that which a high grade of intelligence, united to your permanent wealth and overwhelming numbers, will entitle you.

The Debate on Slavery, held at the Second Advent Tabernacle, in Cincinnati, by Rev. Jona Blanchard and N. L. Rice, D. D. pp. 492. Published by W. H. Moore & Co., Cincinnati.

This "Debate," long looked for by the thousands who were present at it, and the tens of thousands who have heard of it and take a deep interest in the subject, is at length before the public. As an individual, I have my own opinion which side has a right to claim the victory in argument, but it is not necessary, and would be in-

vidious in me to use these columns for that purpose. I can, however, freely and truly say, as far as I am competent to judge, that the debaters are men of signal ability, who have left little to be said on the subject beyond what is presented in this volume. My business with the book rather refers to its character for paper, printing, binding, &c., than to its subject.

The volume then is beautifully got up, the paper clear and white, the typographical arrangement neat and perspicuous, and the binding and general outside appearance surpassing that of any volume of the Cincinnati book issues heretofore. In this respect it is a perfect contrast to its predecessor, the "*Debate on Universalism*," which was on inferior paper and in an inferior style of cover and binding, and disfigured with such a profusion of italics and small capitals as to mar the general effect of its being read to advantage.

I can freely, therefore, recommend the volume to thousands who need light on the interesting subject to which it relates.

Clerical Eccentricity.

Rev. Mr. S. was a man of many eccentricities; and not a very animated or interesting preacher. As he advanced in years he became even less engaging, and his people—although they respected their good old pastor, and were disposed to keep the right side of him in expectation of a legacy—felt it quite a relief if they could find a plausible excuse for absenting themselves from his meetings. When any family was absent two or three Sabbaths in succession, Mr. S. would publicly state to the congregation that as Mr. —'s family had been for some time absent from public worship, he presumed there was sickness or trouble in their household, and would appoint a prayer meeting at their house on the next Tuesday afternoon. For a while this answered the purpose, and it was found that the people preferred even to hear Mr. S. preach in the great congregation, than to have the almost exclusive benefit of his prayer meetings. He was, however, at times, obliged to adopt other measures to fill his house; for although the families took care to be represented on the Sabbath, they took special care not to come out *en masse*, so that the hearers of the parson, in his spacious temple, were generally few and far between. On one Sabbath afternoon, he told his people that he should take a journey the next day and be absent for a short time; but he would take care that some person should come from Boston on the next Saturday and supply his desk the next Sabbath. On the next Sabbath morning, the meeting house was filled. The whole town turned out to hear the Boston minister. They waited awhile in eager expectation of his entrance, when he marched the Rev. Mr. S., and walked up the broad aisle as he had been accustomed to do for many years gone by. On ascending his pulpit he smiled graciously upon his large audience and said, "I am glad, my dear hearers, that I have got you out—you're all here as you ought to be—and I hope your minds are prepared to receive instruction—I came from Boston yesterday myself!"

Flour Mills in St. Louis and Cincinnati.

I propose to institute a comparison between a flour milling operations in St. Louis and Cincinnati. It will be recollected that it is only within a few years we have manufactured any considerable quantity of flour in the city, while there has been an established business for many years in St. Louis. Under these circumstances the comparison is quite favourable for Cincinnati. The number of mills here is fifteen, all but one of which are steam mills. The water mill belongs to Mr. Chouteau, and is propelled by water from the pond bearing his name.

Age's Mill,	8 run of 4½ feet stones.
nion,	3 do of 5 feet do.
tar,	3 do of 4½ feet do.
agle,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
Washington,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
Missouri,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
henix,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
ity,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
McKee's,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
Franklin,	2 do of 4½ feet do.
Lucker,	3 do of 3 feet do.
found,	2 do of 3 feet do.
ark,	2 do of 3 feet do.
earle,	1 do of 3 feet do.
Chouteau,	3 do of 4½ feet do.

Making, 40 run of stones.

In the above there are three run of stones of five feet diameter, twenty-four of four and a half feet, and fifteen run of three feet diameter—being equivalent to upwards of twenty-eight run of four and a half feet diameter.

I copy the above from the St. Louis New Era of the 20th ult. Our city mills are—

C. S. Bradbury,	5 runs.
West & Co.,	4 do.
Atkins & Blair,	3 do.
John Elstner,	3 do.
C. C. Febiger,	3 do.
Atkins & Co.,	3 do.
Franklin Mills,	3 do.
Fagin's,	3 do.

Twenty-seven, all of four and half feet stones.

Hardly more than one run of stones as a difference.

I was surprised to find so little disparity in the two products, under the circumstances of the case. I do not know the amount of flour actually manufactured in St. Louis. This is both there and here, far short of the actual capacity of the mills. We make in Cincinnati more than one hundred and twenty thousand barrels annually, all beyond our home consumption, until this year, for shipment to New Orleans and the Atlantic Cities. Owing to the late flour operations, we have sent this year largely to the Lake Erie ports. At Union mills, St. Louis, on two run of stones—five feet—they make one hundred barrels flour per day. At Bradbury's, here, on four run of four and a half feet, one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty barrels daily. This is

about equal. West & Co., on three pair of four and a half feet, have made in three consecutive weeks three thousand and thirty-three barrels, which is an extraordinary performance. Our city mills usually command a small advance on other brands, even of first rate quality.

Our capacity being within a fraction equal to that of St. Louis, I presume the actual manufacture is in about the same proportion, probably greater, as besides our supply of grain from the interior of Ohio, we get ample consignments of wheat from the St. Louis region itself.

Unaccountable.

A remarkable fact, and one which all my previous experience in statistics affords me no means to account for, may be found in the following circumstance.

The pews of the newly erected Central Presbyterian Church afford a remarkable contrast in the appearance of the backs. The ends next their doors are all distinctly marked at their upper edges with dark shade, as of coal dust pressed out against the paint by the men who occupy that part. The inside ends on the contrary, have the same impression made from the ladies' dresses, some twelve inches above the seat.

I hope the announcement of this remarkable contrast will not produce a *bustle* to ascertain the cause of the difference referred to.

Dr. Buchanan.

The following letter explains itself. I am perfectly willing that the Dr. should be heard through these columns, so far as his letter goes. The extracts accompanying that document, although termed "short" by the Dr., would take up more room than I can spare in my columns. They are the testimony of a writer in the Democratic Review, to the originality as well as the value of Dr. Buchanan's neurological discoveries.

As to the "best minds" referred to in the letter, what determines their right to that attribute? Who shall indorse the indorsers? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

CINCINNATI, July 8, 1846.

Mr. C. CIST,—Sir:

Having been accustomed to very courteous relations with the gentlemen of the press, I regret to observe in your paper of yesterday a paragraph equally uncourteous and unjust, in which my name is associated with others in a sneering allusion.

Whatever you can justly say of myself, you are welcome to say; but as men are judged by their associates, I beg that my name shall not on any occasion be connected with those of men with whom I have as little sympathy, affinity, or connection as yourself and Dr. Wilson.

Whether my investigations of the brain receive public honour or censure, troubles me very little; but I am not willing that my friends should be annoyed and my position mystified with the public, by using my name in the company in which you have placed it.

Although editors are not bound to be omniscient, they are at least bound to be just in what they do say; and as your columns have a tone of independence and conscientiousness, I would request you to rectify this matter by a short extract which I herewith send you, which will serve in some degree to define my position for your readers.

Legitimate, and even insolent and unfair opposition I expect as a matter of course, but I am not prepared to submit to any *personal degradation* as a proper reward for investigations which some of the best minds of our country already regard as the commencement of a new era in the science of mind.

Very respectfully yours,

JOS. R. BUCHANAN.

The Way Americans go Down Hill.

But who has not been both warned and amused with the slow caution of the German drivers? At every little descent on the road that it would almost require a spirit level to discern that it was a descent, he dismounts and puts on his drag. On a road of the gentlest undulations, where a heavy English coach would go at the rate of ten English miles an hour, without drag or pause, up and down, he is continually alighting and putting on one or both drags, alighting and ascending with a patience that amazes you. Nay, in many states, this caution is evinced also by the government, and is enforced by a post on the side, standing on the top of every slope on the road, having painted on a board a black and conspicuous drag, and announcing a fine, of commonly six florins (ten shillings) on any loaded carriage which shall descend without the drag on. In everything they are continually guarded against those accidents which result from hurry, or slowness of construction.—*Howitt's Moral and Domestic Life in Germany.*

The stage in which we traveled across "the Alleghenies," was one of the then called "Transit Line." It was, as the driver termed it, a "rushing affair," and managed by a refined cruelty to the dumb beasts, to keep a little ahead of the "Opposition," that seemed to come clattering in our rear like some ill-timed spirit, never destined exactly to reach us. The drivers of our different "changes" all seemed to be made upon the go-ahead principle, looking upon nothing as really disgraceful but being behind the stage that so perseveringly pursued us. Unfortunately, too, for our safety, we went in an "extra," and managed, by a freak of fortune, to arrive at the different stations, when drivers and horses were changed, just as the former had got comfortably to bed, and it was not the least interesting portion of my thoughts, that every one of those Jehus made the most solemn protestations that they would "upset us over some precipice, not less than three hundred and sixty-five feet high, and knock us into such a perfect nonentity, that it

would save the coroner the trouble of calling a jury to sit upon our remains."

It is nine years since, and if the winter of that year is not "remarkably cold" in the almanac, it shows a want of care in those useful annuals. We say it was nine years since we crossed the Alleghenies. At the particular time we allude to, the "oldest inhabitant" of the country, and we met him on the road side, informed us that he had no recollection of such a severe season. How we lived through it has puzzled us quite as much as it did Capt. Ross, after he returned to England, from his trip to the north pole. The fire in every house we passed smoked like a Pittsburgh furnace, and around its genial warmth were crowded groups of men, women and children, that looked as if they had been born in the workshop of Vulcan. The road over which we traveled was McAdamized, and then frozen; it was as hard as nature will permit and the trampling of the horses' feet upon it sounded in the frosty air as if they were rushing across a continuous bridge.

The inside of the stage coach is a wonder; it is a perfect denial of Newton's theory, that two things or twenty cannot occupy the same place at the same time. The one we traveled in was perfectly full of seats, and their backs straw, buffalo robes, hat-boxes, rifles, flute cases, small parcels, and yet nine men, the very nine muses at times, (all the cider along the road was frozen and we drank the heart of it,) stowed themselves away within its bowels, but how, we leave to the invention of exhausted air-pumps and hydraulic presses. We all of course froze more or less, but it was in streaks; the curtains of the stage were fastened down and made tight, and then like pigs we quarreled ourselves into the snugest possible position and place, it being considered fortunate to be most in the middle, as we then parted with the least heat, to satisfy the craving appetite of Jack Frost, who penetrated every little hole and nook, and delighted himself in painting fantastic figures upon the different objects exposed to his influence, out of our misery and death.

By one of these extraordinary phenomena, exhibited in the light of our favoured country, we unexpectedly found ourselves traveling over a road that was covered with frozen sleet; cold as was the season, there was no snow, the horses' shoes had no corks on them worth noticing, and the iron bound wheels on this change in the surface of the earth, seemed to have so little hold upon the road, that we almost expected they would make an effort to leave it, and break our necks as a reward for their aspirations. On we went, however, and as night came on, the darkness enveloped us in a kind of cloud, the ice-glazed surface of the ground reflecting a dull mysterious light upwards. Our whereabouts never troubled us, all places between the one we were anxious to reach and where we were, made no impression upon us, and perhaps we would never have known a single particular place but for the incident we are about to detail.

I think that all my companions as well as myself were asleep, when I was awakened by that peculiar sawing motion a stage-body makes upon its springs when suddenly stopped. "What's the matter now?" was the general exclamation of the "insides" to the driver, who was discovered through the glass windows on the ground, beating his arms around his body with a vehemence that almost raised him into the air.

"Matter," he exclaimed, sticking his nose above a woollen blanket that was tied around his face, which from the cold and his breath, was frosted like a wedding cake, "Matter, matter enough—here we are on the top of 'Ball Mountain,' the drag chain broken, and I am so infernal cold, I couldn't tie a knot in a rope if I had eighteen thousand hands!"

It was a rueful situation, truly. I jumped out of the stage, and contemplated the prospect near and at a distance with mixed feelings. So absorbed did I soon become, that I lost sight of the unpleasant situation in which we were placed, and regarded only the appearance of things about me disconnected with my personal happiness. There stood the stage upon the very apex of the mountain, the hot steaming breath of my half smothered fellow travelers pouring out of its open door in puffs, like the respiration of a mammoth. The driver, poor fellow, was limping about, more than half frozen, growling, swearing and threatening. The poor horses looked about twenty years older than when they started, their heads being whitened with the frost. They stamped with impatience on the 'hard ribbed ice;' the polished iron of their shoes looked as if it would penetrate their flesh with blighting cold. But such a landscape of beauty, all shrouded in death, we never saw of conceived, and one like it is seldom presented to the eye. Down the mountains could be traced the broad road in serpentine windings, lessening in the distance until it appeared no wider than a foot-path, obscured by the ravines and forest trees through which it ran. On either side were deep yawning chasms, at the bottom of which the hardy pines sprung upward a hundred and fifty feet, and yet they looked from where I stood like creeping plants. The very mountain tops spread out before me like pyramids. The moon shone upon this vast prospect, coming up from behind the distant horizon, bathing one eleventh in light, and another in darkness, or reflecting her silvery rays across the frozen ground in sparkling gems, as if some eastern prince scattered diamonds upon a marble floor, then starting in bold relief the shaggy rock-born hemlock and poison laurel, penetrating the deep solitudes, and making "darkness visible" where all before had been deep obscurity. There, too, might be seen the heat driven from the earth in light fogs by the intense cold, floating upwards in fantastic forms, and spreading in thin ether as they sought more elevated regions. As far in the distance, in every direction, as the eye could reach, were the valleys of Penn., all silent in the embrace of winter and night, calling up most vividly the emotions of the beautiful and sublime.

"How are we to go down this outrageous hill, driver?" bawled out a speculator in western lands, who had amused us through the day past with nice calculations of how much he could have saved the government and himself, had he had the contract of making the "National road" over which we were traveling. The reply of the driver was exceedingly apt and characteristic.

"There is no difficulty in getting down the hill, but you well know there are a variety of ways in doing the same thing; the drag-chain would be of little use, as the wheel tire would make a runner of it. I think you had all better take your places inside, say your prayers, and let me put off, and if yonder grinning moon has a wish to see a race between a stage-coach and four horses down

'Ball mountain,' she'll be gratified, and see sights that would make a locomotive blush."

The prospect was rather a doleful one; we had about ninety chances in a hundred that we would make a "smash of it," and we had the same number of chances of being frozen to death if we did not take the risk of being smashed, for the first tavern we could get to was at the foot of the mountain. The driver was a smart fellow, and had some hostage in the world worth living for, because he was but three days married—had he been six months we would not have trusted him. The vote was taken, and it was decided to "go ahead."

If I were to describe an unpleasant situation, I should say that it was to be in a stage, the door closed upon you, with the probabilities that it will be opened by your head thrusting itself through its oak pannels, with the axle of the wheel at the same time falling across your breast. It seemed to me that it would be, with my companions, if I entered that stage, to be buried alive; so I mounted the driver's seat with a degree of resolution that would have enabled me to walk under a falling house without winking.

At the crack of the whip, the horses, impatient at delay, started with a bound, and ran a short distance, the boot of the stage pointing to the earth: a sudden reverse of this position, and an inclination of our bodies forward, told too plainly that we were on the descent. Now commenced a race between the gravitation and horse-flesh, and odds would have been safely bet on the former. One time we swayed to and fro as if in a hammock; then we would travel a hundred yards side ways, the wheels on the ice sparkling with fire and electricity, and making a grating sound, as terrible to my nerves as the extracting of a tooth. The horses frightened at the terrible state of things in the rear, and the lashing of the whip, would pull us around for a moment, and away we would go again, sideways, bouncing; crashing about like mad. A quarter way down the mountain, and still perfectly sound: but by this time the momentum of our descending body was terrible, and the horses, with reeking hot sides and distended nostrils, lay themselves down to their work, while the lashing whip cracked and goaded in their rear to hasten their speed. The driver, with a coolness that never forsook him, guided his vehicle, as much as possible, in zig zag lines across the road. Obstacles no larger than pebbles would project us into the air as if we had been an India rubber ball, and once, as we fell into a rut, we escaped upsetting by a gentle tap from the stump of a cedar tree, upon the hub of the wheel, that righted us with the swiftness of lightning. On we went, the blood starting in my chilled frame, diffusing over me a glowing heat, until I wiped huge drops of perspiration from my brow, and breathed in the cold air as if I were smothering. The dull, stunning sound that now marked our progress was scarcely relieved by the clattering hoofs of the horses, and the motion became perfectly steady, except when a piece of ice would explode from under the wheel, as if burst with powder. Almost with the speed of thought we rushed on, and the critical moment of our safety came. The slightest obstacle, the stumbling of a horse, the breaking of a strap, a too strongly drawn breath almost, would have, with the speed we were making, projected us over the mountain side, as if shot from a cannon, and buried us beneath the frozen ground and hard

rock below. The driver, with distended eyes, and an expression of intellectual excitement, played his part well, and fortune favoured us. As we made the last turn in the road, the stage for a moment vibrated between safety and destruction—running for several yards upon one side, it exposed two wheels in the air, whirling with a swiftness that rendered them almost invisible. With a severe confusion it righted, the driver shouted, and we were rushing up an ascent. For a moment the stage and horses went on, and it was but for a moment; for the heavy body, lately so full of life, settled back upon the traces a dead weight, dragging the poor animals in one confused heap downwards, and shaking violently upon its springs, it stood still.

"A pretty severe tug," said one of the insides, to the driver, as he stretched himself with a yawn.

"Well, I rather think it was," said Jehu, with a smile of disdain.

"I've driv on this road fifteen years, but I never was so near—as to-night. If I was on t'other side of 'Ball mountain,' and my wife on this (only three days married, recollect,) I would not drive that stage down 'Ball mountain' as I have to-night to keep her from running away with another."

"Why, you don't think there was any great danger, do you?" inquired another "inside," thrusting his head into the cold air.

"I calculate I do; if that off leader, when I reached the 'devil's rut,' had fallen, as he intended, your body would now be as flat as either of the back seat cushions in that stage."

"Lord bless us, is it possible," sighed another "inside;" but it is all very well, we have escaped, and one must run a *little risk*, rather than to be delayed in a journey.

Appreciating the terrible ordeal through which I had passed better than my fellow-travellers, I have often in my dreams, fancied myself on a stage coach, just tumbling down the ravines that yawn on the sides of "Ball mountain;" and when I have started into wakefulness, I have speculated on that principle of the American character, that is ever impelling it forward; but it never so forcibly struck me as a national peculiarity, until I read Howitt's journey down hill, among the sturdy Germans of the Old World.

The latest from Ireland.

NEWTON LIMAVADY, Dec. 15, 1845.

Dear James:—

I received your dutiful letter from Cincinnati a week or so since, and sends my best love and my blessing in return to ye. By what you say of America it must be a wonderful country. I don't wonder that the Yankees are so yellow complected as you say they are, seeing they haven't the potatoe to live on. I suppose if an Irishman was born in America it would be all the same.

But there's one thing weighs heavy on my mind. I am afraid that the people in America stretch the blanket, as we say here, and that my own James is learning to do the likes. Mr. Mulholland was reading to me in an "Old Countryman," which was sent over to him, that "Mouey in New York was plenty in the streets," on the

14th, which was the day before the packet sailed. I am doubting that same story; for why would not the poor people pick it up if it lay in the streets? But what is this to what you tell me about the bogs near Cincinnati—that you give them corn *in the ear* to save trouble. Oh James! James! would you make your old mother believe that the pigs there swallow through the ear any more than in Ireland. Don't deceive your own mother so.

My blessing on ye! all the boys and one of the girls sends love to ye.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.—No. 5.

BY J. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Piqua.

After a year's delay the prisoners were tried, convicted and ordered for execution. His Honour Judge Wick, presided. My chief counsel was the late General James Noble, one of the Senators in Congress from Indiana, assisted by three others. Bridge, Sawyer and Hudson suffered; young Bridge, being a minor, was pardoned at the place of execution by the consent of the Indians. Three of them witnessed the awful scene, the Governor attending a mile off to act as circumstances might require. This affair cost the United States from first to last, seven thousand dollars. The justice of the country was vindicated in the eyes of the Indians, and they were satisfied. Thanks be to the distinguished man then at the head of the war department, who disdaining the popularity of the mob, chose to obey the dictates of duty and honour.

The other case happened with the Wyandotts of Sandusky, about seven years ago, in Hancock county, Ohio. One of their beloved chiefs and counsellors of the Christian party, took a hunting excursion with his family: his camp was visited in the evening by three white men with axes, who proposed to the Indian to lodge all night at his camp. This being readily agreed to, the women gave them their suppers, after which the Indian, agreeable to his uniform custom, knelt down and prayed in his own language, and then lay down with his wife to sleep, little suspecting that these fiends in human shape, who had been so hospitably and kindly entertained by himself and his wife, were at that moment plotting their destruction. As soon as the man and his wife were sound asleep, the white men rose on them with the axes they brought and killed them in the most brutal manner, and then robbed the camp, taking off the horses. The murderers living not many miles off, were soon discovered and apprehended, committed to prison, and afterwards permitted to break jail and escape. I was not in the service at the time of this murder, or a very different fate would have awaited these villains. In 1841 and 2, when as

United States Commissioner I was treating with the Wyandotts, one of these murderers was reported to me as being in the jail of Wood county, Ohio, under a charge of passing counterfeit money, and of course within our reach. I immediately reported the fact to the Commissioner for Indian affairs at Washington, asking for authority and funds to proceed against the offender. No money would be furnished to sustain a prosecution against the offender, although there was no lack of proof, and the murderer escaped. This time I had not John C. Calhoun to sustain me and see justice done to the Indians.*

Cases innumerable, and nearly as bad as the foregoing, have occurred during my long acquaintance with the Indians. In a period of fifty three years since I first came to the west, an instance of white men being tried, convicted, and executed under our laws for the murder of Indians has not come to my knowledge, other than the one given in this narrative. I had very great difficulty in persuading the Indians to witness the execution in Indiana. They said they would take my word that the murderers had been hung. I told them no—they must witness the fact with their eyes, being well aware that bad white men would tell them we had deceived them, and permitted the murderers to escape. When the culprits were cast off and the death struggle ensued, the Indians could not restrain their tears. They had witnessed death in every shape, but never before by hanging.

During my negotiations with the Wyandotts, in 1841 and 42, I ascertained a fact which had previously escaped my notice—that they had no horses previous to 1755. The year of Braddock's defeat, the first owned by the Wyandotts were captured in that disastrous campaign.

My agency embraced all the Indians in Ohio, as well as the Delawares of Indiana, who would not consent to be separated from me. In addition to these enumerated, were the remains of the Munseys, Mohegans, Nanticokes, a part of the Mohawks, Senecas, and Ottawas. The two last

had rights in the soil of Ohio, which they ceded to the United States by joint treaty with the Shawanese and Wyandotts. There is not now an acre of land owned or occupied by an Indian in Ohio. Fifty-one years ago they owned the whole territory. Does not the voice of humanity cry aloud to the Congress of the United States to give them a country and a home in perpetuity, and a government adapted to their condition? Will impartial history excuse this people and their government if they permit the destruction of the primitive race to happen without one adequate effort being put forth to save them? I shall, during the long nights of the winter, prepare you some further notice of the natives and the first settlement of Ohio by the whites.

Your friend and obd. servt,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

CHARLES CIST, Esq., Cincinnati.

Pioneer Adventure.

I have taken down the following from the lips of an old citizen here, as a specimen of the every day dangers which the early pioneers encountered in the settlement of the west. There is a great deal of the fire of the flint in these old fellows yet. At the last Presidential election, being on board a steamboat, an upstart, dandy lawyer, with whom he differed in politics, forgot himself so far as to call our veteran an *old tory*. The words were hardly out of the young fellow's mouth when he found himself in tight grips carried to the edge of the boat, and would have been dropped overboard like *any other puppy*, but for the intercession of some of the passengers. But to the story.

"In 1795, soon after the defeat of the Indians by Gen. Wayne, I started for Detroit, where my brother William had been working for some time. My main business was to sell a stud horse there. I succeeded in obtaining five hundred dollars in cash and trade for the beast. A part of the trade was a first rate gelding, the finest brute I ever owned, and for which I got at Dayton afterwards, one hundred and twenty-five dollars, although half the money would buy a pretty good horse in those days. My brother accompanied me on my way home to Cincinnati. At Fort Defiance we fell in with an old man, a cripple, who also kept company with us. When we got within ten or twelve miles of Dayton, which had been just laid out and a few houses built there, we encamped, turned our horses loose to graze, and prepared to cook a meal's victuals and rest ourselves. While I was kindling a fire for this purpose, I heard the old man, who had occasion to turn aside into the brush, call out that the Indians were catching our horse. The horses were in the high weeds and brush; the weeds being as high as themselves we

* My partiality for Mr. Calhoun has reference to his former position as an executive officer; for I should be loth to endorse his waywardness in politics, especially his doctrine of State Rights and Nullification. His late speech as President of the Memphis Convention has gone far, however, to redeem his former errors. The broad and liberal ground taken there in regard to the duties of the General Government in assuming the care of the navigation of the Mississippi and all its tributaries accessible to steam power, considering his high standing in the South, and the almost certainty of his again coming to the Senate, is a great point gained to us of the west. It will be remembered that Gen. Jackson refused his assent to an appropriation for improving the Wabash river, and yet that stream is included in Mr. Calhoun's tributaries of the Mississippi, so it is navigated by steamboats.

could not see them at a short distance. As I ran up I saw an Indian who had caught my gelding, trying to mount him, but to no purpose. I stepped forward, laid my hands on the back of his shoulders, and jerked him heels over head. The villain struck me twice with his butcher knife and cut me through the arm with great violence. I knocked him down with my fist and stamped on him, and but for the persuasions of my party, would have killed him. My brother was about to interpose in an early period of the scuffle, when the other Indian leveled his rifle at him, exclaiming in very good English, "*Let them fight it out.*" Our whole party were unarmed, not apprehending any trouble; and it was almost a miracle that we all got off alive and safe from two Indians, who both had rifles."

Chronological Table.

- Jan. 11th.—Dr. Dwight, died, 1817.
 " 13th.—C. J. Fox, born, 1749.
 " 14th.—Halley, died, 1742.
 " 15th.—Queen Elizabeth crowned at Westminster, 1559. Charleston burnt, 1778. Dr. Aikin, died, 1747.
 " 16th.—Gibbon, died, 1794. Battle of Corunna, 1809.
 " 17th.—Dr. B. Franklin, born, 1706.
 " 18th.—Battle of Cowpens, 1781.
 " 19th.—Copernicus, born, 1473.
 " 20th.—American Independence acknowledged by Great Britain, 1783.

State Census of 1845.

Most of the States take a census midway between those of the General Government. During the late year I have compiled such as have been published in their respective states. These are—

	1840.	1845.
New York,	2,428,921	2,601,374
Ohio,	1,519,467	1,732,832
Indiana,	685,866	854,321
Georgia,	691,392	774,325
Alabama,	590,756	624,827
Illinois,	476,183	705,011
Michigan,	212,367	304,285
	6,604,952	7,596,925
		6,604,952

Increase in five years, 992,023

It will be perceived that the per cent. ratio of increase during the last five years in these States is—New York 7, Ohio 14, Indiana 24, Georgia 22, Alabama 6, Illinois 48, Michigan 43.

There must be some inaccuracy in the statement of population in Alabama, the increase there being unquestionably larger than in Georgia.

Judging by the returns thus far, the entire population of the United States must be very nearly 19,500,000. This will agree with the calculation already made of 22,500,000 for 1850, which corresponds with the uniform ratio of increase at every census for fifty years past, which is so regular that the national progress can be as well determined by calculation as by enumeration. The largest share of increase at the next census will be in Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio and Texas.

The Memphis Reunion.

Between forty and fifty editors and ex-editors, after the adjournment of the Convention there, sat down to an *apician* entertainment, given by the corps editorial of that city to the craft. Most of these editors have been giving their recollections of the scene, and I shall follow their example.

Of the whole corps, but three abstained from wine. Two of them—both from Ohio—sat together, to sustain each other, I suppose. One of these editors, who sat opposite, having been honoured with a toast, was called upon for a speech, which he made in these terms:—We have ascertained, Mr. President, this day, through Dr. Overton, that the Memphis Convention was the most dignified, intellectual, and influential body of men that ever had assembled or ever would assemble in all ages; and, Mr. President, we all know that the Mississippi is the deepest and the broadest, the longest and the fastest stream in the universe. Still her waters need improvement, and this, I suppose, was one great object for which our convention assembled. My brethren from Ohio opposite, however, are strict constructionists—They have constitutional scruples on this subject; they are for leaving these waters as they are, and sir—added the speaker—I am on the opposite side, as you see, and while I fill this tumbler—almost—with water—it is that of the Mississippi I believe:—I feel it my duty to go for the improvement of our western waters, and mingle the pure cogniac with its contents.

So said, so done; and the annexation of France and the United States being happily cemented, the speaker drank the contents, and sat down amidst a shout of applause.

Scripture Quotations.

A late city paper quotes as a scripture text, "that he that runs may read," "and that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein." The second member of the quotation is undoubtedly taken from the Bible, although not literally correct in the quotation, but the first part, although cited as above in many periodicals, is neither a scripture phrase nor a scripture idea,

and cannot be found from Genesis to Revelations. It would be an employment conducive to the accuracy of certain editors if they would brush up their acquaintance with the Bible, as a means of enabling them to quote it correctly. They might probably derive other benefits in the perusal.

There are various other *texts*, such as—"God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,"—"In the midst of life we are in death,"—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue," supposed even by persons otherwise intelligent to be derived from the scriptures, which originate from far different sources. The first is in *Tristram Shandy*, by Sterne; the last was written by Edmund Burke. I cannot trace the origin of the second, but believe it to be an aphorism of one of the puritan writers of England.

Safety of New York.

The New York Plebeian scouts the idea of that city being exposed to hazard in case of war with Great Britain and a consequent landing of her troops on our shores. He holds this language:—

"We chance to know that any fears as to the city being bombarded are absurd, *because there are regulations of law that prevent it.* By the provisions of the statute in such case made and provided, in section seventeen of article third, of title second, of chapter XIV of volume first, of the Revised Statute, page 422, it is made the bounden duty of the health officer, Dr. Van Hovenburgh, to enter on board of *'every vessel immediately on her arrival, and to make strict search and inquiry into the state and condition of the vessel;'* and in case he finds it would be *dangerous* to permit such vessel to visit the city, he is to subject her to quarantine nine miles below New York. * * * The Legislature also,

with an eye to the public safety, in its far-seeing wisdom, has provided, lest the health officer might not be able to detect every vessel desirous to approach the city, that they shall not move from quarantine towards the city, without first having the permission of the health officer."

Circuitous Preaching.

Dr. Elliott, of the Western Christian Advocate, having lately a congregation of but two persons in Indianapolis to address, relates the following singular occurrence:

"Our mind was involuntarily led back to 1822, to an occasion on which we preached a sermon to one poor Mohawk woman, aided by two interpreters. The woman had traveled fourteen miles on foot, and carried her child on Sunday morning, to hear me preach. Between-the-logs knew Wyandott and Mohawk, but no English! My interpreter knew only Wyandott and English. But by my preaching in English, and Jonathan, my interpreter, converting into Wyandott, and then Between-the-logs giving this in Mohawk, we all three made out to preach to the poor Indian woman, as she sat at the root of a large oak, with her child fastened on a board in her arms."

To my Wife.

Pillow thy head upon this breast,
My own, my cherished wife;
And let us for one hour forget
Our dreary path of life,
And let me kiss thy tears away,
And bid remembrance flee
Back to the halcyon days of youth,
When all was hope and glee.

Fair was the early promise, love,
Of our joy-freighted barque;
Sun-lit and lustrous, too, the skies
Now all so dim and dark;
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,
We drive with shattered sail,
But love sits smiling at the helm,
And mocks the threat'ning gale.

Come, let me part those clustering curls—
And gaze upon thy brow—
How many, many memories
Sweep o'er my spirits now!
How much of happiness and grief—
How much of hope and fear—
Breathe from such dear loved lineaments,
Most eloquently here!

Though, gentle one, few joys remain
To cheer our lonely lot;
And storms have left our paradise
With but one sunny spot,
Hallow'd forever be that place
To hearts like thine and mine—
'Tis where our youthful hands upreared
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,
My fond and faithful dove!
Where, if not here, should be the ark
Of refuge for thy love?
The poor man's blessing and his curse,
Alike belong to me:
For, shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,
Am I not rich in thee?

Cooking Stoves.

These were an unknown article thirty years ago, and cooking was performed in the chimney, which served to boil, roast, and bake our wives, daughters and mothers as well if not as thoroughly as their various objects of cooking. Thanks to the ingenuity of the inventors of the cooking stove, all this is now dispensed with. The stove is brought out into the kitchen and serves, besides its principal function of cooking, to warm the room so effectually as to make a given quantity of wood afford twice as much warmth as when burnt in the chimney.

But the first cooking stove was like the first steamboat, the application of a principle merely, leaving to later projectors the honour as well as benefit of bringing out of the invention by further improvements, the perfection in economy and comfort of which it might be found susceptible.

The latest improvement, perhaps the greatest ever made in these stoves, is STRAUB'S *Flame encircled oven Cooking Apparatus*.

This is a stove that claims to combine all that is valuable in the existing cooking stoves, with certain improvements peculiar to itself, which unite in a remarkable degree the equalization of heat throughout the whole baking department, with an economy of fuel which I have noticed in no other article of the kind.

The stove is constructed so as to pass a flue entirely round the oven; the heat being thus used twice, once under, and once over the oven, with an enlarged air chamber through which all the heat must pass. Consequently, every part of the oven must be heated alike. It is this mode of applying the flame and heat which produces the saving of fuel also.

I regard Mr. Straub as having solved a difficult and long sought problem—the passing the heat twice round without impairing the necessary draught of the stove. This is effected in the enlargement of the air chamber, which affords increased space for the rarefaction of air, and compensates for the usual disadvantage of a circular draught.

The plates of this stove are thicker than most others, which enables them to retain heat a longer period, and to cool more gradually.

The thickness also renders the plates less liable to warp. I deem this a valuable improvement.

Indian Portraits.

I would call attention to the advertisement of Messrs. Stanley & Dickerman, in this day's Advertiser. I have seen the Gallery of Portraits while in their progress on the canvass, know they have been taken from the living subject, and consider them of inconceivable value as a commentary on the past and present condition and character of that interesting race, the Indians of the West. The day will come when this collection will command an extravagant price, for a national or great public museum.

Cincinnati Directory for 1846.

The new City Directory of Robinson & Jones, long wanted and expected, is now out. I shall take the liberty of commenting upon this publication *ex cathedra*; claiming as I do to know something from experience, what a Directory should be.

The names appear to be alphabetized carefully, and care to have been taken in getting the German names correctly spelt, and the given names of all persons, as far as possible supplied: all this goes to contribute much of the value of a Directory.

An admirable map forms a frontispiece to the volume, embracing not only the city itself, but a circuit of two and a half miles adjacent to it in all directions, in which are designated the subdi-

visions, canal, turnpikes, hills, and every other natural or artificial object of any importance, and serves to direct the stranger to the various points of this vicinity, as fully and distinctly as a guide book.

This Directory is the first of a series which Robinson & Jones propose to issue annually. They design in each successive volume to add such improvements as the progress of the enterprise may suggest. I have no doubt myself, that the experience of a year or two will supply any deficiency that may be found in this issue, and render its successors equal for comprehensiveness and accuracy to similar publications of long standing in our Atlantic cities.

Errors of the Press.

A capital story is told of a "mistake of the printer" in the Baltimore Argus. A merchant employed an engraver to cut a plate for a business card; the plate was sent to the printer, who worked off five hundred cards and it was then returned to the engraver, who, at a glance, discovered two C's where there should have been but one. Without delay, he altered the plate, taking out the extra C. This was just accomplished when the clerk of the merchant called with one of the cards, and pointed out the error to the engraver, who appeared much surprised, and at once produced the plate on which the cards had been printed. This not having on it the extra C, it was at once decided that it must be a mistake of the printer. The story is not without a moral.

Our Great Staple.

As a heavy pork market, Cincinnati is in the receipt of hogs, which, for size and fatness, would appear incredible to those who know nothing of the west but by description. I am not aware, however, whether the following statement has been paralleled in the Miami Valley. It is taken from the last "Chillicothe Advertiser."

"On Thursday last, the finest lot of hogs that we have ever seen, was killed at the slaughter house of John Marfield, in this city. They were owned by John H. Maxwell, of Green township, in this county. There were fifty-four hogs in the lot, and their average weight was 360 pounds. Fifty of these averaged three hundred and seventy pounds each!! We give herewith the weight of nine, all of one litter. We doubt whether this has ever been beaten in the Union:—386, 454, 456, 452, 456, 526, 534, 516, 444.

"These nine averaged a fraction less than four hundred and seventy pounds each."

Mr. Maxwell's lot of hogs for 1843, were eighty in number, and an average of 335 pounds in weight.

Pioneer Adventures of two Scouts.

What is preserved of the Pioneer history of the west, serves to shew the value of that which has perished. Bold enterprise and hair breadth escapes are constant features in the settlement of the west.

As early as the year 1790, the block-house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of that portion of our State from the Hockhocking to the Scioto, and from the Ohio river to our northern Lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests, interspersed with green and flowery prairies. Then the axe of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plough of the husbandman marred the business of the green prairies. Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys that of the Hockhocking was pre-eminent for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early, that the "memory of man runneth not parallel thereto." On the green sward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of one of the most powerful tribes, taking counsel for a "war path" upon some weak or defenceless frontier post. Upon one of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the valley, for the purpose of striking a terrible and fatal blow on one of the few and scattered defences of the whites. A council was held by the garrison, and scouts were sent up the Hockhocking, in order to ascertain the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and on one of the balmy days of our Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plumb and hazel bushes skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory, now known as *Mount Pleasant*, whose western summit gives a commanding view to the eye of what is doing on the prairie. This eminence was gained by our two adventurers and hardy scouts, and from this point they carefully observed the movements taking place on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie, the horse-racing, leaping, running and throwing the deadly tomahawk by the warriors. The old sachems looking on with indifference—the squaws, for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries, and the papooses manifesting all the noisy and wayward joy of childhood. The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the *terrible war whoop*, which striking the mural face of *Mount Pleasant*, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but martial music strains which waked their watchfulness, and strung their iron frames. From their early youth had they been always on the frontier, and therefore well practised in all the subtlety, craft and cunning,

as well as knowing the ferocity and blood-thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were therefore not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle, would not fall victims to the scalping knife. On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairie and ascended the Mount; at which times our scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks, or lying by the side of some long prostrate tree, cover themselves with the sedge and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding places when their uninvited visitors had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison, and cold corn bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dared not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water, which still stood in excavations of the rocks, but in a few days this store was exhausted, and M'Clelland and White must abandon their enterprise or find a new supply. To accomplish this most hazardous affair, M'Clelland being the elder, resolved to make the attempt—with his trusty rifle in his grasp, and two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills on the north as much as possible within the hazle thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking river. He reached its margin, and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limpid water now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river. He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately. On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments, watching the limpid element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth—the light sound of footsteps caught his practiced ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a few feet of him; these upon turning the jet of the hill had thus suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation,—for if the alarm should reach the camp, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death upon the squaws, and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought, and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther, and grasping the throat of each, with one bound he sprang into the Hockhocking, and rapidly thrust the head of the elder woman under the water, and making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted. During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost in inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him; that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner, on Grave Creek flats, and that the Indians, in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters; and that an only remaining brother had been captured with her, who succeeded on the second night in making his escape; but what had become of him she knew not. During the narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp on the elder squaw, whose body soon floated where it would not, probably, soon be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and with his usual energy and speed,

pushed for the Mount. They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring, before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the stream. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt, struck the Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the Mount, where M'Clelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians, as the prairie parties of warriors were seen to strike off in every direction, and before White and the girl had arrived, a party of some twenty warriors had already gained the eastern acclivity of the Mount, and were cautiously ascending, carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree, and rock to rock, until the whole base of the Mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape cut off.

In this peril nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could; this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians, and tell them she had been a captive to the scouts. She said no! death, and that in presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity—furnish me with a rifle, and I will show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not! here my bones shall lie bleaching with yours! and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives. Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defence—opposing craft to craft, expedient to expedient, and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle. The attack commenced in front where, from the narrow backbone of the Mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing the warrior must be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form was target enough for the unerring rifle of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front, and keeping the enemy in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an insulated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of the rifle; and without the possibility of escape,

Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation, which nothing could avert but brave companions and an unerring shot—they they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they had continued as calm, and as calculating, and as unweary as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could produce. Soon M'Clelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock, that a single bound must reach it, and all hope be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed, and that a distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all—coolly he raised his rifle to his eyes, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so sure, that he felt conscious it *would* do—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the hammer came down, but in place of striking fire, it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the

fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the utmost composure, casting many a furtive glance towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for the leap—and with the agility of a deer he made the spring—instead of reaching the rock he sprung ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell he fell upon the earth, and his dark corpse rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favourite warrior, as well as been foiled for a time in their most important movement. A very few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught a momentary glimpse of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing towards the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts, to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time M'Clelland saw the wary warrior behind the cover, preparing for a leap to gain the fearful rock—the leap was made, and the warrior turning a somersault, his corpse rolled down towards his companion: again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants; and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew a short distance, for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely kept their position, and boldly maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time was the girl missing, and the scouts supposed that through terror she had escaped to her former captors, or that she had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and crouching in undergrowth she crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the cross fire of the defenders and assailants—her practised eye had early noticed the *fatal rock*, and hers was the *mysterious hand* by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring and blood thirsty *brave* of the Shawanese tribe. He it was, who ten years previous had scalped the family of the girl, and been her captor. In the west, dark clouds were now gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them; this darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable, if not inevitable. An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was agreed that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of their localities, should lead the advance a few steps. Another advantage might be gained by this arrangement, for in case they should fall in with some out-post, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue, would perhaps enable her to deceive the sentinel: and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a low "whist" from the girl, warned them of present danger. The scouts sunk

silently to the earth, where by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl,—whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour now began to excite the most serious apprehensions. At length she again appeared, and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels who were directly in their route to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level gained, and the scouts followed their intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog, within a few feet, apprized them of a new danger. The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them, and stated that they were now in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment afterwards, the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and without stopping pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared, and that they were now in safety. She knew that every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment. They now kept a course for the Ohio, being guided by the Hockhocking river—and after three days march and suffering, the party arrived at the Block-House in safety. Their escape from the Indians, prevented the contemplated attack: and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Neil Washburn, celebrated in Indian history as the *renowned Scout* to Capt. Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The Eclectics.

"We have had for some time the rival Colleges, the Ohio Medical and the Botanico-Medical, and now it seems there is a third intended to combine the excellencies of both. Is there no end to human calamity, that we should have a third set of doctors let loose on the community. We shall see here calomel and lobelia, blood-letting and steam, harmoniously working side by side.

"This seems to be got up to introduce a set of *novi homines* into practice. The Professors in the different departments are little known in the community at any rate."—*Western General Advertiser*.

The above complimentary notice did not until recently present itself to our observation—neither are we aware that any such sheet as the *Western General Advertiser* is at present issued from the Cincinnati press. Of one thing we are very certain, however: if the above scrap is to be taken as a specimen of the taste and intelligence of its editor, we pity the deplorable and despicable state of moral and intellectual degradation of that brainless functionary, who, it seems, has undertaken to instruct his readers (if he has any) on a subject of which he is wholly and totally ignorant, not only in reference to the principles and practice of the Eclectic School of Physicians and Surgeons, but also the general reputation and standing of the members of the Faculty of said Institute. For example, in the closing cogitations of this senseless wisecrack, it is asserted that the members of the Faculty "are little

known in the community"—so far from this being the case it may be safely asserted that as many as two or three of the members of the Faculty are not only as favourably, but as extensively known as any in this or any other country, not only as practitioners, but as teachers of Medical science. This is especially true of one, who enjoys at this moment a more extensive reputation as a Medical man than the most distinguished authors, teachers or practitioners of the Healing Art, either in Europe or America.

We neither know nor care who the editor of the "Advertiser" is, but we hope if he has any self-respect he will endeavour to furnish himself with something like definite information on this as well as other subjects before he commits his thoughts to paper hereafter.—*Western Medical Reformer*, Dec., 1845.

Wonders will never cease.

I supposed if there was any thing certain in this city of ours, the fact that I was by trade a collector of statistics, was a fixed fact of absolute notoriety. Even the existence of the Fakir of Ava, or of Rees E. Price might be as reasonably a disputed fact. But the "Eclectics" have discovered that "on that subject"—themselves—"as on all others," the editor of the General Western Advertiser has no "definite information."

As to "that subject," I confess my ignorance. I have been for years discovering that what I know, compared with that I am ignorant of, is as a drop to the bucket, every additional step in the acquisition of light I make, serving to reveal to me the existence of darkness around me. On this principle I imagine I am beginning to penetrate the mysteries of the Eclectic practise, for familiar as my pursuits render me with the citizens of Cincinnati, such men as *Doctors Cox, Hill, Morrow, Jones, et genus id omne*, never fell under my notice. I neither met with them in the halls of science, nor in the respectable walks of private life. I have, it is true, the names of some of them in my directories, but they were taken from their signs. But it seems that unknown as they are to me, they are well known to fame. "Two or three are as favourably and as extensively known as any in this or any other country, not only as practitioners, but as teachers of medical science! This is especially true of one, who enjoys at this moment a more extensive reputation as a medical man than the most distinguished authors, teachers or practitioners of the Healing Art, either in Europe or America!"

Old as I am, I trust I am not too old to learn, and ignorant as I may be, not unwilling to be enlightened. I suppose those who know me will admit that there is nobody has a higher opinion of Cincinnati talent, energy, learning, ingenuity and enterprise than myself; and now, I want to know who those two or three, and especially this one, are, whose fame as authors, teachers and

practitioners transcends that of Velpeau, Roux, and Andral, of the Paris, and Liston, Stokes, Graves, Cusack and Lawrence, of the London and Dublin Schools of Medicine and Surgery; or that of McClellan, Mott, Warren, Gibson and Jackson, who belong to America, but whose fame is not limited to this side of the Atlantic. I feel it a disgrace to remain longer in ignorance. Let him be produced, and we will have him exhibited at the hall of the Eclectic Institute as a greater curiosity than the skeleton giant of Tennessee, or the mastodon of Dr. Koch. Let him be produced, that the *TEACHER, Author and Practitioner* may receive the notice he deserves at home, as well as enjoys throughout Europe and America!

An Impregnable Safe.

It would be a pleasant thing to possess money to the utmost extent of our wants and desires, if it were not for the difficulty and anxiety of keeping it safe. If it is to be kept ready for use at a moment's notice, it is usually deposited in an iron safe or a bank, both which sometimes betray their trust; and if the money is invested in property, it cannot be realised and withdrawn at a moment's warning. The proprietor of a gold mine, *Senor Yriarte*, living at Cossalp, Mexico, has overcome this difficulty in a manner equally ingenious and simple. Although he owns the richest mine in the universe, he works it only to the extent of his current expenses—some one million five hundred thousand dollars per annum—alleging as a reason to those who asked why he did not mine it more extensively—“*My gold is safer in the mine than anywhere else.*”

The Little Miami Rail-Road,

The third annual report of the *Little Miami Rail-Road Company*, of which I lately published a synopsis, ought to be in the hands of every public man in the west. It serves to give some idea of what the products from the great west are rapidly becoming. This is, however, not so easily realised by figures as in other respects.

The Company erected, last fall, an immense depot, as was supposed of sufficient capacity to provide for the reception of the various freight received at this point, and accumulating for two or three days at a time. The building was brick, three hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. The rail-way enters it at the west, running within fifty feet of its entire length. A floor of thirteen thousand five hundred square feet, graded to the level of the cars, enables them to discharge their burthens on a level, whence they are taken to the Front street face of the building and loaded in wagons and drays.

Large, however, as is this building, it has been

found inadequate to the heavy and increasing demands of the business done on the line. When the road shall have been completed, by next October, to Sandusky City, the great staples of flour, whiskey, pork, bacon, lard, &c., of great magnitude in bulk and value, as they are, will afford a splendid prize for the competition of our Atlantic Cities, in their respective routes. When the Buffalo and Sandusky rail-road shall have been completed, we shall have a continuous rail-road to New York and Boston. Philadelphia is preparing to complete a rail-road to Cleveland by filling up the intervening links between the two points.

Thanksgiving Geese.

Turkies are the general market standard for thanksgiving day, but sometimes a goose is preferred. In a neighbouring city, a gentleman in market was attracted by the sight of a plump, extra sized, well cleaned goose. “Is it a young one?” said he to a bonny rosy cheeked country lass. “Yes sir, indeed it is,” was the ready reply. “And how much do you want for it?” “A dollar, sir.” “That is too much, I think; say eighty-seven and a half cents, and here’s your money.” “Well, sir, as I would like to get you for a steady customer, take it away.” The goose was taken home and roasted; but it was found difficult to carve, and when cut up, so tough as to be uneatable. The gentleman went to market again, on the following day, as usual, and there met with his fair poulterer. “Did you not tell me that goose was young, which I bought of you?” “Yes sir, I did, and so it was. Don’t you call me a young woman? I am only nineteen.” “Yes I do.” “Well, I have heard mother say, many a time, that it was nearly six weeks younger than me.”

Mesmerism, Neurology, &c.

It was to be hoped, after the remarkable and authenticated cases I have published of things “most surely believed,” in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, analogous to the phenomena exhibited here by various lecturers on these subjects, that the lips of incredulity would have been put to silence. But infidels still exist and perhaps will, always.

A friend of mine lately received a letter from a distinguished physician of Kentucky, in which he says: “You need not laugh at Mr. Cist’s testimonials on the subject of extract of white walnut or butter nut. It may all be depended on. They will vomit if the bark be scraped up, and purge if scraped down, as he says. They still do more than this, for they will vomit and purge at the same time, if scraped both up and down, and they will neither vomit nor purge if scraped crosswise from the tree. All this I know from my own experience.”

For facts corroborative of certain other points of Pennsylvania faith and practise, I refer to the communication which follows. It is from as in-

telligent an individual as resides in the county or state, who having devoted much time during a long life, to storing his mind with useful knowledge, the fruit of both reading and observation, is now well qualified to employ, with profit to my readers, his leisure hours in the communications for my columns, which he has given me reason to expect from time to time.

Mr. C. CIST,—Sir:

I know not how you will class what follows; you may call it what you please. You have published things much like it, and may do so with this.

It is rather more than fifty years since I began housekeeping in Philadelphia. A good supply of hickory was laid up for the winter; but as it generally happens, towards the spring there remained a pretty considerable assortment of the largest logs left,—knotty, knurly affairs,—the rejected of the pile, while better could be got at; still they must be burnt, and a sort of industrious fit having come on me, I determined to split them up into sizeable wood myself. Axe, maul and wedges, were had, and things went on pretty well for a time, but one morning—a cold morning—as I was entering a wedge with the poll of the axe, the wedge slipped from my fingers, and the axe came on my thumb. I don't believe it made me faint, as I never did see, nor ever did hear of, any well-certified faint in man or woman, unless there was some other person near to take care of the sufferer. You may have seen, as I have, how utterly helpless a young woman becomes—as limber as a wet rag—on such occasions, when a young man has to lift her up, to lay her on the sofa—and how prettily and nicely she will revive after her hands have been duly chafed—what pretty little sighs—and how the eyelids gently unclosed, &c. I imagine that about nine and a half times in ten cases, the proper orthography of the word is *faint*. Your lady readers must not suppose that I am a horrid, hard-hearted unbeliever, for I do think that it may be possible for a lady to come to an actual faint, even when alone. I know that I, even I myself, felt a mighty queer sort of a dizziness as I sat on the cellar steps, and did not remember how I got there; and it may be, had any one been present, a real, downright faint might have been perpetrated. When I went up stairs one of my family—it then was composed of the smallest possible number to constitute a family—doctored the unfortunate thumb with a poultice of salt and vinegar, but without much, if any, good effect. The next day I was in the book store of the late worthy Thomas Dobson: he noticed my little doll-baby of a thumb, and having informed him what was the matter, he told me he could remove the pain. I said he

could not, for I had no faith. He did not care whether I had or not, and bid me to lay my hand on the counter, which was done. He moved his hands over mine, but I heard him say nothing. In about, perhaps, a minute, he asked if the pain was gone—it *had gone*—but I told him it was worse than ever. He continued his operations for a short time, and then told me he knew it was gone; and I had to laugh and own it was so.

Nearly opposite the “stone house” of Mr. Dobson, lived Robert Haydock, plumber, one of whose men got burnt from shoulder to wrist by melted lead. The pain could not be allayed by the physician, or the care and attention of Robert and his kind, good lady. They were Friends, “after the most strictest sect.” “Robert,” said this good lady, “I am much troubled in mind about John; I have done all I can, and the doctor has nothing further to advise but patience. Did thee never hear that neighbour Dobson hath the gift, as it is called, of extracting pain, when all remedies have failed? “Tut, tut, wife, I wonder thee can believe in such nonsense; it is only the effect of imagination. “Nay, but Robert, if it is only the effect of imagination, if John imagines the pain is gone, he will get a good night's rest; and at all events, I do not see that any evil can arise.” After a little more opposition the wife had her way—a thing of course,—John went to neighbour Dobson, and in about ten minutes came back—as he imagined—free from pain. This was told me by a “Friend” in high standing in the Society, to whom I had related my thumb business. I asked him what he thought of such things? Well, he didn't know—he had heard of many wonders of the power of imagination, and yet he knew of a strange cure of a horse, which he could not ascribe to that. He then related that a few years previous he had some meeting-business to attend to in Chester county, and on his way home, three or four miles beyond Darby—you know the little town well,—his horse was suddenly struck lame; after riding a few rods the creature seemed to suffer so much that he got off and led him to the tavern in Darby, which was kept by a friend.—I believe in those days all the inhabitants were of that sect.—The ostler—all ostlers are *ex officio* horse doctors—was called to see what was the matter, but could discover no cause of lameness, and proposed taking him to a “straw doctor” a short distance from the place. My friend, an unbeliever in such things, objected, but as the tavern keeper allowed that the “doctor” had made some surprising cures, and as it could do no harm any how, the ostler was sent with the horse, and in about half an hour returned riding him back. The ostler stated that the “doctor” examined the horse whether he was coked, which he was not,

and then cut a square sod, with which he rubbed the horse, and then replaced it in the ground. His charge for "medicine and attendance," was a quarter dollar. My friend rode the horse home, and never observed any ill consequences from the witchcraft cure. Others may think as they please; I firmly believe all I have stated; yet I am not so easy of belief as Sancho, who told his master, the Don, that the story was so very true, that any one who only *heard* it might safely and conscientiously make oath that he *saw* it; nor does my unbelief equal that of the old Dutch tory, on Long Island, who when told that Cornwallis was taken, said "it was a tam'd lie just as dat dat was told dree or four years ago dat Sheeneral Burgoyne was daken.

All this may be too long for your columns, but if any part will do, you may cut and slash to suit yourself. H.

January 19th, 1846.

Diplomacy of the United States.

For centuries the diplomatic intercourse of the civilized world had been carried on, upon the principle of deceit and lying, bribery and espionage. During that period all was considered fair in diplomacy, as it is now by some in politics. And the only disgrace felt or experienced, was in detection or failure. Almost the first public act of America, after we became a nation, was to teach the world that in *all things* honesty is the best of policy. Franklin set this example in France. It has been followed by our various Ambassadors abroad, from John Adams down, and by our department of state under every incumbent. And the result is, that our national character for fair and direct dealing stands higher than that of most other nations in the world.

Many interesting incidents have been recorded on this subject. I propose to furnish one which rests on undoubted authority, which has, however, as far as my knowledge goes, never yet appeared in print.

During the administration of Mr. Van Buren, *George M. Dallas*, our present Vice-President, was sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, to negotiate a commercial treaty with that Empire. As soon after presenting his credentials and being accredited in that capacity at the Court of St. Petersburg as afforded him, in his judgment, a proper opportunity, he addressed a letter to Count *Nesselrode*, the Russian Minister of State, in which he made known the object for which he was sent, and politely inquired of his Excellency when it would suit his convenience to attend to the business. The receipt of the letter was duly acknowledged, and the assurance given of his Excellency's high consideration of the writer, nothing being, however, said on the

main subject of the epistle. Mr. Dallas, unwilling as the representative of the youngest nation on earth, to transgress the laws of etiquette, waited a while and finally wrote a second and a third note, to which he received answers pretty much to the same purpose as had been made to the first. Finding himself unable to progress in this way, he determined to come to the point at once, and despatched a letter stating to the Minister, that finding himself unable to accomplish the object of his mission, and unwilling to remain for any other purpose, he would ask of his Excellency that his imperial majesty might furnish him with the necessary passports for his departure. This brought things at once to a crisis. The Emperor—Nicholas—a man of great energy and directness of purpose,—probably thought the better of the young republican for his frankness, and told his minister, "Ask him what he wants." Dallas, who was prepared for any issue, replied by handing in a draft of the treaty, which being read to the Autocrat of the Russians, he promptly said, "I agree to it—ask him if he wants anything more." Dallas, emboldened by this gracious treatment, then added, "I should like to receive the treaty on His Majesty's birth-day." The birth-day, or rather the Saint's Day, after whom the reigning monarch was named, was but a few days off, being St. Nicholas Day, the 6th December, O. S., by which the Greek Church yet reckons. Accordingly, on that day the usual levee was held, at which all the foreign Ambassadors attended—all but Mr. Dallas in stars, ribbons and embroidery—he in a plain black suit of citizen's dress. They were introduced in the court order of precedence, the Envoy from Austria taking the post of honour, and the British Ambassador next, &c., Mr. Dallas so far in the rear as to be out of sight, when the Austrian Minister stepped forward to make his compliments. As he advanced, the Emperor called out in a tone which rang through the hall of audience, "Is the American Minister here?" "Yes sire." "Ask Mr. Dallas to step forward." Mr. Dallas made his bow and offered the usual congratulations. The Emperor, in the kindest manner, expressed his thanks, handing Mr. D. the treaty at the same time. The rest of the corps diplomatique stared, and well they might, for the document, with its seals and ribbons, proclaimed its character, and the whole deportment of the Emperor taught them a lesson, that in diplomacy and politics, honesty and directness of conduct is, as in all things else, the best policy.

Tossing in a Blanket.

Nearly all my readers have perused the admirable work of *Cervantes—Don Quixote*—and most of them will distinctly recollect the blanketing of Sancho Panza, his esquire. I venture to say, however, that not more than one reader in ten thousand—that being probably the proportion who have ever witnessed the tossing in a blanket of some luckless wight—has any accurate idea of the exercise.

My attention has been frequently called to the subject by engravings and paintings referring to the scene in *Don Quixote*, in every one of which there was the same want of truth to nature, which satisfied me the artist had never witnessed a performance of the kind. The universal notion entertained on the subject, being that the victim is lifted from the ground on a blanket and thrown or tossed up by the flinging up of the arms of those who hold the blanket. The smallest amount of reflection, however, would teach that a man in this mode could not be raised more than a foot or two from the level of the breasts of those who conduct the exercise.

A few words will explain the operation. As large and stout a blanket as possible being obtained, and the victim laid on it and surrounded by as many as can possibly get hold of the edges of the blanket, thereby preventing his escape, the whole body holding on, make a quick and vigorous *pull* from the common centre. It is this tightening process simply, which springs the culprit into the air, and the height to which he may in this mode be projected, is hardly conceivable to those who have not witnessed the exercise. The subject instinctively grasps the slack of the blanket, by way of resisting the impulse; an useless and absurd effort. Useless because it serves not his purpose; and absurd because it is this very holding on, and *nothing else*, which produces the punishment. By this grasp, his head and shoulders are the last part going up, and in the process of elevation, as he turns over and over, he is sure to fall in some constrained and unnatural posture, which makes him feel, after a night's rest, as if every bone in his body was bruised: so much so that I have known individuals who have been kept too long under the discipline, groan under their pain, upon turning in their beds, during their night's rest after it.

I have known this exercise, during the war of 1812, resorted to by way of punishment to troublesome fellows in camp for getting drunk, or other minor offences. One of the culprits, who was undergoing it for the second time, had the sagacity as soon as the blanket began to tighten, to bring himself to his feet. In this position he shot perpendicularly up, and enjoyed

what he afterwards spoke of as the pleasantest exercise in his life, making finally a hole through the blanket, and thereby a close to the punishment, both for himself and others.

Etymologies.

It would be interesting, as well as instructive, to trace the sources whence our western towns derive their names. I shall take up the subject and apply it to Ohio, next week. At present I shall barely glance at Kentucky.

Lexington, in Massachusetts, gave name to its beautiful namesake in Kentucky, news of the first battle in the war of Independence, reaching the spot at the moment the settlers were deliberating on its proposed name. *Cynthiana* was given its name by the individual who laid it out, by compounding the names of his two daughters, *Cynthia* and *Anna*.

Frankfort owes its title to the following incident, which I have from Ellison E. Williams, who bore a part in it, and who still survives, residing in Covington, Kentucky.

In the year 1780, Wm. Bryant, who was one of the founders of Bryant's Station, Nicholas Tomlin, Ellison E. Williams, Stephen Franks, and others, were on their way from Bryant's Station and the fort of Lexington, to Mann's Salt Licks for the purpose of procuring salt, and while encamping on the bank of the Kentucky river, where the town of Frankfort now stands, were attacked by a company of Indians. Franks was instantly killed, and Tomlin and Bryant, were both wounded. The rest of the company escaped unhurt. From this circumstance—the killing of Franks—the place was called *Frankfort*.

Unpublished Historical Fact.

Publicity has just been given to an interesting fact connected with the repulse and defeat of the British at New Orleans, in 1814.

Those who are old enough to remember the war of 1812, may recollect a remarkable instance of bravery in the defence of the American privateer, *General Armstrong*, Capt. *Samuel C. Reed*, which was attacked while lying in the harbour of *Fayal*, in the Western Islands, by the boats of three of the enemy's ships of war, consisting of the *Rota* frigate, the *Plantagenet* 74, and the *Carnation* brig, on the 26th September, 1814—in which engagement, out of the attacking force, nearly four hundred strong, the British lost between two and three hundred, killed and wounded, while on the part of the Americans, only two were killed and seven wounded. I remember the sensation which this news produced on its arrival in our seaport cities, as one of the most brilliant exploits in naval warfare.

It now seems, and the fact is abundantly sus-

tained by documentary evidence, that this engagement, with its results, delayed Admiral Lloyd, who had charge of the squadron above alluded to, ten days at Fayal, whence he sent the severely wounded home to England on the *Thais* and *Calypso* sloops of war. He then proceeded to Jamaica, where Admiral Cochrane and General Packenham had been waiting for him several days, who were highly indignant at both the loss and the delay, and loaded him with bitter reproaches. Well might they have done so, if they could have foreseen the fruits of that ten days' delay! Cochrane's fleet of eighty-six sail of vessels arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi on the 6th December, 1814. Gen. Jackson had reached New Orleans on the 2d, only four days before. The Kentucky and Tennessee troops did not arrive until the 16th; nor were they fully supplied with arms, and especially gun-flints, until a later date. If, therefore, the invading fleet and army had arrived ten or twelve days sooner, say on the 25th November, what was there to interpose the slightest impediment to their conquest and sack of the beautiful city of New Orleans, destitute of military forces or defences, and a population hardly long enough a part of the American community, to possess the requisite spirit and patriotism for resistance?

If my limits permitted, I should like to have copied the evidence of these facts. The whole subject clearly points out an overruling Providence watching over our national existence.

Church Livings at Auction.

Going down one day to the Auction Mart, Bartholomew Lane, I found George Robbins—the celebrated London auctioneer—in the act of commencing the sale of several church livings. "Now, gentlemen," said he, addressing the crowd of clergymen, "I have some prime things for you to-day. The church, let me remind you, gentlemen, is now become the only good speculation. It is the only line in which you can establish your sons like gentlemen, and with a chance of success. The church, my friends, that's the only genteel, gentlemanly, and 'certain' profession. And why certain? Because you can certainly 'buy' the best livings, you that have the money, and here's, in the first place, a specimen of what's to be had. Let me see—the income of this living is altogether £1,000; now the tithes are commuted, which are themselves, £1,000 and no bother about collecting. It's a rent, now, gentlemen, it's a rent and comes in cheerfully, easily, graciously—almost of itself. It's within thirty miles of London, in a fine sporting neighbourhood and—"

"How old's the incumbent?" shouted a short, thick man, in rusty black, with a great bundle of papers in his hand.

"Old? why, my friend, you could not well wish him older. He is turned eighty."

"And means to live a hundred," cried another voice.

"Is he ill?" bawls another.

"Is he ill?" says Robbins. "That's a delicate point gentlemen. I do not like to enter into delicate matters; but my learned friend here," turning to a pale young man sitting under the desk, the legal broker of church livings—"my learned friend has seen him lately; I dare say he can tell you."

"Is he ill, old——?"

"Why, no, not *ill* exactly. I should not say *ill*; but he's not strong."

"My friend is cautious, gentlemen. The worthy old man, he says, is not *ill*, but he's not *strong*; and when a man is turned *eighty*, and is not *strong*, why I leave you to judge for yourselves. Depend upon it he's soon for *kingdom come*."

The next presentation was knocked down for £1,000.—*Howitt*.

Little Willie.

The nursery shows thy pictured wall,
Thy bat, thy bow,
Thy hat and horse, thy old and ball,
But where art thou?
A corner holds thy empty chair—
Thy playthings idly scattered there
But speak to us of our despair.

Even to the last thy every word,
Too glad, to grieve,
Was sweet as sweetest song of bird
On summer's eve;
In outward beauty undecayed,
Death o'er thy beauty cast no shade,
And like a rainbow thou didst fade.

We mourn for thee; when blind blank night
The chamber fills,
We pine for thee, when morn's first light
Reddens the hills!
The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea,
All, to the wall flower and wild pea,
Are changed—we see the world through thee.

And though, perchance, a smile may gleam
Of casual mirth,
It doth not own, what'er may seem,
An inward birth;
We miss thy small step on the stair;
We miss thee at our evening prayer;
All day we miss thee, *every where.*

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell—
Pride of my heart;
It cannot be that long we dwell,
Thus torn apart;
Time's shadows like the shuttles flee;
And, dark howe'er night's life may be,
Beyond the grave, I'll meet with thee!

Chronological Table.

- Jan. 21st.—Louis XVI. guillotined, 1793.
" 22d.—Massacre on the River Raisin, 1813.
Lord Byron, born, 1788.
" 23d.—Wm. Pitt, died, 1806.
" 24th.—Frederick the Great, born, 1712.
" 25th.—Robert Burns, born, 1759.
" 26th.—Brazil discovered, 1496. Jenner, died, 1823.
" 27th.—Mozart, born, 1755.

A Revolutionary Soldier, and now resident in Cincinnati.

I have been induced, from my long acquaintance with Mr. Hudson, as well as the high opinion of his uncommon mental and bodily energies, with which that knowledge has inspired me, to take ample notes from his own lips, of one of the most important events in our revolutionary struggle—the entire movement of the French and American forces, which led to the investment of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia, and his surrender there, which virtually put an end to the War of Independence. Mr. Hudson's reputation for intelligence and veracity is such that implicit confidence may be placed in his narrative, and a degree of interest is conferred upon his statements by the uncommon circumstance, that he is amply qualified to make that statement, by the fact that he was actor in his own sphere throughout the principal part of the scene, and eye witness to all in which he did not participate. Most military narratives are taken from the lips of general officers, the mere soldier being rarely competent to give an intelligent history of passing events, of which, however, his personal knowledge is greater than that of his officers.

I deem this narrative of the more importance as there is no circumstance in the revolutionary struggle so little understood as the whole history of the events connected with the surrender of Cornwallis. I give the narrative in Mr. Hudson's own words:

"I was born in *Westchester*, New York, on the 12th June, 1768, and am now, of course, nearly seventy-eight years of age. In April, 1781, there was a levy raised for the defence of the state from domestic enemies, to enable the regular troops of the New York line to march to such points as might be required. In this levy I enlisted, in what was then called *King's district*, Albany county, and is now *Catskill*, in Columbia county, marched to *Saratoga*, where having been drilled one week as a soldier, I enlisted in the Continental service, in which I remained to the end of the War of Independence, mounting guard repeatedly over the very graves of those who fell in our battles with Burgoyne. I remained at *Saratoga* until the middle of July, 1781, when Col. *Van Schoeyck's* regiment, to which I belonged, was directed to join the combined armies at *Dobbs' ferry*, on the Hudson river, under the command of Gen. *Washington* and Count *Rochambeau*. On the march I carried a British grenadier's musket, as much longer and heavier than the old-fashioned Continentals, as these would outweigh and out-reach with their bayonets, the modern article made at *Springfield* or *Harper's ferry*. On this

musket I carried a bayonet, which never left it only when it was taken off to be cleaned, and polished, for it had no scabbard. Besides this weight I bore a cartouch box, with forty rounds ball cartridge, and knapsack with twenty rounds more, and my clothes, blanket and four days provisions. After reaching the grand army, we started up the east side of the *Hudson river* to *Verplanck's Point*, and crossed over to *Stony Point*, memorable as the spot where Gen. *Wayne* retaliated on the British troops—the surprise and massacre of *Paoli*. I helped to draw cannon up into that very fort, which it became necessary to fortify when we were about to leave for Virginia. We carried on our march boats so large that it took a wagon and eight horses to draw them, and two inch plank in quantities, by the same conveyance. These were to enable us to form flotillas to cross our troops upon the water courses which lay on our route. In this way, after passing the *Hudson*, we crossed the *Delaware*, at *Trenton*, N. J., and marched by the way of *Brandywine* creek to the head of *Elk river*, now *Elkton*, but then nothing but an old frame warehouse there. Here we lay three days, and during this period I received the only pay I ever drew for my services during the war, being six French crowns, which were a part of what *Robert Morris* borrowed on his own credit from the French commander, to supply the most urgent necessities of the soldiers. My comrades received the same amount. Those three days were spent in getting our heavy munitions from the *Delaware* across the *Elk river*. Here the cannon, &c., were sent by water to *Baltimore*, and thence by the *Chesapeake Bay* into Virginia. The army marched—crossing the *Susquehanna* at *Havre de Grace*, on their way—to *Baltimore*, where they encamped at *Howard's hill*, where six hundred head of cattle were slaughtered and salted for our use. Thence we sailed to the mouth of *James river*, encountering an equinoctial storm of remarkable fury, which lasted eight days, checking our progress that entire period, sweeping our decks fore and aft, and drenching us all to the skin. To crown our troubles we had nothing to eat but coarse barley bread, baked for the horses, which had become mouldy and wormy, but we were fain to use it, as an alternative to starvation. On the 25th Sept. we reached our place of debarkation, 40 miles up the *James river*, six miles from *Williamsburg*, the then seat of government of Virginia. The object of our expedition was to capture the English army under Lord *Cornwallis*, which lay entrenched at *Yorktown* on the York river, southeast of the point we had struck, which enabled us to gain the rear of his position. The *Marquis de la Fayette* we found stationed at *Williamsburg*, expecting our arrival and support."

Gallery of Indian Portraits.

So many catchpenny exhibitions have been paraded before our citizens, and so freely have our city editors puff'd every thing which was advertised in their columns, that it seems difficult to press the claims of modest merit to an audience or a visit.

Mr. Stanley, the painter of this fine collection of pictures, has employed the last three years of his life in the praiseworthy effort to collect and perpetuate the likenesses of distinguished chiefs, orators and warriors of our aborigines. He proposes in April next to resume his interesting employment in other and yet unexplored fields of labour, and now opens the exhibition for the purpose of testing the interest the American people are disposed to take in the enterprise.

For my own share I can say with truth, that while these paintings as works of art, in my judgment, will sustain the criticism of connoisseurs, they especially commend themselves to the simple taste of the mass, who in the language of *Sterne*, "are pleased they know not why, and care not wherefore," in my opinion always the true test of excellence.

This is not only a collection of portraits, but of far west scenery, and of incidents in Indian life. It is an exhibition of costume and character, and a museum of specimens of art and fancy work of the most interesting nature, and well calculated to illustrate the pioneer history of Kentucky and Ohio.

No man who feels any interest in such subjects should neglect to visit this Gallery of Portraits.

Derivations.

Besides those names of things which have undergone so little change as to furnish palpable evidence of their origin, there are a few which have been traced out of less obvious character, which are very curious. Thus, curmudgeon—a miserly fellow—is from the French *Cœur Méchant*—bad heart. John Dory—a fish of this name—from *il janitore*, the door keeper—this fish being called in Italy, also, *San Pietro*, after the Apostle of that name, popularly supposed there the door keeper of Heaven. Jerusalem Arti-choke derives its adjectival name from a corruption of *Girasole*, Italian—turning to the sun, it being the sun-flower variety of that plant. Currant is a corruption of *Corinth*, or grape of Corinth, as damsons, properly Damascene, of the plum of *Damascus*.

The Gageing apple is derived from *Jeanneton*, or Jane of Navarre, in France, who gave it her name. The Mayduke cherry is a corruption of *Medes*, in Burgundy. Asparagus is termed by

many persons *Sparrowgrass*. *Tuberoses*, which is neither "tubes" nor "roses," is derived from the adjective botanical title *Tuberosa*, that is tuberous. In the same manner gilliflower takes its name from the season of its flowering in England—July.

I will add andiron to this list, the name changed from *and iron*—an iron to receive the ends of logs. The term bankrupt is from the Italian phrase *bancorotto*, broken bench, which refers to the state of things during early ages, in the banking or money changing community there. In the *bourses* or exchange halls in Lombardy, the money changers had stalls or benches, whence the title bank or banco, at which they transacted their business. When any one of these gentry failed to meet his engagements or became insolvent, his bench was broken and thrown into the street, and the name *bancorotto* or bankrupt given him. Our old English dramatists use the orthography *bankerout*, from the same source. It is both purer English and of clearer significance.

I was forcibly reminded of this term as well as its derivation, during the mob riot which resulted in the destruction of the Exchange Bank, at the corner of Third and Main streets, some three years since. After the rioters had destroyed or mutilated everything else within their reach, they seized the counter, which they carried into the street and broke into pieces there.

Equivokes.

I gave an instance or two in a late paper on the subject of proper emphasis, and now add one or two more. Appropriate gesture is equally important.

An anecdote is related of an English clergyman who was tormented by a termagant wife. By and by, she said "the debt of nature." Her husband personally officiated at the funeral. His speech was devoted in part to the "thousand ills which flesh is heir to," and was concluded by a scripture quotation. Extending his right hand toward the grave, he said, "There the wicked cease from troubling"—and then, placing the same hand on his heart, he added, "and the weary are at rest."

But there are equivocal expressions, which it is out of the power of either emphasis or gesture to illustrate; as a late advertisement in a New York paper, for two girls to feed on a double Adams power press. Or the case of the individual in Pennsylvania, in a neighbourhood where each farmer, in harvest, killed in turn for the common benefit, who observed that he did not know whether he should kill himself or eat a piece of his father.

The latest notice in this line is an advertise-

ment of two sisters who want washing, and another of a maiden lady, particularly fond of children, that wishes for two or three, or other employment.

More about Sausages.

When I was in Brussels, Mrs. Stratton, the mother of the General, tasted some sausages, which she declared the best things she had eaten in France or Belgium; in fact, she "had found but little that was fit to eat in this country, for every thing was so Frenchified and covered in gravy, she dare not eat it; but there was something that tasted *natural* about these sausages; she had never eaten any as good, even in America," and she sent to the landlady to inquire the name of them, for she meant to buy some to take along with her. The answer came that they were called "Saucisses de Lyons," (Lyons Sausages,) and straightway Mrs. Stratton went out and purchased half a dozen pounds. Professor H. G. Sherman, (the antiquarian,) soon came in, and on learning what she had in her package, he remarked—

"Mrs. Stratton, do you know what Lyons sausages are made of?"

"No," she replied; "but I know that they are *first rate*."

"Well," replied Sherman, "they may be good, but they are made from donkeys!"—which really is the fact.

Mrs. Stratton said she was not to be fooled so easily—that she knew better, and that she should stick to the sausages.

Presently Mr. Pinte, our French interpreter, entered the room.

"Mr. Pinte," said Sherman, "you are a Frenchman, and know everything about edibles; pray tell me what Lyons sausages are made of." "Of asses," replied the inoffensive professor, Mr. Pinte.

Mrs. Stratton seized the package; the street window was open, and in less than a minute, a large brindle dog was bearing the "Lyons sausages" triumphantly away! Mrs. Stratton was taken violently sick at the stomach, and kept her bed when I left Brussels, two days afterwards!—*Barnum's Letters*.

Apologies and Excuses.

Some of these are remarkable enough. I annex a specimen of each kind:

1. *The reasonable*.—"Mr. Grimes, lend me your tub?" "Can't do it! all the hoops are off! it is full of suds; besides I never had one, because I wash in a barrel."

2. *The conclusive*.—A distinguished clergyman of the Universalist denomination—now resident in New York—was accused, while in Lowell, of "violently dragging his wife from a revival meeting, and compelling her to go home with him." He replied as follows:

1. I have never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of meetings.

2. My wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell.

3. I have not attended even one of these meetings, for any purpose whatever.

4. Neither my wife, nor myself, has any inclination to attend these meetings.

5. *I never had a wife!*

3. *The comprehensive*.—A postmaster, acting as agent to an Eastern print, writes his employer as follows:—It would doubtless be well to ~~erase~~ the name of J. S. from your books, and give up as gone that \$7.60. He says, in the first place, he never ordered the paper, and if he did, he never got it, and if he did get it, it was as an agent; and besides he thinks he paid for it long ago, and if he didn't, he's got nothing to pay, and if he had, he could plead the statute of limitation, for the debt has stood nine years.

New Orleans Picayune.

They tell a good story at Northampton, Mass., about the editor of the New Orleans Picayune. He stopped at the stage house, with the intention of spending some days in that beautiful town. After a reasonable time he became dry, and called for a glass of brandy. "No," says the landlord, "we have no license to sell spirits—we don't keep the article." The editor visited the other public houses,—looked into the groceries and cellars, made close inquiries, but found them tototallers. He returned to the stage house with a long face—"Landlord," says he, "tell me the nearest place where I can get a glass of brandy, for I'm too dry to stay here any longer."—"I guess you can get it at Greenfield, for they grant licenses there, and it is said they sell spirits." "How far is it?" "Twenty miles." "What time does the stage start?" "Twelve o'clock at night." "Well, landlord, book me for Greenfield."

So it has grown into a proverb in that part of Massachusetts, that when one calls for liquor, he says, "Book me for Greenfield," and when he is corned he is said to be "Booked for Greenfield."

Chronological Table.

Jan. 28th.—Peter the Great, born, 1725. Admiral Byng, shot by sentence of Court Martial, 1757.

Jan. 29th.—Swedenburg, born, 1689. Constantinople, burnt, 1730.

Jan. 30th.—Charles I., beheaded, Whitehall, 1648.

Jan. 31st.—Guy Fawkes, executed, 1606.

Feb. 1st.—Battle of Brienne, 1814.

" 2d.—B. Trumbull, died, 1820.

Flattery in Rags.

There is an excellent anecdote, which furnishes a fine lesson in the study of human nature. A miserable looking beggar, in pitiable accent implored the charity of a well dressed lady who was passing by, but he was not graciously received. "I have no small change," said she, with a repulsive look. "Then, most charming madam," said the philosopher in rags, "allow me the privilege of kissing your beautiful, lily-white hand?" "No, my friend," replied the fair one with a smile, "I cannot do that, but there's half a crown."

Thoughts of Heaven.

No sickness there,—
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shrinking from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!

No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,
No vain petition for a swift relief;
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

Care has no home
In all the realms of ceaseless prayer and song!
Its billows melt away and break in foam
Far from the mansions of the spirit throng.

The storm's black wing
Is never spread athwart celestial skies!
Its wailings blend not with the voice of Spring,
As some too tender flower fades and dies!

No night distills
Its chilling dews upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there: The light which fills
That land of glory from its Maker came!

No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep:
No bed of death enduring love attends
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep.

No blasted flower
Or withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast or fierce descending shower
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!

No battle word
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread!
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung wherever angel minstrels tread!

Let us depart
If Home like this await the weary soul!
Look up thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

With faith our guide
White-robed and innocent to lead the way,
Why fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

Early Steamboat Statistics.

It is remarkable how little is known, or at least recollected, of the character of the first steamboat performances.

The first steamboat in operation in America, or indeed any where else, was in 1787, when *James Rumsey* made a short voyage on the Potomac, with a boat about fifty feet long, propelled by the reaction of a stream of water drawn in at the bow and forced out at the stern, by means of a pump worked by a steam engine. The boat moved at the rate of three or four miles an hour when loaded with three tons burthen. The weight of the engine was one-third of a ton. The boiler held five gallons, and the entire machinery occupied but the space required for four barrels of flour, and she consumed from four to six bushels of coal per day.

In 1787, *John Fitch* put a boat in motion on

the Delaware, which performed at the rate of three miles per hour. His next effort was to construct a passenger boat without decks, the *Perseverance*, in which he went, October 12th, 1788, from Philadelphia to Burlington, on the Delaware river, twenty miles, in three hours. This, it may be remarked, was a better performance than any of *Fulton's* early efforts.

The earliest steamboat trip in the world for practical purposes, was by *Fulton*, in the *Clermont*, of eighteen horse power, which made its passage from New York to Albany in the Hudson river, in thirty-five hours, or at the rate of five miles per hour. Such is the difference between progress at the east and in the west, that as late as August, 1816, the *Albany Argus*, in speaking of the cheapness and expedition of traveling, remarked, "That steamboats leave Albany for New York every Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday, at 9 A. M., and New York the same day at 5 P. M. The fare is only seven dollars, and the trip is made in twenty-four hours!"

The trip has been made of late years in ten hours, and at but one dollar passage money expense; and there is hardly an hour in the day at which a boat may not be taken from New York to Albany.

The first steamboat on the western waters—the *Orleans*, of 300 tons—was built at Pittsburgh, in 1812, and the *Vesuvius*, 390 tons, in 1813. The first steamboat arrival at New Orleans from Louisville, was on the 30th of May, 1815, of the *Enterprise*. A steamboat constructed by *Fulton*, commenced running to Providence from the city of New York, in 1815.

The following notice appeared in *Niles' Weekly Register*, of the 30th September, 1813:—"A project is on foot at New York, to build a steamer of 350 tons, to serve as a packet between New York and Charleston, South Carolina, in which it is estimated the passage will be made in four days. Those whose opinions are entitled to the fullest confidence, decidedly believe that the voyage may be made with at least as much safety as in other vessels."

The steamboat *Enterprise* arrived at Charleston, 23d July, 1816, from Savannah, and excited a great deal of curiosity—it being the first steamboat ever seen in Charleston. Great as was the surprise, the editors of the newspapers there prophesied that "ten years hence such a boat would be no novelty anywhere in the United States, where there was water enough to float one."

In 1817, the persons engaged in fishing on the Potomac, petitioned the Virginia Legislature, that steamboats might be prevented from running during the month of April—as the noise could be heard several miles, and the agitation of the air

and water, frightened all the fish from the river.

The steamship Savannah sailed from Savannah, in 1819, for Liverpool, where she arrived after a passage of twenty-six days, being the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

Belmont County, Ohio.

The original counties of this State were Washington and Hamilton, the river Muskingum marking between them a division line of the State into east and west. In 1797, Jefferson and Adams were taken off the upper end of Washington and Hamilton counties. In 1798, Ross was formed in the interior of the State. To these were added, in 1800, Fairfield, Clermont, and Trumbull, the latter then comprehending the entire Western Reserve. In 1801, Belmont was taken from Jefferson, the document below being the first move in the matter. It was designed to build up a county seat of Pultney, a settlement on the Ohio, some seven miles below Wheeling, but the public buildings were located at St. Clairsville, and Pultney is now, like some other *Tadmors* in the wilderness, among the things that once were.

To his Excellency Arthur St. Clair, Esquire, Governor of the North Western Territory of the United States, and northwest of the river Ohio.

The Petition of sundry subscribers, inhabitants of Jefferson county, in the said Territory, respectfully sheweth—

That, whereas, a division of the said county of Jefferson is contemplated.—Your memorialists are of opinion, that when a division is made that the line between Jefferson county and the said county, which is to be formed from part of Jefferson county, ought to be run thus, viz:—

Commence on the bank of the river Ohio, and at the middle of the fourth township and second range; or in other words, to commence on the bank of the river Ohio, three miles from the northeast corner of said fourth township and second range, which will be two miles and about one quarter from the mouth of Short Creek—and from the bank of the river Ohio, as aforesaid, to run a due west, until the same shall intersect, or in other words, touch the range line between the sixth and seventh range of the seven ranges of townships, and from thenceforth along said range line until the same shall touch the northwest corner of the sixth township and sixth range; and from thence a due east until the same shall touch the river Ohio, or as far to the southern extremity, for the forming of the new county, as may be considered advisable; and from thence north along said river Ohio until the place of beginning—which boundary your memorialists are individually and collectively of opinion ought to form the new county.

And your memorialists are of opinion that the most eligible and proper situation for the seat of justice would be at the town of Pultney, formerly known by the name of the Wetzel Bottom, which being upon the bank of the river Ohio, and laid off in a large bottom, which contains nearly one thousand acres, and is about eight miles south of Wheeling, and about thirty-one miles south of Steubenville, the present seat of justice of Jefferson county; and being a thriving settlement, rapidly increasing in population, and improvements. From these circumstances, as well as the central position, it must certainly have a decided preference over any other town that may be put in competition with it: And we are decidedly of opinion that the town of Pultney ought to made the seat of justice for the said new county. And your memorialists shall ever pray, &c.

James Archibald,	John M'Cune,
Samuel Stewart,	John M'Clure,
James Alexander,	Isaac M'Alister,
Peter Mander,	John Mitchell,
Wm. Pickary,	Patrick M'Elheny,
Robert M'Millan,	Stephen Workman,
Charles Irwin,	John Graham,
Henry Hardesty,	

Churches in the East and West—1846.

Denominations.	N. Y.	Phila.	Cind.
Baptist, - - -	29	17	3
Roman Catholics, - - -	20	11	5
Christian, - - -	0	1	1
Do. Disciples, - - -	0	1	4
Dutch Reformed, - - -	18	2	0
Episcopal, - - -	38	20	4
Friends, - - -	4	7	2
German Reformed, - - -	0	3	2
Jews' Synagogues, - - -	9	3	2
Lutheran, - - -	5	5	5
Mariners, - - -	0	3	1
Methodist Episcopal, - - -	40	26	12
Moravian, - - -	1	1	0
New Jerusalem, - - -	2	2	1
Presbyterian, - - -	40	32	12
Unitarian, - - -	2	1	1
Universalist, - - -	4	4	1
Congregationalist, - - -	5	1	0
Coloured Churches, - - -	0	12	6
Millerite, - - -	0	0	1
	172	151	63

This is, for

Cincinnati one Church to 1,300 persons.

Philadelphia one " to 2,000 "

New York one " to 2,500 "

In other words, New York has but one half the Churches, in comparison to her population, that are in Cincinnati; and applying the same

rule to Philadelphia, she has but two thirds as many as we have.

Another feature of comparison is the different proportions in these different cities. The Baptists, Episcopalians, and Dutch Reformed, constitute nearly one half the religious societies in New York, while they form not one eighth of the whole number here. On the other hand, there are more of the Disciples' Churches (Campbellites) here, than in both the other cities, and as many German Lutheran as in Philadelphia, where there were three Churches of that denomination before there was a Church of any description in Cincinnati. There are, at this moment, in Cincinnati, more houses of worship in which the services are conducted in the German language than in Philadelphia, although a much larger emigration of that people has lodged there than here. The difference is ascribable to the circumstance that our Germans require preaching in that language, only a small portion being familiar with the English, whereas in Philadelphia they and their descendants have lost their native tongue, to a very great extent, by long residence in this country.

In fifty years there will hardly be a house of worship in Cincinnati in which the services will be conducted in the German language, such having been the overpowering influence of the English in our own country everywhere that that it has come in contact with foreign languages for the every day business of life.

Etymologies of County Towns in Ohio.

There are eighty counties in the State of Ohio, and consequently as many county towns, or seats of justice. Of these seventeen—West Union, Georgetown, Springfield, Wilmington, Lancaster, Cambridge, Hillsborough, Norwalk, Troy, Mount Vernon, Burlington, Newark, Chester, Somerset, Portsmouth, New Philadelphia, and Lebanon—derive their names from older settlements in the Atlantic States, and received them from the settlers—as a general rule—in compliment to the neighbourhoods from whence they came. Another class of names are taken from towns and cities of antiquity, or of eminence in foreign countries, as Lima, Athens, New Lisbon, Cadiz, London, Toledo, Medina, Ravenna and Canton. Four bear the names of their respective founders—as Cleveland, Millersburg, M'Connellsville and Zanesville. The heroes and sages of the revolution have given names to eleven—to wit: Jefferson, Hamilton, Van Wert, Marion, Paulding, Warren, Carrollton, Greenville, Washington, Wooster, and Steubenville. Three owe their names to Americans of later date, as Fickton, Jackson, Perryburg. But two only are named after Governors of the State—St. Clair-

ville and Tiffin. Four bear the name of early pioneers to the State—Kenton, Findlay, Eaton, and Dayton.

The Indian aborigines are few—Coshocton, Bucyrus? Delaware, and Chillicothe are all, I believe. Logan is named after the celebrated Indian Chief, whose memory will endure as long as the letters exist which compose his memorable speech. Gallipolis signifies the city of Frenchmen. Three owe their name to local features—as Bellefontaine, from a fine spring in the town; Circleville, from the ancient circular fortifications found there, and corresponding to which the centre of the town was laid out; Defiance, from the old Fort of that name, erected by Gen. Wayne. Marietta was named after Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, by compounding the first and last four letters of her name. Kalida is a formation from a Greek word, signifying beautiful. Sandusky, properly *Sodowsky*, from a trader of Polish descent, who lived many years in that region of country. Xenia, Sidney, Chardon and Elyria, were merely fancy names, in all probability. St. Mary's from the river of that name, so called by Jesuit missionaries. The origin of Woodsfield, Marysville, Mansfield and Akron, I cannot state, or even conjecture. Columbus, the capitol of the State, as well as of Franklin county, bears the proud name of the discoverer of America; and the modern scourge of nations, Napoleon, has given his name to the seat of justice for Henry county.

If any of my readers or correspondents can correct errors or supply deficiencies in this article, their communications for that purpose will be very acceptable. The utmost industry would not suffice to make a first effort of the kind perfect.

What's in a Name?

I observe that there is a bill before the Legislature of Ohio, to change the name of *Montague L. Moses* to *Moses L. Montague*. This name reminds me of a pleasant little incident in English parliamentary history, which runs as follows:

There were two members of Parliament—*Montagu Matthew* and *Matthew Montagu*, Esq. They formed the contrast in size there, which Messrs. *Wentworth* and *Douglass* do in the present Congress of the United States, who, being two feet difference in height, are said to be nicknamed in Washington, "The long and short of the matter." *Montagu Matthew* was almost a giant in height, and *Matthew Montagu*, on the contrary, was considerable under the usual size. Their names being so much alike, they were sometimes mistaken for each other in debate, greatly to the annoyance of the former, who affected great contempt, personal and political, for

his namesake. On one occasion where this mistake had occurred under some especially provoking circumstances, he rose and remarked that, certain honourable gentleman, by the manner they confounded names, did not appear aware that there was any difference between Montagu Matthew and Matthew Montague. If they were, however, to take a look at us both, they would see there is as much resemblance between us as between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut.

Original Letter of Th. Jefferson.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21, 1802.

Sir:—I informed General Kosciuszko of your kind attention to the location of his lands, and of your refusal to accept of anything for it, expressing pleasure at an opportunity of rendering him a service; and he in answer desires you to be assured how sensible he is of this mark of recollection and friendship, and the pleasure he has received from this testimony of regard from an old brother soldier. Having sold the lands to Madame Louisa Frances Felix, who is now come over to settle on them with her family, and leaves this place in a few days for that purpose, I have, in pursuance of a power of attorney from the General, given her a written power to enter into possession of the lands and to hold them according to the contract of conveyance from the General. Should there be any difficulty in finding the lands, I trust that your good disposition towards the General will lead you to render her any information necessary for that purpose.

Accept my respects and good wishes.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Col. JOHN ARMSTRONG, Cincinnati.

Novel Mode of Leeching.

During the mania for leeches, which prevailed some years ago in France, a country doctor in Bretagne had ordered some to be applied to a patient suffering with the sore throat. On calling to see the effect of his remedy, the first person he met, on entering the house, was the peasant's wife.

"Well, my good woman," said the doctor, "how is your husband to-day? better no doubt?"

"Oh, yes, surely!" answered the woman, "he is as well as ever and gone to the field."

"I thought so," continued Monsieur le Docteur, "the leeches have cured him! Wonderful effect they have! you have got the leeches of course?"

"Oh yes, Monsieur le Docteur, they did him a great deal of good, though he could not take them all."

"Take them all!" cried our friend, "why how did you apply them?"

"Oh, I managed it nicely," said the wife, looking quite contented with herself; "for variety's sake I boiled one half and make a fry of the other. The first he got down very well, but they made him sick. But what he took was quite enough," continued she, seeing some horror in the doctor's countenance, "for he was

better the next morning, and to-day he is quite well."

"Umph!" said the doctor, with a sapient shake of the head, "if they have cured him it is sufficient; but they would have been better applied externally."

Cincinnati Literature.

A distant correspondent says,—"Cincinnati boasts of her common schools, and the consequent diffusion of knowledge in your community. Pity that they had not been established so many years earlier as to benefit your editors in the orthography of the language in which they write or publish. I observe in the first line of an advertisement, which appears in most of your papers, the vulgarism,

'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.'

"Errors may occur at times without impeaching the knowledge of an editor, but an error of this description, common to your whole press, and which a school boy or girl of seven years of age would promptly detect, I consider disgraceful to the literature of the editorial fraternity of of your city."

How Dr. Bailey and Professor Mansfield, literary men of no mean pretensions, should have committed such blunders, is to me inscrutable.

Titles.

My correspondents will do me a favour by dispensing with the title Esq. after my name.

For this I have several reasons—

1st. It is indistinct, being applied to all manner of persons, honourable and dishonourable, in public and in private life.

2d. It is inapplicable to me. Esquire is derived from the French *Ecuyer*, a stable boy or ostler. I have not cleaned out a stable for forty years.

3d. It is anti-republican. A good democrat desires no better name than to combine the appellative given him in baptism with that which he inherits by descent. He wants as a handle neither *Mr.* at one end nor *Esq.* at the other of his legitimate appellation.

In this respect, as in many others, the Society of Friends set a first rate example, neither giving nor taking titles.

The Iron Manufacture of the United States.

How deeply the United States is interested in the Tariff question, may be judged by the following statistics, which have been gathered by a Convention of iron masters and coal mine proprietors, lately assembled in Philadelphia.

The product of the whole United States is over 500,000 tons of pig iron, and 300,000 tons of bar, hoops, &c. The following estimate, in detail, of the Iron business in the United States, for 1865,

will give our readers an idea of the value and extent of this branch of business.

240 blast furnaces, yielding 486,000 tons pig iron—average of 900 tons to the furnace per annum,	486,000 tons.
950 bloomeries, forges, rolling and slitting mills, and yielding—291,600 tons of bar, hoops, &c.	30,000 tons.
Blooms,	121,500 tons.
Castings, machinery, stove plates, &c.,	which, at their present market value, would stand thus:
291,600 tons of wrought iron, at \$80 per ton,	\$23,328,000
121,500 tons of castings, at \$75 per ton,	9,112,500
30,000 tons of bloomery iron, at \$50 per ton,	1,500,000
	\$33,949,500

To which must be added to the quantity imported for the last year:

46,000 tons bar iron, rolled, at \$60 per ton,	\$2,760,000
17,500 tons hammered, at \$80 per ton,	1,500,000
16,050 tons, pig iron, converted into castings, at \$75 per ton,	1,950,750
5,750 tons scrap iron, at \$35 per ton,	201,950
4,157 tons sheet, hoops, &c., at \$130 per ton,	540,410
2,600 tons steel, at \$335 per ton,	938,000
	\$41,744,640

Pennsylvania, it is estimated, has a population of 400,000 persons, in various relations to the Iron business.

To Readers.

Since the establishment of the Advertiser I have been in the receipt of various friendly and approbatory notices of my little sheet from the corps editorial at home and in other places, which I felt unwilling to publish, deeming them personal matters merely. But I am not sure whether there has not been false delicacy in this. The Advertiser embodies a great amount of statistical and other subjects, for a large share of which I am indebted to correspondents—most of which is of great value now, and will be of inappreciable interest in future years for comparison and reference. And it is probable that there is no one who takes it at present and files it away, but at a future period could obtain a greatly enhanced price on what it cost, in years to come, if disposed to part with it.

My paper enjoys a fair support at home, considering how many publications exist to drain the pockets and consume the reading leisure of the community here. But it might, and perhaps ought to have, five hundred additional subscribers in this neighbourhood, devoted as it is to the collection and preservation of every thing connected with the West, that can shed light on the past or afford it to the future.

With these views I republish a friendly notice from the *Dayton Journal & Advertiser*, of the 6th inst.:

"One of the best papers we receive is Cist's Advertiser, published at Cincinnati, and we find its contents sufficiently readable to induce us to lay it by for a leisure hour, so that we may read it through without interruption. In the last number of that paper we find the following spirited sketch of a scene at the Memphis Convention.

"We give it, not for the purpose of sanctioning the peculiar mode of improving the Western waters which is set forth, but as a lively and amusing sketch which may bring a smile from a Washingtonian without any discredit to his pledge or profession.

"We may as well add in this place, that the Advertiser contains much useful statistical information, and many interesting facts and narratives connected with the early settlement of the West. It is a paper unlike any other that we know of, and we cannot but believe that if its merits were more generally known, it would have a large circulation, in the West especially. It is published weekly at \$2 per annum."

Coal Mines of Pennsylvania.

The coal of Pennsylvania is of more value to her morally, physical and pecuniary, than the gold mines of Mexico and Peru to those empires.

The value of the coal referred to in the table below must be of more than twelve millions of dollars.

The Miner's Journal, at Pottsville Pennsylvania, contains some valuable statistics on the Schuylkill coal region. The following is the official statement of the quantity of coal sent to market from the different regions in 1845, compared with 1844:—

	1845.	1844.	Increase.
Schuylkill	{ R. R., 829,237	441,491	378,845
	{ Canal, 263,550	308,443	134,884
			[decrease.
Lehigh,	1,083,796	839,934	243,862
Lackawanna,	432,080	377,821	54,259
Wilkesbarre,	269,469	251,005	18,464
Pinegrove,	178,401	114,906	63,495
Shamokin,	47,928	34,976	13,012
	10,000	13,087	
	2,051,674	1,631,669 tons.	
	1,631,669		
Increase in 1845,	390,005		

American Artists Abroad.

We are gratified to learn of the constant marks of respect and esteem received by our young countrymen, Powers, the Sculptor, and his friend and associate, Kellogg, the Painter—both gentlemen of fine genius and destined to shed lustre on American arts. We learn that Mr. Kellogg, returning recently to Italy from a tour of some extent in the East, was presented, while in Constantinople, by a high functionary of the Turkish empire, with a magnificent cup, studded with upwards of a hundred diamonds, as a testimony of friendship and respect.

Sixth Ward, Cincinnati.

This is the southwest section of the city, and a region which our increasing demands for room will soon bring into dense occupation, fronting as it does, a mile and a half on the Ohio river.

The number of its public buildings are 12—St. Aloysius' Orphan Asylum, Gas Works, a Public School House, two Friends' meeting houses, Morris Chapel, Trinity Church, on Fifth street, Third Presbyterian Church, Christian Church, on Fourth, near Stone street, Baptist Church, on Pearson street, and an Engine House on Fifth st.

The entire number of buildings in the ward is 1183, of which 593 are of brick, and 590 are frames.

Of these there were, at the close of 1842,

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
	229	501	730
Built in 1843,	157	39	196
" " 1844,	89	28	117
" " 1845,	118	22	140
	593	590	1183

Several important manufacturing establishments were put up in 1844, and a few of the same character have been added in 1845. All these are of brick.

More than one half of this ward is built upon. There are probably more persons in it owning the houses which they occupy, in proportion to the number, than can be found in any other section of the city.

John Randolph.

I am old enough to have witnessed the whole progress of this remarkable man, from the commencement of his Congressional career to the close of his natural life. He has left very imperfect traces behind him on the course over which the chariot wheels of his genius were driven, and posterity finding but little preserved that gives any idea of the prodigious effect of his political speeches, or rather *diatribes*, will doubtless attribute it to his own peculiar manner of saying things.

This undoubtedly had its share of influence, but any one who has read the cotemporary reports of his speeches in Congress, negligently and inadequately as they were reported—for there were no reporters deserving of the name at that date—must have been sensible that there was as much at least in the matter, as in their mode of delivery. His wonderful command of language, in which he delighted to illustrate the energy and eloquence of the Saxon English style, his unrivalled power of sarcasm and ridicule, his remarkable perspicuity of thought as well as of expression, furnishing ideas to the intellectual, and comprehension to the mass—imparted greater influence to his ges-

ture and management of voice, remarkable as these were than they derived from such characteristics.

Randolph aspired to become a political leader, a position for which he had neither the necessary temper or tact; and when his failure as such became manifest, even to himself, he gradually assumed his natural place, not merely in opposition, but in that Ishmaelite warfare which he was willing should lift every man's hand against him, so long as he felt free to lift his hand against every man.

But it is not my object to write his history, or even fully portray his character. For these employments I have neither the talent nor the limits—so far as these columns are referred to. I have heard him often on the floor of Congress, and always, if not with pleasure, with deep interest. But I cannot trust myself to recollect the brilliant passages which have since faded on my memory, one excepted. He was speaking on the Yazoo land claims, a subject that always stirred up his bile, and took occasion to glance at other objects, with the ferocity that tinctured too many of his speeches—"As to Wilkinson, he is in the last stage of putrefaction—*touch him and he falls to pieces.*"

One or two characteristic anecdotes of Randolph, hitherto unpublished, as I believe, will close this article. They are perfectly authentic.

During one of the suspensions of specie payments, in his day, Mr. R. was on a visit to New York, on business. He had occasion to present a check to a large amount for payment at the Merchants' Bank of that city, for which he refused to accept any thing but specie, which the tellers of the bank as obstinately refused to give. Randolph disclaimed to bandy words, with either clerks or principals on their conduct, which in his own way of thinking, amounted to swindling, but withdrew and had a handbill issued at the next printing office, which in two hours was posted up over the whole city, stating that—

"John Randolph, of Roanoke, being on a visit to New York, will address his fellow-citizens on the banking and currency questions, from the steps of the Merchants' Bank, at six o'clock this evening."

A crowd began to gather more than an hour before the appointed time, enlarging so rapidly and amply that before the hour assigned to address it had arrived, the officers of the bank took the alarm, and finding out his lodging place, sent one of the clerks with the amount of the check in gold, which Randolph received with a sardonic smile and the apt quotation—*Chartacium invenit, auream reliquit.* He left New York in one of the stages which at that period anticipated day light, and as he was hardly known in that city,

the notice passed off for a mere hoax on the public.

After leaving the Merchants' Bank, he called at the Mechanics' Bank to transact some money business there, involving a discount of a few dollars. Randolph, with his peculiar notions on such subjects, felt as though these had been stolen out of his pocket. He said nothing, however, until getting to the door of entrance, where the effigy of a huge arm swung as huge a hammer, he asked what that meant. "The badge of our institution, sir, you know this is the Mechanics' Bank," was the explanation of the teller. "You had better take it down and substitute a carrier's knife," was Randolph's brief and bitter reply.

JOE LOGSTON.

The elder Logston, whose name was Joseph, and his wife, whose name was Mary, with an only son bearing his name, lived, when I first knew them, in Virginia, near the source of the north branch of the Potomac, in one of the most inhospitable regions of the Allegheny mountains, some twenty or thirty miles from any settlement. There never was, perhaps, a family better calculated to live in such a place. Old Joe (for they were soon known as Old Joe and Young Joe Logston,) was a very athletic man, with uncommon muscular strength. The old lady was not so much above the ordinary height of women, but like the Dutchman's horse, was built up from the ground; and it would have taken the strength of two or three common women to equal hers. The son was no discredit to either in the way of strength, size, or activity. In fact he soon outstripped his father. What little he lost in height was more than compensated in the thickness and muscle of the mother, so that when he came to his full size and strength, he went by the name of Big Joe Logston. I would not venture to say his physical powers were equal to those of the strong man of old, but such they were as to become proverbial. It was often said to stout-looking, growing young men, "You will soon be as big as Big Joe Logston."

Joe sometimes descended from the mountain heights into the valleys, in order to exchange his skins for powder, lead, and other articles for the use of the family. While in society he entered, with great alacrity, into all the various athletic sports of the day. No Kentuckian could ever, with greater propriety than he, have said, "I can out-run, out-hop, out-jump, throw down, drag out, and whip, any man in the country." And as to the use of the rifle, he was said to be one of the quickest and surest centre shots to be found. With all this, as is usual with men of real grit, Joe was good natured, and never sought a quarrel. No doubt many a bullying, bragging fellow would have been proud of the name of having whipped Big Joe Logston, but that, on taking a close survey of him, he thought "prudence the better part of valour," and let him return to his mountain without raising his dander.

About the time Joe arrived at manhood, his father, and perhaps his mother, were called hence, leaving him single handed to contend, not only with the Spitsbergen winters of the mountains, but with the bears, panthers, wolves, rattlesnakes, and all the numerous tribes of dangerous animals,

reptiles and insects, with which the mountain regions abound. Joe, however, maintained his ground for several years, until the settlements had begun to encroach on what he had been accustomed to consider his own premises. One man sat down six miles east of him, another about the same distance in another direction, and finally one, with a numerous family, had the temerity to come and pitch his cabin within two miles of him. This Joe could not stand, and he pulled up stakes and decamped to seek a neighbourhood where he could hear the crack of no man's rifle but his own.

Of all the men I ever knew he was the best qualified to live on a frontier where there were savages, either animal or human to contend with. His uncommon size and strength, and inclination to be entirely free from restraint, made him choose his residence a little outside of the bounds of law and civil liberty. I do not know the precise time he left the Alleghenies, but believe it was between the years 1787 and '91. The next that we heard of Joe was, that he had settled in Kentucky, south of Green river, I think on Little Barren river, and of course, a little in advance of the settlements. The frontiers were frequently compelled to contend with the southern Indians. There was not a particle of fear in Joe's composition; that ingredient was left out of his mixture. I never knew such a man in my life. There he would be. He soon had an introduction to a new acquaintance. So far he had been acquainted only with savage beasts, but now savage man came in his way, and as it "stirs the blood more to rouse the lion than to start a hare," Joe was in his delight. The Indians made a sudden attack, and all that escaped were driven into a rude fort for preservation, and, though reluctantly, Joe was one. This was a new life to him, and did not at all suit his taste. He soon became very restless, and every day insisted on going out with others to hunt up the cattle. Knowing the danger better, or fearing it more, all persisted in their refusals to go with him.

To indulge his taste for the woodman's life, he turned out alone, and rode till the after part of the day without finding any cattle. What the Indians had not killed were scared off. He concluded to return to the fort. Riding along a path which led in, he came to a fine vine of grapes. He laid his gun across the pommel of his saddle, set his hat on it, and filled it with grapes. He turned into the path and rode carelessly along, eating his grapes, and the first intimation he had of danger, was the crack of two rifles, one from each side of the road. One of the balls passed through the paps of his breast, which, for a male, were remarkably prominent, almost as much so as those of many nurses. The ball just grazed the skin between the paps, but did not injure the breast bone. The other ball struck the horse behind the saddle, and he sunk in his tracks. Thus was Joe eased off his horse in a manner more rare than welcome. Still he was on his feet in an instant, with his rifle in his hands, and might have taken to his heels; and I will venture the opinion, that no Indian could have caught him. That, he said, was not his sort. He had never left a battle ground without leaving his mark, and he was resolved that that should not be the first. The moment the guns fired, one very athletic Indian sprang towards him with tomahawk in hand. His eye was on him, and his gun to his eye, ready, as soon as he approached near enough to make

sure shot, to let him have it. As soon as the Indian discovered this, he jumped behind two pretty large saplings, some small distance apart, neither of which were large enough to cover his body, and to save himself as well as he could, he kept springing from one to the other.

Joe, knowing he had two enemies on the ground, kept a lookout for the other by a quick glance of the eye. He presently discovered him behind a tree, loading his gun. The tree was not quite large enough to hide him. When in the act of pushing down his bullet, he exposed pretty fairly his hips. Joe, in the twinkling of an eye, wheeled and let him have his load in the part exposed. The big Indian then, with a mighty "Ugh!" rushed towards him with his raised tomahawk. Here were two warriors met, each determined to conquer or die,—each the Goliath of his nation. The Indian had rather the advantage in size of frame, but Joe in weight and muscular strength. The Indian made a halt at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet, and threw his tomahawk with all his force, but Joe had his eye on him and dodged it. It flew quite out of the reach of either of them. Joe then clubbed his gun and made at the Indian, thinking to knock him down. The Indian sprang into some brush, or saplings, to avoid his blows. The Indian depended entirely on dodging, with the help of the saplings. At length Joe, thinking he had a pretty fair chance, made a side blow with such force, that missing the dodging Indian, the gun, now recoiled to the naked barrel, was drawn quite out of his hands, and flew entirely out of reach. The Indian now gave another exulting "Ugh!" and sprang at him with all the savage fury he was master of. Neither of them had a weapon in his hands, and the Indian, seeing Logston bleeding feebly, thought he could throw him down and dispatch him. In this he was mistaken. They sized each other and a desperate scuffle ensued. Joe could throw him down, but could not hold him there. The Indian being naked, with his hide oiled, had greatly the advantage in a ground scuffle, and would still slip out of Joe's grasp and rise. After throwing him five or six times, Joe found, that between loss of blood and violent exertions, his wind was leaving him, and that he must change the mode of warfare or lose his scalp, which he was not yet willing to spare. He threw the Indian again, and without attempting to hold him, jumped from him, and as he rose, aimed a fist blow at his head, which caused him to fall back, and as he would rise, Joe gave him several blows in succession, the Indian rising slower each time. He at last succeeded in giving him a pretty fair blow in the burr of the ear, with all his force, and he fell, as Joe thought, pretty near dead. Joe jumped on him, and thinking he could dispatch him by choking, grasped his neck with his left hand, keeping his right one free for contingencies. Joe soon found the Indian was not so dead as he thought, and that he was making some use of his right arm which lay across his body, and on casting his eye down discovered the Indian was making an effort to unsheath a knife that was hanging at his belt. The knife was so short and so sunk in the sheath that it was necessary to force it up by pressing against the point. This the Indian was trying to effect, and with good success. Joe kept his eye on it, and let the Indian work the handle out, when he suddenly grabbed it, jerked it out of the sheath, and sunk it up to the handle in the Indian's breast, who gave a death groan and expired.

Joe now thought of the other Indian, and not knowing how far he had succeeded in killing or crippling him, sprang to his feet. He found the crippled Indian had crawled some distance towards them, and had propped his broken back against a log and was trying to raise his gun to shoot him, but in attempting to do which he would fall forward, and had to push against his gun to raise himself again. Joe seeing that he was safe, concluded he had fought long enough for healthy exercise that day, and not liking to be killed by a crippled Indian, he made for the fort. He got in about nightfall, and a hard looking case he was—blood and dirt from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, no horse, no hat, no gun—with an account of the battle that some of his comrades could scarce believe to be much else than one of his big stories in which he would sometimes indulge. He told them they must go and judge for themselves.

Next morning a company was made up to go to Joe's battle ground. When they approached it Joe's accusers became more confirmed, as there was no appearance of dead Indians, and nothing Joe had talked of but the dead horse. They, however, found a trail as if something had been dragged away. On pursuing it they found the big Indian, at a little distance, beside a log, covered up with leaves. Still pursuing the trail, though not so plain, some hundred yards farther, they found the broken backed Indian, lying on his back with his own knife sticking up to the hilt in his body, just below the breast bone, evidently to show that he had killed himself and that he had not come to his end by the hand of an enemy. They had a long search before they found the knife with which Joe killed the big Indian. They at last found it forced down into the ground below the surface, apparently with the weight of a person's heel. This had been done by the crippled Indian. The great efforts he must have made, alone, in that condition, show, among thousands of other instances, what Indians are capable of under the greatest extremities.

Some years after the above took place, peace with the Indians was restored. That frontier, like many others, became infested with a gang of outlaws, who commenced stealing horses and committing various depredations. To counteract which a company of regulators, as they were called, was raised. In a contest between these and the depredators, Big Joe Logston lost his life, which would not be highly esteemed in civil society. But in frontier settlements, which he always occupied, where savages and beasts were to be contested with for the right of soil, the use of such a man is very conspicuous. Without such, the country could never have been cleared of its natural rudeness so as to admit of the more brilliant and ornamental exercises of arts, sciences and civilization.

Professional Etiquette.

The following amusing incident of professional etiquette, I had from Dr. Joel Lewis, of Pittsburgh, an eminent physician, who flourished there twenty-five or thirty years since.

The Dr. had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. He asked an Irish servant who lived with him, if he knew any body who followed cow doctoring. "It's meself dis that same," said the man, "there's Jennam-

Lafferty can cure any cow in the world, barring she's at the lift." "Well, then," replied the Dr., "go for Lafferty." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the brute for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on Dr. Lewis and pronounced her cured. The Dr., greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocket book, "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me," replied Jemmy, drawing himself up with great dignity, "sorra the haporth! *We doctors never take money of one another.*"

"My first impulse," said the Dr., while telling the story, which he gave me directly after the incident happened, "was to kick the fellow out of the house, and throw his fee after him, but on second thought, the whole affair seemed so ridiculous that I bowed him my acknowledgments with as much gravity as I could assume, and as soon as he left the house lay down on the carpet, rolling over and over to indulge the fit of laughter which I must give way to, or burst."

Narrative of John Hudson,

A Revolutionary Soldier, and now resident in Cincinnati.—No. 2.

I neglected to state, in its proper place, a remarkable circumstance which occurred while I was at Saratoga, which may as well be brought in here as at a later stage of this narrative.

When I reached Saratoga, the levy of which I formed a part, was stationed in a hovel made of slabs, which was opposite *Schuyler's* saw-mill. Here we lay on the bare ground, having not even a bundle of straw to put under us. Some few nights after we took possession of these lodgings, and in the course of a pitch dark night, our acting adjutant roused us up, and demanded of the officer in command, a detachment of a sergeant, corporal, and twelve privates for immediate service. Of these twelve I was made one, and in the course of a few minutes we were all ready, and followed the adjutant to Gen. Schuyler's residence. We were there taken into a bed room where there were two men prisoners, who were pinioned by the arms. The adjutant, giving them in charge to the sergeant in command with strict exhortations to watch them carefully, departed with the guard whose place we were about to take. The next morning about nine o'clock, *Capt. Austin*, in whose company I afterwards enlisted, came marching down with his command and five drums and fifes, a black silk handkerchief on each drum, and all the drums snared. A negro accompanied the party as hangman, who on entering the room fastened ropes around the men's necks, who were then taken out and marched off. I was at this time a boy of thirteen years of age, fresh from the peaceable employments of a country life, and the awe and

horror with which these preparations inspired me may be readily conjectured. Our own party remained behind in the bed room, waiting further orders. Gen. Schuyler was at this period commander-in-chief of the northern frontier, and absent at the time from home, and I was informed that Mrs. Schuyler, with some feeling of jealousy that her husband's authority should be infringed, sent a note to the commander of the garrison, inquiring of him how he expected to account to the General, his superior officer, for the lives of men about to be executed without a trial, or even an examination. I understood that this had the effect of taking the prisoners down from the tree to which they were already fastened. They were then brought back to the bed room with the same solemnity as they had been taken away, and a boat being prepared at the Hudson river, not more than a quarter of a mile distance, they were put in charge of a guard of regulars and sent down to Albany. One of these men was *Solomon Meeker*, a private in *Capt. Austin's* company, and the other was a British deserter named *John Higginbottom*, who it was judged was in reality a spy, and had been tampering with Meeker to lead him to desert, if not for worse purposes. Meeker, I believe, never was put to trial, for we took him out of Albany jail on our march to the Chesapeake. As to *Higginbottom*, many years after the period of which I am now speaking, and long after the war was at a close, I became acquainted with him, recognising him as soon as I saw him, and reminding him of these things. He acknowledged himself to be the man, and stated that he had got clear at Albany by representing himself as a deserter, which led them at last to let him off. He confessed to me that he had been, however, a spy, and as such had come to Saratoga, and that he had entered that fort at daylight, and in a few hours would have been off and discovered enough to the British forces to bring on a body of Indians and Tories from Canada sufficient to have destroyed every human being about the place. We see by this, on how narrow a pivot very important events turn, and the necessity of prompt and vigorous action in time of danger. Let me now resume the narrative of our Virginia campaign, and first let me state the cause of my enlistment in the regular service.

The levies mounted guard with the regular troops, and one morning just after being relieved at the usual hour, I had gone into our quarters and was sitting on the ground with my gun between my knees, when it went off accidentally and apparently without cause, the ball passing out of the hovel, but injuring no one. However, it was an offence punishable with one hundred lashes, and the corporal of the quarter guard im-

mediately came in with a file of men and took me to the guard house. Here a conversation took place between the sergeant major and quartermaster sergeant, and one of them remarked with an oath, that it was a shame to give a boy like this an hundred lashes for what was notoriously an accident. This was said, purposely loud enough for me to hear. Then turning to me he added—"Come my lad, the best way for you to get out of this, will be to enlist—come along with us." I jumped up immediately, and had my name entered on the muster roll of the company, which was that of Captain Austin, and now I was fairly entered for the campaign.

We landed, as I have already stated, on the 25th September, 1781, and here we drew provisions, and made the first meal for eight days in any degree of comfort. As evening approached, we took up our line of march for Williamsburg, which we reached some time that night, and a very dark one it was. As soon as we arrived I was put in the commissary's guard. Williamsburg was six miles from our landing place and twelve from Yorktown, our destined theatre of employment. Every six men, on their march had a tent and tent poles, and camp kettle, and in addition to the heavy load I have already stated I was carrying, that tent was thrown over my shoulders in my regular turn of carrying it. At that time I was advanced in my fourteenth year, only from the 12th of June to the 25th of September. We found *Lafayette*, with the American troops under his command, at Williamsburg, it being his head quarters, and a body of French troops, landed by Admiral *De Barras*, a few days before, to reinforce his detachment. As I was up all night in the service assigned me, I had ample opportunity of noticing the bustle of marching and preparing to march, which kept others as well as myself awake the whole night. As the morning dawned I saw nothing but small parties which were following the army; probably piquet guards, whose duty not being over till daylight, had delayed them, and who were now pushing on to overtake the main body of the army. The exposure of that night made me very unwell and I rode part of the day on the commissary's wagon. In the course of that afternoon we caught up with the army, when I was relieved from this post and rejoined my own company.

That Iron Safe.

It is an old saying, "If you want news of home, always look for it abroad." A Philadelphia paper states the following:—

"There is being constructed at Cincinnati, a large iron safe intended for an appendage to a jail in the interior of Louisiana. It is eleven feet wide, twelve feet long, and eight in height."

We all recollect this safe and know its appear-

ance, although hundreds doubtless saw it who could not conjecture its design. Let me briefly explain it.

The lower Mississippi country does not produce stone for building purposes. The walls of the jails and penitentiaries there are built of bricks accordingly, which of course are an inadequate security against violence. To form an inner lining to a room about to be built in one of the jails south, this *Safe*, as it is not inaptly called, was designed and made. It is formed of iron bars 2½ inches broad by ½ inches thick, which are riveted together where they cross each other, and form a cube of the size stated above, and an enclosure which will defy the efforts alike of cunning and force.

I make this correction to a paragraph, which as it goes the rounds will lead its readers to suppose that the safe is to secure money rather than robbers or murderers.

Derivations.

Mr. Cist:—

You invite corrections and explanations to the list of Ohio county towns published in your last. Accordingly I suggest that Elyria, from Mr. Ely, proprietor of the place, and Woodsfield, laid off by Mr. Woods, of Wheeling, are names of places commemorating their respective founders. Mansfield is in honour of the great English jurist of that name, as Sidney is of his countryman Sir Philip Sidney, the great light of chivalry. Akron is Greek, for an elevation or higher place, as Acropolis, a high city. Xenia, in the same language, signifies hospitality. I have never yet experienced much of this cardinal virtue there but what I paid for; what I might have received had I been in necessitous circumstances, I cannot say. Marysville was named in honour of the daughter of its original proprietor.

You speak of Bucyrus, doubtfully, as an original name. I judge it is a corruption by some half taught schoolmaster, of Busiris who conformed the termination to the name of the celebrated King of Persia, and first tototaller of antiquity. D.

Cincinnati, January 31, 1846.

The Railway Speculation.

Punch "has found the diary and pocket-book of a railway speculator, who from being a footman, rose into a millionaire. An inventory of the pocket-book shows the following contents. Three tavern bills, paid; a tailor's ditto, unsettled; forty-nine allotments in different companies, twenty-six thousand seven hundred shares in all, of which the market value we take, on an average, to be ½ discount; and in an old bit of paper, tied with pink ribbon, a lock of chesnut hair, with the initials M. A. H.

"In the diary of the pocket book was a journal, jotted down by the proprietor from time to time. At first the entries are insignificant; as

for instance:—"January 3d—Our beer in the *Servants' Hall* so *precious* small at this time that I reely *muess* give warning, & wood, but for my dear Mary Hann." "February 7—That broot, *Screw*, the butler, wanted to kiss her, but my dear Mary Hann boxt his hold hears, & served him right. I *datest* *Screw*,"—and so forth. Then the diary relates to Stock Exchange operations until we come to the time when, having achieved his success, Mr. Jeames quitted Berkley Square and his livery, and began his life as a speculator and a gentleman upon town. It is from the latter part of his diary that we make the following

"EXTRAX."

"When I announced in the *Servants' All* my axeshn of forting, and that by the exasize of my own talence and ingianuity I had reerized a summ of £200,000—(it was only 5, but what's the use of a man deprehiating the quality of his own muckyrel?)—wen I enounced my abrupt intention to cut—you should have seen the sensation among hall the people. Cook wanted to know whether I wouldn like a sweatbread or the *slise* of a brest of a Cold Turkey. *Screw*, the butler, womb I always detested as a hinsolent hoverbearing beest,) begged me to walk into the *Hupper Servants' All*, and try a glass of *Shupeior Shatto* Margo. Heven Visk, the coachman, eld out his and, & said:—"Jeames, I hopes there's no quarralling betwist you & me, & I'll stand a pot of beer with pleasure."

"The sickofnts!—that very Cook had spilt on me to the Housekeeper only last week (catchin me priggin some cold turtle soup, of which I'm remarkable fond.) Has for the butler, I always *ebominated* him for his precious sneers and impurence to all us Gents who wear livery, (he never would sit in our parlor, fasooth; nor drink out of our mugs;) and in regard to Visp—why, it was only the day before the vulgar beest offerred to fite me, and threatened to give me a good iding if I refused. 'Gentlemen and ladies,' says I, as haughty as may be, 'there's nothink that I want for that I can't go for to buy with my hown money, and take at my lodgings in Halbany, letter Hex; if I'm ungary I've no need to refresh myself in the *kitching*.' And, so saying, I took a dignafied ajew of these minial domestics; and ascending to my apartment in the 4 pair back, brushed the powder out of my air, and, taking *hoff* those hojous livries for hever, put on a new *soot*, made for me by Cullia, of St. Jeames street, and which fitted my manly figger as tight as whacks."

"There was *one* pusson in the ouse with womb I was *rathar* anxious to avoid a personal leave-taking—Mary Hann Oggins, I mean—for my art is natural tender, and I can't abide seeing a pore gal in pane. I'd given her previous the information of my departure—doing the ansom thing by her at the same time—paying her back £20, which she'd lent me six months before; and paying her back not only the interest, but I gave her an andsome pair of scissors and a silver thimbl, by way beanus. 'Mary Hann,' says I, 'suckm-stances as altered our *rellatif* positions in life. I quit the *Servants' Hall* for hever, (for has for your marrying a person in my rank, that my dear is hall gammon,) and so I wish you a good by my good gal, and if you want to better yourself hal-ways refer to me."

"Mary Hann didn't hanser my speech, (which I think was remarkable kind,) but looked at me in the face quite wild like, and burst into something betwist a laugh & cry, and fell down with

her ed on the kitchen dresser, where she lay until her young misses rang the dressing-room bell. Would you believe it? she left the thimbl & things, & my check for £20 10s. on the tabil, when she went to hanser the bell. And now I heard her sobbing and whimpering in her own room nex but one to mine, with the dore open, perhaps expecting that I should come in and say good by. But, as soon as I was dressed I cut down stairs, hony desiring Frederick, my fellow servant, to fetch me a cab, and requesting permission to take leave of my lady & the family before my departure."

"How Miss Hemly did hogle me to be sure! Her ladyship told me what a sweet gal she was—hamiable, fond of poetry, plays the gitter. Then she hasked me if I liked blond bewties and haubin air. Haubin, indeed! I don't like carrits! as it must be confest Miss Hemly's hie—and has for *blood buty* she as pink I's like a Albine, and her face looks as if it were dipt in a brann mash. How she squeezed my and as she went away!"

"Mary Hann now *has* haubin air, and a complexion like roses and hivory, and I's as blew as Evin."

"I gev Frederick two and six for fetchin the cabb, as been resolved to hact the gentleman in hall things. How he stared!"

"25th.—I am now director of forty-seven had-vantageous lines, and have passed hall day in the City. Although I've hate or nine new soots of close, and Mr. Cullin fits me heligant, yet I fancy they hall reckonise me. Conshts whispers to me—'Jeames, you'r hony a footman in disguise after all.'"

"28th.—Been to the Hopra. Music tol lol. That Lablash is a wopper at singing. I couldn make out why some people called out 'Bravo,' some 'Bravay,' and some 'Bravee.' 'Bravay, Lablash,' says I, at which heavy body laft."

"I'm in my new stall. I've add new cushions put in, and my harms in goeld on the back. I'm dressed hall in black, excepted a goold waistcoat and dimid studs in the embrieded busum of my shameese. I wear a Camallia Jiponiky in my button ole, and have a double-barreld opera-glass, so big, that I make Timmins, my second man, bring it in the other cab."

"What an igstronry exhabishn that Pawdy Carter is! If those four galls are fairies, Tellioni is sutnly the fairy Queend. She can do all that they can do, and something they can't. There's an indiscribable grace about her, and Carlotty, my sweet Carlotty, she sets my art in flams."

"Ow that Miss Hemly was noddin and winkia at me out of their box on the fourth tear?"

"What liax it's she must av. As if I could mount up there!"

"P. S. Talking of *mounting hup*, the St. Helena's walked up 4 per cent. this very day."

"2nd July.—Rode my bay oss Desperation in the park. There was me, Lord George Ringwood (Lord Cinqbar's son,) Lord Ballybuanion, Honourable Capting Trap, and several young swells. Sir John's carriage there in coarse. Miss Hemly lets fall her book as I pass, and I'm obliged to get hoff and pick it hup, and get splashed up to the hies. The gettin on hoss back again is halways the juice and hall. Just as I was hon, Desperation begins a poring the hair with his 4

foot, and sinks down so on his anches, that I'm blest if I didn't slip off agin over his tail; at which Ballybunnion and the other chaps roared with lafter."

Going West.

Mr. Wentworth, of Illinois, in his late speech at Washington—observed that, he knew a man who had lived in Ohio when it was a frontier State. But this man had been moving and moving away from the inroads of society, until he had reached the banks of the Mississippi, and was about to move again. Wentworth asked him his reason. He said it was the dying advice of his father, "to keep twenty miles beyond law and calomet, and a doctor and lawyer were within fifteen miles, and he thought it time to go."

Correction.

I acknowledge obligations for the following, which is from a man of intelligence, as may be judged by its tenor. The subject is not of sufficient consequence to justify controversy on the derivative referred to, but I would remind my correspondent that the French *ecuyer*, as well as the English *equerry*, have a common root in *Equus*, and however dignified now by subsequent application of the title, had their origin in the home of the horse—the stable. The esquire who attended the knight to the lists, after all, as far as the horse was concerned, was a mere groom.

My correspondent's interesting illustrations only serve to shew that the title Esquire, like various others, has changed its original meaning, by a gradual perversion of its application. In the same manner *clericus*, or clerk, was a writer and a clergyman, because originally, writing was confined to that profession. Hence, the benefit of clergy, I suppose was not so directly intended to protect the lives of monks but of men who could write, and were therefore not so easily to be spared by the community as others. A clerk now-a-days is a title applied to any penman, and is even extending itself to mere salesmen in business establishments.

I should be glad to make the acquaintance of my correspondent, for more reasons than one.

To the Editor of the "Advertiser."

SIR:—Will you allow me to differ with you as to the derivation of the word *Esquire*, which in your last paper you request your correspondents to omit when addressing you. The first reason you give for wishing to dispense with the title, is certainly a sufficient one, however. The word *Esquire* was first introduced into England by the Normans, and is derived, as you say, from the French *Ecuyer*, which word bears, however, no reference to a stable. The *Ecuyer* was anciently the person that attended a Knight in time of war, and carried his lance, and often

thus serving a noviciate to the "noble science of arms." A lady's gentleman usher was also signified by this term; and the addition of a final *e*, by which French words are generally made to change their genders, makes it *ecuyere*, a female equestrian. The French derived the word from the Latin *armiger*, from *arma*, arms for the body, and *gero*, to bear or carry; and thus in classical history we meet with the term *armigera Dianae*, applied to the nymph who bore the goddess' bow and quiver. The French *ecurie* is a stable, and *ecureur* may with propriety be translated a "stable boy or ostler," but in my opinion the words *ecuyer* and *ecurie* bear very little if any, analogy to each other.

PHIL.

Western Poetry.

The following delightful morceau, is worth a dozen of the fugitive pieces of English origin which go the rounds of our periodicals. It is from the last *Rock Island Advertiser*, published amidst scenery which is well fitted to inspire the poet's muse to such spirited flights as this:

A Beau Ideal.

A hazel eye with jetty fringe,
A dewy lip of ruby tinge,
The features Grecian, soft and fair,
The contour classic, rich and rare,
Long raven tresses wild that play,
And in most wanton frolic stray
Around a neck of swan-like gace,
And o'er a Parian shoulder trace
Their curls, that well might put to flight
The "saintship of an anchorite."
So purely beautiful and fair,
You fondly dream an angel there,
Until her smile dispels the fear,
And bids your swelling heart draw near:
So heavenly, yet so earthly too,
You really know not which to do,
Creation's lord, to bow thy knee,
Or clasp that heaving breast to thee;
Her heart as orient pearl is pure,
Her voice Ulysses might allure,
Although he braved the syren's wiles,
And steered his bark through Grecian isles:
Her boundless love for me alone—
The spell has broke, my vision gone,
And though this phantom is not real,
What think you of my Beau Ideal?

GLAUCUS.

Davenport, I. T.

After explaining the difference between double and triple time, a musical teacher, pointing to the figures on the staff, said—"Can any one tell me what time it is?" "Five minutes to nine!" was the prompt and innocent reply.

"They cure excellent hams at Davis'," said Dan to his friend John. "Do they cure shoulders, too?" asked the latter. "Certainly." "Well, then, I'll just step in and get the rheumatism cured in mine."

It is rare that we meet with anything more true to nature than the following little gem, descriptive of frontier life, which is taken from the *Cleveland Herald*:

The Backwoodsman.

In the deep wild-wood is a lonely man,
And he swings his broad-axe like a slight ratan—
His garb is uncouth, but his step is proud,
And his voice when he speaketh, is firm and loud;
The forest recedes, as his strong arm swings,
And light out of darkness around he brings.

His hut is of logs, and his infant brood
Tumble forth to rejoice in that solitude.
They chase the honey bee home to its store,
And the old tree gives up what it never bore.
They hide in the brake, they rush thro' the stream,
And flit to and fro like the things of a dream,

The mother is pale like the sweet moonlight,
But they say, in her youth no rose was so bright,
She moves in the cabin with gentle grace,
And the homeliest things have their regular place:
She sings as she works with a placid smile,
And her far off home is in vision the while.

The Beadle and the Countryman,

A short time since, one of the beadies of N— took a quantity of butter from a countryman because it was deficient in weight; and meeting him a few days after, in a public house, said to him—

"You are the man I took the twenty pounds of butter from the other day."

"No, I ben't," replied Hodge.

"I am sure you are," replied the beadle.

"I tell you I ben't," replied the countryman, "and if thou likest, I'll lay thee a guinea on't."

"Done," replied the beadle, and the money was quickly posted.

"Now," said the countryman, "thee did take lumps of butter from me, but if they had been twenty pounds, you'd have no right to take 'em, and this," continued he, very coolly pocketing the money, "will just pay me for the loss of the butter."

The Corrector Corrected.

My respected exchange, the *Richmond Watchman & Observer*, in undertaking to correct my article on Scripture Quotations, has placed himself by an oversight, in the very position he seeks to place me. It was not through ignorance of the passage he quotes, but because of my knowl-

edge of it, that I made the broad declaration, that neither the expression nor the idea "so plain that he that runs may read," was not to be found from Genesis to Revelations. The passage he offers as one he supposes me to have overlooked, inculcates a different, if not opposite charge. Obviously "so plain that he that runs may read," is a very different precept from "so plain, that he may run that readeth. The reader is to run, rather than the runner to read. The editor of the *Watchman & Observer*, however, is in good company in his mistake, as he may find by examining Matthew Henry's notes on the passage referred to.

Retort Courteous.

A heavy produce dealer in the lower part of Cincinnati, who has been operating largely in flour, during the late excitement, and of course lost money instead of making it, was accosted near the post office, by an acquaintance, a dealer in whisky, with a knowing look, and asked what was the state of the flour market. The whisky dealer not only sold spirits wholesale, but patronised the *ardent* by retail, and when he asked the question, was full of the subject. "Flour," replied his friend, "is giving way—I need not ask you what whisky is doing, for I see it holds its own."

Chronological Table.

Feb. 5th.—Sir Robert Peel, born, 1788. Cato stabbed himself at Utica, in Africa, 45, B. C.

6th.—Dr. Priestly, died, 1804.

7th.—Mary Queen of Scots, beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, 1587. George Crabbe, died, 1833.

8th.—Earthquake in London, 1760.

9th.—Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe. Savannah laid out, 1733. Gen. W. H. Harrison, born, 1773.

10th.—Cincinnati inundated, the Ohio river having risen sixty-three feet above low water mark, 1832. Queen Victoria, married, 1840.

An exchange paper, in an article on the state of the market, has the following:—"Pigs' tails. These were rather drooping—but we observe that they have taken a turn!"

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY, 1846.

Recollections of the Last Sixty Years.—No. 6.

By J. JOHNSTON, Esq., of Piqua.

In the present degenerate state of the country, divided as it is into factions, the frequent abandonment of principles by public men in the pursuit of popularity and office; the extension and perpetuation of slavery by the authority of the general government, and that at a period too, when a large portion of the christian world were uniting to put the evil down; that the free states of this Union should be found aiding and assisting in such a policy, and for the purpose of giving it the largest possible scope, despoiling a friendly neighbouring power of one of its most valuable provinces, will be recorded among the blackest pages of the history of the nineteenth century. Amidst all these appalling and national grievances, it is some consolation to recur to the character of a patriot, soldier, and statesman, who lived for his country, and who for purity of design, honesty and fidelity in the discharge of public duty, would advantageously compare with the purest men of Greece, Athens, or Rome. I shall therefore devote a part of this communication to some of the incidents which came under my notice in the life and services of the late President Harrison. Every thing connected with his name forms part and parcel of the history of the west. I first saw Lieut. W. H. Harrison at Hobson's Choice, in 1793, where Gen. Wayne's army was then cantoned. He was one of the aid-de-camps; a young man of popular manners and very prepossessing appearance, a great favourite with the soldiers and the whole army; had the character of a peace maker, and from the relation in which he stood to the commander-in-chief, exercised much influence. I had no personal acquaintance with him at the time, nor after until he became Governor of Indiana, where as an officer in the Indian department, I became subject to his control and government: but I often heard him spoken of by the soldiers and others, as a kind hearted, humane and generous man, dividing his stores with the sick and the needy. He entered the army at Philadelphia, during the first Presidency of Washington. I heard him relate the circumstances. He went to that city for the purpose of finishing his medical education; troops were at the time raising for the protection of the western frontier, laid open and exposed to the in-

cursions of the Indians, by the entire defeat of St. Clair's army, in November, 1791. To use his own language, he fell in love with the drum and fife, applied to Gen. Washington for a commission, who appointed him an ensign. In 1792, and immediately—as well as I can recollect—without going home to his family, he repaired to the Ohio and joined the army. Duels were frequent in the army, and from the warm temperament of Gen. Wayne, it was said that he rather encouraged than forbade them. Not so with Harrison: I often heard that he was a successful pacificator in many quarrels between the officers. Some fatal duels took place after the army reached Greenville: one resulted in the death of both the principals, Lieutenants Bradshaw and Huston; both Irishmen, and both fell mortally wounded. The cause of the quarrel was a very trivial matter—a mere point of etiquette. Bradshaw was what was called a gentleman in his own country; bred a physician. Huston was by profession a weaver. The former shewed some slight towards the latter, probably over their cups. A challenge ensued, and they were buried within three hours of each other. Writing occasionally for the quarter-master, I had access to all Bradshaw's papers. He had kept a regular journal of all his travels, which shewed him to be a scholar and a person of accurate observation. Among his papers were several letters from a beloved sister in Ireland, urging his return. It was evident they were people of rank and distinction. Alas! she was never more to behold that beloved brother, so much longed after. He had a duelist's grave; not a stone or stick to mark where he lay. Capt. Tom Lewis, one of the aids, and Major Thomas H. Cushing also had a duel. The watch of the latter saved his life. Lewis' pistol bullet having lodged directly in the centre of Cushing's gold watch, the watch was destroyed, but it saved his life. Another duel, threatening at first the death of both parties, took place under the following circumstances at Wilkinsonville, on the Ohio:—The officers having dined together in mess—as was too often the case in those days—got drunk before quitting the table. Capt. Frank Johnston, a near relative of my own, and Mr. Dinsmore, quarreled and agreed to fight with pistols, across the table. The weapons were got and loaded: the other officers see-

ing such a scene of murder about to be acted, became sobered, ran out of the hut and kept peeping through the cracks to see how the affair would terminate. It seems Johnston fired first and struck the pistol arm of his adversary at the wrist, and shattered it above the elbow, and thus ended the affair. My friend Johnston closed his life not long after by hard drinking.

At the second Treaty of Greenville, in 1814, I was on the ground two weeks before the arrival of Gen. Harrison, the principal commissioner on the part of the United States. I had pitched my marquee on an elevated spot near the creek, for the convenience of water, and a flag staff erected with my flag flying. On his arrival the General sent for me, and said he wanted as a favour, that I would permit the location of the flag to be changed, and the staff to be erected on the spot where Gen. Wayne's quarters were in 1795, at the date of his celebrated treaty with the Indians. He said the ground was consecrated to him by many endearing recollections, which could never be effaced from his memory, and that he wanted all the details of the great treaty about to be held, to conform as near as could be to the one which had preceded it nineteen years before. I, of course, assented, and our flag waved over the spot on which General Wayne's quarters stood. It was at this first treaty of Greenville, 1814, that the Indians were first formally invited by the United States to take up the hatchet and make common cause with us against the English. Fortunately the treaty of peace which was soon afterwards signed at Ghent, rendered the services of our new allies unnecessary. I happened to be at Washington, in 1812, at the time Congress was deliberating on a declaration of war. Governor Hull was there also. The Secretary of War, Dr. Eustis, sent for me to call at his house in the six buildings, early on a morning. His wife, the daughter of John Langdon, of New Hampshire, was up and in readiness to receive me, and said they expected me for breakfast. They married late in life and had no children. The Secretary soon came down stairs, and at once told me he wanted to consult me about Indian affairs; that Congress would, in a few days, declare war against Great Britain; that he wanted me to return to my station in Ohio as soon as possible; (I had at this time been transferred from the agency at Fort Wayne to a new agency at Piqua, having in charge all the Indians of Ohio, with the Delawares of Indiana,) and to go direct to Pittsburgh to conduct a detachment of troops through by land, the safest and best route to Detroit. I replied that I could not do this, being at the time engaged in the transportation of a large amount of public property from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Georgetown, which must go by

Cumberland, Brownsville, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, and Piqua, as it could not go by the Lakes from the danger of capture by the enemy, and that I must attend to this duty in person. He then interrogated me about the Indians—how will they conduct in the war between us and the English; can they be kept quiet? I answered promptly and decidedly, that the Indians would be for or against us in the war; that we must immediately engage their services or they would go over to the enemy; that they were altogether mercenary in their feelings, and governed by a thirst for blood and plunder, and did not much care on which side they fought; but that they would be on one side or the other was most certain—and I urged him to take the most prompt and decisive measures in time to engage them. I offered to raise a thousand Indians within my agency, provided their families were fed and supported by the United States, and such a force would be fit to beat any two thousand of the same kind which the enemy could raise. The Delawares, Shawanese, Wyandotts, and Senecas of my charge, constituted the veterans of the Indian army in all former wars, and they were anxious to take part with us. The Secretary replied that the President—Mr. Madison—on this point was immovable; that no entreaty could induce him to consent to the employment of such a force; and further, he remarked that Governor Hull, who was there, assured him that he could keep the Indians neutral; that (using a figure) he had only to beckon with his finger and they would obey. The counsels of Governor Hull prevailed; the consequences was most disastrous; the loss of some of the best blood of the country; the temporary disgrace and loss of Michigan, and the loss of forty millions of the treasury of the United States, all of which I fearlessly assert might have been prevented by the employment of the Indians named in the beginning of the war; and furthermore, the Upper Province of Canada taken from the enemy the first campaign. Whilst at Washington, I learned that Hull was an applicant for the command of the North Western Army. Gov. Worthington was then in the Senate. I took the liberty of warning him against the appointment. The people of the country where he was to operate had no confidence in him: the Indians despised him;—he was too old, broken down in body and mind to conduct the multifarious operations of such a command. The nomination was made, objected to, referred to a committee, reported on favourably, and confirmed. On the very same day he passed the Senate, the poor, vain, weak old man was seen in full dress uniform, parading the streets of Washington, making calls. When the army rendezvoused at Dayton, Hull requested me to send him twelve

or fifteen trusty Indians to accompany the army into Canada, as spies and guides. The requisite number went. On parting with them, they were requested, as soon as discharged, to return, find me out and make report. They did so. They left the army at the river Canard, between Sandwich and Malden. The Chief Butler, son by a Shawanese woman, of Gen. Richard Butler, who fell at St. Clair's defeat, an intelligent and observant man, was the speaker. He said they left the army doing no good; would he thought do no good, and at last be defeated; that the Indians from the north were coming down like a swarm of bees, and by and by would eat them all up. This Butler was at the defeat of St. Clair, and it has been often reported, put an end to the life of his own father. The story runs thus: General Butler, being mortally wounded early in the battle, was, by his own request, set up leaning against a tree with his pistols loaded and cocked; that an Indian rushing towards him, was fired at and missed, when the savage dispatched him with his tomahawk. I never asked the Indian, Butler, to give me any information on the subject, knowing the repugnance they always feel to speak about such matters. I never saw General Butler, the reputed father of the Shawanese chief, but the Indian was a marked half breed, and very closely resembled both in person, features, and character, all the members of the family I ever did see. He had one sister who bore the same striking resemblance to the parent stock. The General was a trader among the Shawanese before the revolutionary war. His last wife was a Semple from near Carlisle, Pennsylvania, lived at Pittsburgh in my time, and enjoyed a pension from the United States.

The following is on a street in which lawyers abounded, and at the bottom of which many boats were found:—

"At the top of the street the attorneys abound,
And down at the bottom the barges are found;
Fly, honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river and craft in the street."

Shakspeare makes one of his characters say—

"How sweet the moonshine sleeps upon this bank."

The modern reading about banks and moonshine is this—

"How sweet these banks do sleep upon this moonshine!"

Not Had.

A friend of ours, says a New York paper, who had recently made a trip up the Hudson, was asked what he thought of St. Anthony's Nose. "Why it was once a great curiosity," he replied, "but now they are blowing it all to pieces!"

Bell and Brass Foundry.

This is an important item of manufacturing industry in Cincinnati, and of increasing value. Its importance consists not more in the amount of industry which it stimulates, than in the incidental aid it supplies to other business, by concentrating to this point, the entire demand for bells north, south, and west of us. In 1840 there were eight of these establishments, with sixty-two hands, which have been increased at this date to twelve foundries, with one hundred and six hands, all engaged in the various operations of casting and finishing of articles in brass, of which the article of bells is of the greatest magnitude, affording an aggregate value of \$135,000 for the past year. As an example of its character and operations, I select the business for the last three years, of G. W. COFFIN, at the *Buckeye Foundry*, on Columbia street, whose bell business is of greater magnitude than all the other establishments combined, but whose brass business, generally, would not constitute more than an average of the general aggregate. In 1843, Mr. Coffin made, all to order,

36 steamboat bells, from	150 to 706 lbs. each.
8 plantation do	50 to 360 do.
2 foundry do	150 to 350 do.
11 college, academy, and	
school house bells,	50 to 350 do.
1 court house,	350 do.
1 engine house,	326 do.
38 church do	80 to 3,363 do.

Besides 206 of lighter sizes of which no register has been kept. The whole weighing 40647 pounds, including the iron works connected therewith—worth more than twenty thousand dollars. The entire operations in brass, in this foundry reached the value of \$31,000.

During the year 1844, there were made in this establishment:

39 steamboat bells, weighing	11,660 lbs
31 plantation farm bells	3,406
6 foundry, factory, and engine bells	378
9 school house and college bells	1,000
8 court house and fire engine bells	3,630
57 church bells	19,758
21 hotel do	694
	<u>40,526</u>

Exclusive of the iron work connected with the bells.

The value of bells made in the *Buckeye Brass and Bell Foundry* for 1844 was 31,000 dollars; of all manufactured articles of brass and bell metal, 39,000 dollars, being an increase of 25 per cent on the business of 1843. I presume there is a proportionate increase in the other establishments, Mr. Coffin being in bells, and theirs in brass foundry, generally. He has late-

ly put up a new Foundry, where bells only will be made.

During the past year, bells have been made at this foundry for the following boats:

Blue Ridge	200	Doctor Watson	326
J. E. Roberts	82	Mary Pell	200
Daniel Boone	50	Clermont	150
Felix Grundy	500	Isaac Shelby	326
War Eagle	200	Belle Creole	500
Daniel Boone	200	Princess	500
Isaac Shelby	220	Cadmus	100
Daniel Boone	100	Bulletin	720
Lancet	226	James Dick	500
Confidence	225	Andrew Jackson	500
Richmond	500	Geo. Washington	500
Dove	150	Reindeer	500
Pike No. 8	350	Eureka	100
Convoy	500	Hercules	500
Queen City	500	Huntsville	500
Windsor	350	Pride of the west	700
Magic	170	Edward Shippen	350
C. Connor	350	Belle Air	300
Jim Gilmer	224	Albatross	500
Magnolia	625	Old Hickory	500
Belle of the West	300	American Eagle	500
Sea	500	W. R. M'Kee	200

Mentoria 200

45 steam boat bells, 15,492

28 plantation and farm bells,

262	262	262	80	35	40	262
500	31	150	80	35	40	260
100	35	100	80	35	224	350
100	80	100	80	50	80	226
262						3,977

5 foundry, factory and furnace,

82	50	326	100	84		642
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20 school house and college,

50	120	50	100	50	100	50
100	100	30	60	50	158	60
100	100	50	120	100	100	

1,648

3 fire engine house bells,

774	700	700				2,174
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61 churches,

383	120	326	110	720	120	500	500
279	120	700	110	326	224	275	275
326	150	326	116	720	100	332	275
326	120	326	220	1300	170	700	350
700	200	326	100	500	125	400	300
450	120	326	170	326	400	300	362
400	100	350	262	362	200	326	100
200							19,596

20 hotels,

51	25	31	25	35	22	30	35	25	40	25
35	35	35	25	25	35	40	50	25		649

The value of the bells and brass castings made here, during the past year, is about equal to that of the year 1844, and would have been much greater, had not the spacious building improve-

ments during the heaviest period of the business season, disabled Mr. Coffin from pushing his foundry operations to the extent he is now prepared to do.

I speak advisedly when I say that the *Buckeye Bell and Brass foundry* is the most extensive establishment in the manufacture of bells, of any in the United States.

Narrative of John Hudson,

A Revolutionary Soldier, and now resident in Cincinnati.—No. 3.

On reaching my company I heard discharges of cannon fired in quick succession, and the sound of their balls striking some object. Inquiring what was doing, of my associates, I was told, that they had raised a redoubt the morning of their arrival and that the balls were from the enemy, who were striking a large oak tree in front of the redoubt. On that very day, as I afterwards learnt, *Col. A. Scammel*, who was out with a reconnoitering party was taken prisoner by Tarleton's light horse and inhumanly murdered after his capture. I was told also, that the night before, the Marquis de la Fayette, with a party of Frenchmen who had been landed from the fleet, had stormed two batteries of two twelve pounders to each battery, putting every man to the sword—literally—as the very privates among the French wore that weapon. These events all took place on the 26th September, 1781, and I refer particularly to this date to remove an impression erroneously but extensively prevalent, that the important events of this siege were crowded all into one night at a later date.

Our army was composed of three divisions, and throughout the siege of Yorktown, which had now commenced, each division was twenty-four hours in the works and forty-eight in the camp. One of these divisions was under command of *Brig. Gen. James Clinton*, and to this was attached the New York line. I belonged to the oldest company of the oldest regiment of these troops, which of course was the head of the column. We left the camp a short time before sundown, and marching along a road, came to a high mound of earth, and wheeling short round to the right, we reached within a few feet of the end of a cause way, made of pitch-pine logs recently put down, perhaps fifteen or twenty rods long. This crossed a marsh, otherwise impassable. Yorktown was virtually an island, the river passing at an elbow, two sides of it—and an extensive deep marsh faced the other side.

We marched over the causeway to the batteries which I have already stated were stormed by Lafayette. I saw two embrasures to each battery, which proved that there had been the same number of cannon. These, with the dead, had

been all removed, and the batteries being thirty feet apart, we marched between the two. Every thing that I could see there was covered with blood.

We passed these batteries a short distance, the night approaching, when we were halted, every man directed to sit down, and neither to talk nor leave his place. As I had been sick through that day, and had, like the rest, my knapsack on my back, I laid my cartouch box under my head, and with my musket in my arms, soon fell asleep. During my repose a sudden and violent rain came on, falling in torrents, which failed, however, to wake me, such had been my fatigue. In the course of the night—I cannot tell at what time—the non-commissioned officers came along the ranks, and without saying a word, woke us all and got us to our feet. I rose up with the rain dripping from my clothes. We were directed to shift our arms to the right shoulder, and each man to put his right hand on the shoulder of his file leader, marching in two ranks, the right in front. The road being clear of all obstructions, our progress was uninterrupted, although nothing was visible—no man being able even to see his comrade. We finally halted, and every man had a spade put into his hands. Shortly afterwards—the rain still pouring down—a party of men, with gabions, came along. I will describe them, for the better comprehension of my narrative. Sticks are cut about five feet in length, of the thickness of a man's wrist; one end is sharpened and set in the ground, in a circle of perhaps three feet diameter. Flexible brush, about the size of a hoop-pole, with such branches as adhere to them, are interlaced as in making a basket, working upwards from the bottom. The gabion thus made is thrown on its side, a long pole run through it, and passed on the shoulders of as many men as can get beneath it. These were placed, when brought to the ground for use, in such position as the engineer judged proper, the stakes being, as before, pressed into the earth. We were then directed, and as at first, merely by signs, to commence three feet inside of where they had been placed, and shovel up earth sufficient to fill the gabions. The ground was of sand, which being thoroughly wet by the rain, was very easy digging. We shoveled until we filled these gabions, and finished by throwing up a bank in front, when the work was completed. The gabions being side and side the earth formed a solid line of breast works, through which a cannon ball could not pass. From what I afterwards saw of the efficacy of this description of defence in repeling cannon balls, there is no doubt that it is a better protection than a stone wall six feet thick, and has this advantage, that

it can be made in a few hours. Not a single cannon ball penetrated this defence during the whole siege.

It ceased raining just as the day was about to dawn, when we observed that our artillery had thrown up a battery a few rods from our right, and on the bank of the river; and had raised a lofty flag staff with the star spangled banner streaming to the wind upon it. This was called *Matchem's battery*, being erected under the direction of a captain of that name, who retained it as his command during the siege. I wish it distinctly understood, that we were so near the British lines with these defences that there never were any other works erected in our front, in the whole progress of the campaign. After it was fully daylight, the British had the hardihood to come out with a six pounder, immediately in front of the battery I had assisted to construct, and so near to us that a horseman could have shot any one of these artillerymen with his pistol. There they stood firing their piece rapidly for half an hour, battering at the fortification without any apparent effect. After they found that we treated them with silent contempt, for we took no notice of them, they desisted and returned to their own lines. Our allies, the French, who occupied our left, were doubtless busy, but in what way I had no means of knowing.

I am very confident that there was no firing on our part upon the enemy for eight days; while they were keeping up a constant cannonade, night and day, during that period. *General Washington* and *Count Rochambeau* used to ride to the rear of the works, side by side, each equipped with a spy glass, of which they made frequent use. This was repeated every day while we were raising other works, assisting the French, and strengthening batteries. On the ninth day—the 4th or 5th of October—the generals, as usual, came down, attended with their retinue, and *General Washington*, not seeing Captain *Matchem*, inquired where he was. He was shewn where the Captain lay asleep upon a plank, in the open air. The General chid him gently for thus exposing himself, asking him why he did not go into his marquee. He answered spiritedly, that he would never enter his marquee till he had stopped that bull dog from barking—alluding to a twelve pounder in the wall of the town, which had been playing night and day on his battery, annoying him greatly. *Washington* then directed him to open his battery immediately, the Generals riding back as customary. There was now a general shout among the soldiers, that we should now see some fun. In my simplicity, I asked "what fun?" Up to this time I had never seen a cannon fired. "Don't you see

those matchets burning," they replied. I looked and saw them on staffs, four or five feet long, at the side of the guns.

Review.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE—Appointed at the Meeting of the Citizens of Cincinnati, held at the Council Chamber, January 22d, 1846: on the subject of improving the navigation around the Falls of the Ohio river.

This is a document of great ability, comprehensive as well as minute in its researches, and cogent in its conclusions: It covers the whole canal question, in its difficulties and the remedies; and manifests the impolicy and injustice of the present facilities, or rather want of them, as a means of conveying the vast freights of the west to and from their appropriate markets. The remedy proposed in this report for the vexatious and oppressive burthens imposed by the existing state of things, is the construction of a new canal on the Indiana side, of dimensions greatly larger than that on the Kentucky side, which the present commerce of the upper Ohio has years since outgrown. The objections for relying on any alteration or enlargement of the canal on the Kentucky side, as a remedy or relief to present and future difficulties, are stated thus:—

"We are opposed to the alteration of the present canal, because we think the increasing commerce of the river will require two canals, before the desired alterations could be completed. To verify the truth of this assertion, it is only necessary to examine the extent of territory embraced in the Valley of the Mississippi. By reference to a map of the United States, it will be perceived, that the territory of the Union is divided into three distinct Geographical Sections. The first being the Atlantic slope, extending from the Atlantic ocean to the Allegheny mountains; the second, from the Alleghenies to the Rocky mountains, and the third from the Rocky mountains to the Pacific ocean;—the first division, presenting an area of about 400,000 square miles; the second, or Valley of the Mississippi, including some southern rivers, which empty into the Gulf stream, about 1,200,000 square miles; and the third, or Pacific slope, about 425,000 miles. Thus you will perceive that the Ohio and Mississippi rivers are the main avenues, on which the commerce of this middle section is to be conducted—which nearly doubles in extent of territory the two other divisions of the Union.

"In this vast region nature has been most bountiful in scattering over the whole land all the valuable minerals, including the most extensive coal formations known to the world. Every portion of the country is interspersed with streams, affording water power, and every elementary principle furnished, which could be desirable for manufacturing industry.

"Our climate is admirably adapted to all kind of agricultural productions; and even our most extensive mineral regions, may be explored under ground by the miner, whilst the agriculturalist is raising abundant crops on the surface of the same soil.

"A large portion of this valley is yet a wilderness, or uninhabited prairies; but we already

number a population equal to nearly half the Union. The value of property annually floating upon our western rivers is still more astonishing. If we can depend upon statements furnished through committees at different points, and Custom House registers, we may estimate the annual value of property, transported on our great rivers, at a sum over two hundred millions of dollars, which is a much larger amount than the exports and imports of the United States from foreign nations.

"In our agricultural productions we far exceed any people in the world, compared with the number of our population.

"From Mr. Peyton's report made to Congress, in 1844, we find that the surplus of grain raised in the Mississippi Valley in 1843, was one hundred and fifty-nine millions of bushels, whilst the surplus of the Atlantic States, for the same year, was two millions. Scarcely thirty years have passed, since steamboats were fairly introduced upon our western wharves, and we may now estimate the number at six hundred, exceeding, by forty thousand tons, the entire steamboat commercial tonnage of the British Empire.

"The introduction of steam upon these great rivers gave the first impulse to the rapid growth of the west, and the life and energy of western commerce depends mainly upon the engine of the steamboat. It is therefore important to protect and foster all the connexions with this element of our prosperity. If it were possible to estimate the future growth of our country, and our commerce by what has taken place, we might take our city as an evidence of increase. Within half a century we have acquired a population of eighty thousand inhabitants, who build yearly from thirty to fifty steamboats, and export from ten to twelve millions of dollars worth of their own manufactures.

"A very important portion of the Mississippi Valley, which produces two of the great agricultural staples of the country, cotton and sugar, has but one natural outlet to the Atlantic ocean. This being the mouth of the Mississippi river, in time of war, it might be easily blockaded by a superior naval force. Under such circumstances these products would have to find a market in the Atlantic States by ascending the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, necessarily passing through the canal around the Falls, unless the Ohio was at more than ordinary height.

"To give an idea of the facilities necessary at that point for this change of commerce, we will take the export of cotton from New Orleans for the last year, as given in the Commercial Review; and the sugar crop of Louisiana for the last year, as reported by the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce.

"The export of cotton is stated at 934,616 bales of four hundred pounds each, which reduced to tons, would amount to 196,923.

"The sugar crop is stated at 304,313 hog-heads of 1000 pounds each, which would give, in tons, 102,456, making in cotton and sugar, 299,379 tons, which would require for transportation nineteen hundred ninety-five steamboats carrying one hundred and fifty tons each. Allowing these boats two hours each, the usual time for passing the present canal, and you will find that it would require one hundred and sixty days, or a period of more than five months to accommodate the ascending navigation through the canal, of these two items of trade. If we add to

this, the molasses connected with the sugar trade, and the enormous exports of lead, hemp, and tobacco from St. Louis, which would have to be diverted from its natural channel up the Ohio river, it would be clearly demonstrated, that to pass all the commerce, which now passes through the mouth of the Mississippi from these two States, the present canal would be occupied all the time by their export trade."

"If it be asked upon what principles we call upon the National Government to furnish another canal? we answer, that these great rivers are under the control of the nation, and, as national highways, beyond the influence of States bordering on them, they are properly speaking "inland seas," entitled to the same protection of the General Government, as all other harbours and defences of the country, which have received the fostering care of the nation, since the establishment of our government.

"We ask it, because we have contributed our blood in defence of the country during war, and our treasure annually to support its expenditures; and here we may state, that the nation is largely our debtor for nearly one hundred millions of dollars, received for sales of the public lands, whilst all the appropriations in return for internal improvements is not one tithe of that sum. Let us, for a moment, look at the expenditures of the government since our independence, which, according to the annual register, for fifty-six years, amounts to nearly one thousand millions of dollars. Of this sum the Valley of the Mississippi has received but a small proportion of the disbursements for Public Works.

"We ask the government to furnish another canal, because the nation is greatly interested in the public domain yet unsold, which must be benefitted in proportion to the advantages derived from national improvement.

"We would also urge the necessity of this work as an important improvement connected with the military defences of the nation. It is probable that the most effective naval force of the country must, in future, consist of steam vessels; and the cheapness, convenience, and abundance, of iron, coal, lead, hemp, and provisions, on the Ohio river, render this valley the most eligible source of supply for the material and construction of war vessels. Therefore, to bring such vessels into service, and to give efficiency to our military resources, the enlarged canal around the Falls is indispensably necessary."

I make no apology for the length of these extracts. The subject is of vast importance, addressing itself to the interests of two thirds of the people of the United States, and of direct pecuniary relation to the whole west.

The committee close their report with five resolutions, in which they assert the necessity for a new canal; the injustice done for the past fourteen years to the West by the general government, as principal stockholder in the Louisville and Portland Canal Company, imposing a ruinous tax on the Ohio river commerce; the national obligation to remove the existing obstructions, and, finally, protest against any alteration of the Louisville and Portland Canal as an interruption to the whole business of the country and productive of incalculable loss and expense.

This report is understood to have been prepared by George Graham, the chairman of that committee, and is highly creditable to his judgment and statistical researches.

THE QUARTERLY JOURNAL AND REVIEW. Vol. 1., No. 1. Cincinnati. L. A. HINE, Editor and Proprietor.

The tendency and tone of this work are good, and it evinces an ability in the editor for strong and useful disquisition, quite beyond the ordinary editorial standard. He certainly deserves the credit of having risen above his pretensions. So far I am quoting the language of Dr. Bailey of the Herald, for the purpose of adopting the judgment, and establishing it by the testimony of more than one witness. There is a vigour and freshness in the style, as well as independence in thought which I like; at the same time a squinting to the mysticism of the German school of philosophy which I disapprove. Mr. H. would have made an admirable pupil of Fourier and the transcendentalists if they had laid hold of him in his earlier life.

No man who takes this periodical will, I think, doubt his obtaining the equivalent and more, of its remarkable low price—one dollar per annum. For sale at Robinson & Jones', 109 Main street.

Chronological Table.

Feb. 11.—De Witt Clinton, died, 1828. Shennstone, died, 1763.

12th.—Lady Jane Grey and her husband beheaded in the Tower, 1554.

13th.—Massacre of Glencoe, 1691. Sir William Blackstone, died, 1780. Schwarz, died, 1798. Duc de Berri, assassinated, 1821.

14th.—VALENTINE'S DAY.—Captain Cook, killed at Owyhee, 1779.

17th.—Battle of St. Albans, 1461. Michael Angelo, died at Rome, 1564.

18th.—Martin Luther, died, 1564.

Seventh Ward,—Cincinnati.

This ward lies between Race and John streets, and includes all between Sixth street and the Corporation Line. The upper half has been devoted to building purposes only for the last three years, and is occupied by our German population, who have been, during that period, making extensive and permanent improvements.

The public buildings in this ward are 12,—the Commercial Hospital, Cincinnati Orphan Asylum, Engine House, on George st.; Churches—Methodist Protestant, on Elm; Fifth Presbyterian, corner of Elm and Seventh; Elm Street Baptist; German Reformed, on Elm street; Second Advent Tabernacle, corner John and Seventh; Reformed Presbyterian, on George; Grace Church—Episcopal—on Seventh; Ninth Street Methodist Chapel, and the Roman Catholic C-

thedral, nearly finished and occupied since November last.

The entire number of buildings in the Seventh Ward is 1531—of which 756 are bricks, and 775 are frames.

Of these there were, at the close of 1842,

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
	352	588	940
Built in 1843,	112	40	152
" " 1844,	146	73	219
" " 1845,	146	74	210
	756	775	1531

There have been put up a considerable number of neat and even substantial buildings during the past year in this ward—especially on Court street. The largest share of its improvements, however, are beyond the canal. Fine improvements are also going on in the northwestern section of this ward, in the neighbourhood of Betts, Hopkins and Clark streets. Three-fifths of this ward, as accurately as I can judge, is built to its full capacity.

The two Baskets.

I was perambulating the streets of Darmstadt with my German friend Von Holst, when a gentleman passed, whom he recognised; and they bowed to each other.

"You saw that gentlemanly person pass," said he. "It is the handsome and wealthy Baron de B."

"I observed him," said I.

"Would you believe it possible," continued my friend, "that he has had a basket sent to him?"

"Has he?" said I, somewhat mystified—for I did not perceive any reason why he should not have a basket of game or choice fruit sent to him, as well as any body else.

"Yes," said my friend, "and you will be the more surprised, when I tell you that the Baron's mind, disposition, and fortune, are as unexceptionable as his person."

"Extraordinary," said I, for want of something else to say, for I did not see anything extraordinary in the matter.

As we sauntered on, I began considering and guessing what could be the contents of the basket, the reception of which by the Baron seemed to strike my friend as so extraordinary, and as the cause of this remark. At last it struck me that I had hit upon an explanation of the mystery; some little contretemps in connection with the tender passions, and the intimation conveyed to him in this very unequivocal fashion—or it might be some low cabal, got up to work upon the Baron's generosity or his fears, to compromise the feelings of his noble family.

My friend Von Holst, observing that I appeared to be ruminating on what he had told me, presently added, in a still more impressive tone than before—"I see that you are much interested for the poor Baron. What then will you say when I tell you that he had received two baskets sent to him—actually TWO baskets.

I was now more puzzled than ever, and all I could do was to shrug up my shoulders with a

sort of despairing no meaning; look foolish, and utter an ejaculatory, "Oh!"

Meantime my friend continued, "Yes, actually two!" Now the first did not so much surprise me, coming as it did from the daughter of the Counsellor of State, Count P—. But the second, I own, astonished me, as Mdlle. S—, is only the daughter of the Banker S—, who is not reputed rich, and has, moreover, a very large family.

I grew puzzled and mystified more and more every moment. It was clear that my solution of the difficulty was very far from the right one, yet I had gained no clue to any other.

My face, I supposed, expressed my surprise, and my friend again remarked—

"Only think! that so excellent a fellow as the Baron to receive two baskets both one after the other."

"I could hold out no longer. But what the deuce did the baskets contain?"

"Contain?" said Von Holst; "why, what should they contain? Of course, nothing but the refusal."

"The refusal," I exclaimed; "the refusal of what?"

"Don't you know?" exclaimed my friend—now puzzled in his turn. "The refusal of an offer of marriage, to be sure!"

The mystery was solved at last.

In point of fact the belles of Darmstadt when they object to the addresses of a lover, and will not take any milder course, fairly basket him.

Steamboat Building of the West, in 1845:

	Boats.	Tonnage.	Cost.
New Albany,	11	1959	118,500
Louisville,	16	4152	270,000
St. Louis,	10	2912	180,500
Cincinnati,	27	6609	505,500

This does not include for Cincinnati, several boats under way—two of them nearly finished. The whole number of steamboats built in 1845, on the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, will not fall short of one hundred, an aggregate of twenty-two thousand tons, and a value of sixteen hundred thousand dollars.

The above tonnage is custom house measurement—the actual capacity in freight being more than thirty thousand tons.

George the Third's Mother.

The Princess of Wales had always loved the Duke of Gloucester the least, although the most meritorious of her children. She thought him insuperably dull; nor was he bright. One day in his childhood she ridiculed him before his brothers and sisters, and bade them laugh at the fool. He sat silent and thoughtful.

"What! now, are you sullen?"

He replied, "No, he was thinking."

"Thinking!" replied the mother, with scorn, "and pray what were you thinking of?"

"I was thinking what I should feel if I had a son as unhappy as you make me."

Recollections of the last Sixty Years.—No. V.

By Col. J. JOHNSTON, of *Piqua*.

In the year 1803, the French government ceded the whole of Louisiana to the United States, and in 1804, Governor Harrison was appointed by President Jefferson to receive possession of the Upper Province, and to organize its government. He repaired to St. Louis for the purpose. Many of the Indians came in from a distance to meet their new father, as was the invariable custom. The Governor ordered provisions to be issued to them. To his utter astonishment, they refused to receive any. At this he and all present were greatly surprised, for it was known they had come far, and must be hungry. They were urged for their reasons for conduct so unusual. They were for some time silent. The Indians are exceedingly averse to saying any thing calculated to hurt the feelings of those whom they meet in council. The speaker, seeing that a reply was expected, at length addressed the Governor:—Father we have traveled far to see you and are both weary and hungry; but father we are afraid to take your bread and meat, for we hear you Americans are very greedy for land that you love, and eat it; and therefore we think if we take your provisions you will want some of our land in return. The Governor having assured them he had no such intention, the Indians took the provisions daily while their visit continued. Gen. John Gibson was Gov. Harrison's Secretary for the Indiana Territory; the same person who accompanied Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of Virginia, in 1774, in his expedition against the Indians on the Scioto; and was the interpreter of the celebrated speech delivered by Logan, the Mingo Chief, and recorded in Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, about the year 1797. The genuineness of this speech, which Jefferson pronounces to be equal in eloquence to any thing ever produced in the old world, was questioned in many of the newspapers and periodicals of the day. I think the ample testimony accompanying the notes has settled the question. But I had it from Gen. Gibson's lips, that every word of that admirable production, as published in the notes, was communicated from Logan through him to Governor Dunmore. Gibson was many years an Indian trader, and spoke the Delaware tongue fluently; was an officer in the Virginia line on Continental establishment in the Revolutionary War; a very old man when I knew him, nearly blind; and could render very little assistance to Gov. Harrison in the business of the Territory. He was poor, and the emolument of the office necessary to his comfortable support. In those days the old servants of the country, if honest and capable, were not

turned out of office upon the cold charities of the world.

Twenty-eight years ago, on the death of the great chief of the Wyandotts, I was invited to attend a general council of all the tribes of Ohio, the Delawares of Indiana, and the Senecas of New York, at Upper Sandusky. I found on arriving at the place, a very large attendance. Among the chiefs was the noted leader and orator, Red Jacket, from Buffalo. The first business done, was the speaker of the nation delivering an oration on the character of the deceased chief. Then followed what might be called a monody, or ceremony, of mourning and lamentation. Thus seats were arranged from end to end of a large council house, about six feet apart. The head men and the aged, took their seats facing each other, stooping down their heads almost touching. In that position they remained for several hours. Deep, heavy, and long continued groans would commence at one end of the row of mourners, and so pass round until all had responded; and these repeated at intervals of a few minutes. The Indians were all washed, and had no paint or decorations of any kind upon their persons, their countenances and general deportment denoting the deepest mourning. I had never witnessed any thing of the kind before, and was told this ceremony was not performed but on the decease of some great man. After the period of mourning and lamentation was over, the Indians proceeded to business. There was present the Wyandotts, Shawanese, Delawares, Senecas, Ottawas and Mohawks. The business was entirely confined to their own affairs, and the main topic related to their lands, and the claims of the respective tribes. It was evident, in the course of the discussion, that the presence of myself and people, (there were some white men with me) was not acceptable to some of the parties, and allusions were made so direct to myself, that I was constrained to notice them, by saying that I came there as the guest of the Wyandotts, by their special invitation; that as the agent of the United States, I had a right to be there, or any where else in the Indian country; and that if any insult was offered to myself or my people it would be resented and punished. Red Jacket was the principal speaker, and was intemperate and personal in his remarks. Accusations, pro and con, were made by the different parties, accusing each other of being foremost in selling lands to the United States. The Shawanese were particularly marked out as more guilty than any other; that they were the last coming into the Ohio country, and although they had no right but by permission of the other tribes, they were always the foremost in selling lands. This

brought the Shawanese out, was retorted through their head chief, the Black Hoof, on the Senecas and Wyandotts with pointed severity. The discussion was long continued, calling out some of the ablest speakers, and was distinguished for ability, cutting sarcasm, and research; going far back into the history of the natives, their wars, alliances, negotiations, migrations, &c. I had attended many councils, treaties, and gatherings of the Indians, but never in my life did I witness such an outpouring of native oratory and eloquence, of severe rebuke, taunting, national and personal reproaches. The council broke up late, in great confusion, and in the worst possible feeling. A circumstance occurred towards the close, which more than any thing else exhibited the bad feeling prevailing. In handing round the wampum belt, the emblem of amity, peace, and good will, when presented to one of the chiefs, he would not touch it with his fingers, but passed it on a stick to the person next him. A greater indignity, agreeable to Indian etiquette, could not be offered. The next day appeared to be one of unusual anxiety and despondency among the Indians. They could be seen in groups everywhere near the council house in deep consultation. They had acted foolishly, were sorry, but the difficulty was, who would first present the olive branch. The council convened late, and was very full; silence prevailed for a long time; at last the aged chief of the Shawanese, the Black Hoof, rose—a man of great influence, and a celebrated orator. He told the assembly they had acted like children and not men, on yesterday; that him and his people were sorry for the words that had been spoken, and which had done so much harm; that he came into the council by the unanimous desire of his people present, to recall those foolish words, and did there take them back—handing strings of wampum, which passed round and was received by all with the greatest satisfaction. Several of the principal chiefs delivered speeches to the same effect, handing round wampum in turn, and in this manner the whole difficulty of the preceding day was settled, and to all appearance forgotten. The Indians are very courteous and civil to each other, and it is a rare thing to see their assemblies disturbed by unwise or ill-timed remarks. I never witnessed it except on the occasion here alluded to, and it is more than probable that the presence of myself and other white men contributed towards the unpleasant occurrence. I could not help but admire the genuine philosophy and good sense displayed by men whom we call savages, in the transaction of their public business; and how much we might profit in the halls of our legislatures by occasionally taking for our example the

proceedings of the great Indian council at Sandusky.

The Indians have a great and abiding reverence for the places of their dead. I have known the Munceys and Nanticokes to raise the remains of their friends many years after interment, and carry them to their new homes and reinter them. The virtuous dead and those who have been useful and beloved in life, are long remembered and mourned after. I have seen the head chief of the Putawatimies, Onoxa, burst into tears in speaking of the Sun, a man who was distinguished as a preacher of peace among the tribes; who went about settling difficulties, healing the sick, and to use the language of the chief when he told me of the death of his friend and benefactor, "he was constantly traveling about among us doing good, and died on his road."

In 1820, the Wyandott chief, "The Cherokee Boy," came to me in great distress, stating that his dead was buried on land now owned by a white man in the Sandusky country, and that the man was clearing and preparing to plow up the graves, and wanted my assistance to prevent the apprehended desecration. I told him I had no authority over the case; that the man had purchased the ground from the government, and could do as he pleased with it: and the only relief to his feelings which I could think of, was for him to raise the dead and remove them to his own land. It was then summer, and if he would do this, I would write a letter to the man, asking him to suffer the place of his dead to be undisturbed until the winter, at which time they should be removed. The old chief readily assented. I wrote the letter, and accordingly he removed the dead to his own land.

I have known Indians, not under the teachings of Missionaries of the Gospel, at the approach of death, have very clear hopes and expectations of going to Heaven. I have never known any that did not believe in the immortality of the soul and a future existence.

Eighth Ward,—Cincinnati.

This is greatly the largest ward in the city, and exceeds a mile square in extent. In conjunction with the Sixth Ward it forms the entire western front of Cincinnati, and is the only ward in the city which is not more than half built up. Seven years ago, with trifling exceptions, it was a region of extensive pasture fields, brick yards, and vegetable gardens. Now it has 1250 dwellings and business houses, many of them of a spacious and elegant character, and the ward comprehending more neat and comfortable dwellings of the modern style of buildings, than any other in the city.

The public buildings are in number 11. These

are—one Engine and two School Houses; the Disciples, New Wesleyan, and United Brethren Churches; the Tabernacle, at the corner of Clark and John streets; a new Episcopal Church, at the corner of Clinton, and Laurel; the Pest House; the old Tabernacle, on Betts street.

The entire number of buildings in this ward are 1252—bricks 491, frames 761.

Of these there were, at the close of 1842,

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
Built in 1843,	145	504	649
" " 1844,	136	51	189
" " 1845,	126	106	236
" " 1845,	88	300	388
	491	761	1252

Sixth and Eighth streets have been rendered, during the past year, beautiful and important avenues to the city, by reason of the extent to which they have been graded and paved. More work has been done for Cincinnati in this respect, in 1845, than in any equal period of the past.

An Adventure.

A late American traveler in Germany, complains in his narrative of the use and abuse of feather beds in that country, every where prevalent. He says,—“You are smothered with feathers, as you are invariably packed down between a feather bed beneath and another above.”

This reminds me of an adventure of mine, many years since, in the village of *Harmonie*, Pennsylvania, a place originally built and occupied by *Rapp* and his followers. These people, holding no intercourse with their American neighbours, were as German in their language, customs, and habits, at the time I refer to, as the day they settled in that part of Pennsylvania.

I had been one of a party of pleasure who rode out from Pittsburgh to *Harmonie*, and as we had to lodge for the night in this village, I was shown into a large room in which were six or eight beds, apparently all alike.

The landlord lighted me to the room, and leaving the candle, withdrew, wishing me a good night's rest.

I observed, without being much struck with their appearance, that the under beds were very round, resembling bags of cotton rather than any thing else, and supposed the manner in which they were filled, resulted from a disposition to spare no expense to provide the best of every article—as was their reputation, and judged therefore they had put as many feathers in the ticks as they would hold. So in I sprang, blew out the light, and composing myself to slumber, being very tired, I fell asleep in a few minutes.

I was awakened to consciousness in a very few

minutes more, by a loud noise and the sudden and peculiar sensation produced by my rolling out from the bed to the floor. I gathered myself up in considerable ill-humour, and as well as I could, in the dark, regained my place in the bed, which was as round as ever—I was not as heavy then as now, by some sixty pounds—and in a brief space of time Somnus once more shed his poppies over my eyelids. Again, alas! I pitched to the floor with the same violence as at first. What to do now I did not know,—the building was nearly as extensive as a barrack, and I was in the third story, and had not noticed the way by which I came, and was apprehensive I might break my neck by falling through some place or other in the dark, if I were to attempt a return down stairs. The night, too, was excessively cold. Well, I climbed up a third time, making a virtue of necessity, and getting asleep, found myself on the floor, suddenly—with a sensation in my arm as if I had broken it. All sleep and desire for it was gone by this time. And merely hoping to be able to get and keep warm until daylight, I pulled one of the upper beds to the floor, and taking another for a covering, again composed myself to rest. By this time I had become thoroughly chilled through, and after vainly lying still for some minutes to get warm, I rose, dressed myself, and, *neck or nothing*, groped my way out, feeling for the stairs, by which at last I made my way down to the ground floor. The bar-room was locked;—so was the kitchen. At last I made my way to an out-building, used as a wash-house, through a window of which I saw the welcome light of a waning fire, and getting hold of a chair, I brought myself within the influence of the chimney embers about to expire. I fell asleep directly, dreaming sweetly and pleasantly—how long I know not—but was again wakened by finding I had fallen head foremost into the hot ashes. I had been, through up-stairs annoyances, in a sufficiently bad humour, but this last misadventure made me swear out right at the landlord, and the whole race of Dutch, their beds particularly, and every thing about them generally. Brushing the ashes as well as I could from my clothes, I walked out and patrolled the village until daylight, singing and whooping at the top of my voice to some somebody to my relief,—ah! to no purpose. So I was kept on the patrol till daylight.

As soon as the house was opened I made my way to the bar-room, in a delightful humour to knock the landlord down if he gave me the slightest chance for a quarrel. I found him at the bar, and asked what he meant by putting a guest on such racks as he kept, and then went on detailing what I had gone through. He appeared

much regret, and explained that the bed should have been pressed and beaten down with my hands before I had got in. "But did you not hear me in the streets." "Yes," replied he, "and would have got up if I had known it was you, but I thought it was some one of our Irish neighbours who had got drunk and lost his way into our village, as they sometimes do, when in that plight."

So all the sympathy and consolation for my night's troubles I had met at last, was to be taken for a drunken, brawling rowdy by these quiet, sober Germans.

To Readers.

My correspondent "H." in his article, "Yankee Tricks," gives the history of a pork operation, the point of which may be no more obvious, at first sight, to my readers than it was to me. But if we make out the bill, we can as readily discover the *shear*, as doubtless did the clerk at the sale.

Had the purchasers selected the hogs as the seller expected—the man taking the best who paid the highest; and the poorest hogs going with the lowest price, the bill would have been—

First choice, 7 hogs, 200—1400 at 3 cents	\$42.00
Second " 7 hogs, 100—700 at 1 "	7.00
Third " 7 hogs, 50—350 at 1/2 "	1.75
	<hr/> \$50.75

But as the choice was made—

7 hogs, 50—350 at 3 cents,	\$10.50
7 " 100—700 at 1 cent,	7.00
7 " 200—1400 at 1/2 cent,	7.00
	<hr/> \$24.50

This was a *neat* thing, and according to the laws of trade, fairly and lawfully done.

Life in Florida.

A public meeting of the citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, appointed a committee to memorialize the Legislature of that State, to supply the Supreme Court Rooms of a newly erected Court House with the necessary furniture. I quote the suggestions of the committee in their own language.

"The committee recommend the immediate purchase of the following articles of furniture, and that as the expense attendant will be too enormous to borne by the public, they sincerely trust that the Governor will be patriotic enough to 'run his face' for them.

"One pine table, for the lawyers to sit upon; four rush bottomed chairs, for the lawyers to put their feet upon; one pine bench, large enough for the witnesses and lawyers that have nothing to do, to go to sleep upon; and one yellow pine spittoon, six feet by six.

"Your committee, in suggesting the purchase of this article, would respectfully represent, that the old one, which was only three feet by three, was broken over the head of an eminent leading counsel, during a little difficulty, and that it is advisable to have one in future, that cannot be lifted, and that can afford ample accommodations for the whole bench and bar, and assembled witnesses."

We may smile at Floridian notions of convenience, but there are accommodations alluded to—the sleeping bench particularly—if made sufficiently large, which would be very desirable elsewhere as a place of repose during the long winded harangues of some of the lawyers.

"Yankee Tricks."

This is a common term for anything very smart, done in the way of trade, no matter in which of the States the doer was born. I approve of the old saying—"Let every tub stand on its own bottom." I am no Yankee, but have been well acquainted with many of them in the way of business and friendly intercourse. They are generally pretty cute, cautious, and saving men, though liberal promoters of charitable and public institutions, to which objects a single Yankee State, (the Old Bay,) or perhaps the town of Boston only, has, within the last thirty years, given more than the whole of the States south of Mason & Dixon's line have done since their first settlement; and of what these have given, it is probable more than half was from Baltimore alone. Let any Yankee take a journey south on a real good horse, and when he returns see if the beast he rides does not shew he has been out yankeed. He is some how or other induced to trade or swap till it ends in a bit of carrion, unless indeed his good horse is stolen, for horse fanciers (thieves) are as plenty as he goes along south as they are scarce in the New England States. Jockeys are no doubt to be found in all the States. We have them in Ohio, but all that I have known came here from south of the line. If such folks are otherwise respectable, the only way is to *put them upon their man*—describe the horse you want and about the price you would be willing to give, and you will seldom be disappointed in price or quality. I remember reading in a southern paper of a Yankee trick. It stated that some bales of cotton were returned from Glasgow, that were made up of cotton seeds and trash—the sweepings of the warehouse, with a nice plating of excellent Sea-Island. I heard the late Col. Humphreys, Sen., of Philadelphia, tell of a parcel of pitch—of which he used a large quantity in his business of ship building—which on melting proved to be about seven-eighths stones. I was told in a southern city, a story

about half a large grindstone, which was returned as not being tobacco:—with it came the warehouse marks, by which the honest planter was easily discovered. The merchant who was the original shipper of the tobacco, *kept shady*, but afterwards sold the planter a barrel of sugar in which was the said grindstone; and, wonderful to relate, it was never discovered—at least it may be so surmised—as the buyer never mentioned it. Another “Yankee trick” I can vouch for:—A hogshead of tobacco came from the same southern city, to New York; it was there sold and paid for—but before delivery, a letter came from the shipper, directing that it should be particularly examined, as another hogshead of the same crop had been sold to a manufacturer, which, on breaking up, was found to be a cheat. It was accordingly examined, particularly; and in the centre was a very large oval pebble stone, which weighed, I think, three hundred and twenty pounds. To fix it in its place, long, slender oak pins were driven at short distances all round it, and very neatly done. Above and below, and all round it, the tobacco was excellent, and the whole appearance of the hogshead was such as would warrant an inspector to pass it, or a purchaser to buy it on sight; particularly if the tobacco was undergoing its sweat, as at such time opening it, by letting in the air is injurious and causes mouldiness. I was once riding with an esteemed friend, and we met with a man who had grossly cheated him. Said my friend to his brother Yankee, “it is such rascals as you who when driven from home, settle where you are not known, but are soon found out in your old dirty tricks, that forty or fifty miles round give a bad name to all New England.” As to the dealers in horn gun flints and wooden nutmegs, I give them up to be buffeted. though the nutmeg business was not so very bad after all. A country store-keeper, who had dealt in the article, on being asked about it, said they were very pretty looking nutmegs—made he believed of saw-dust; that those made of sassafras were reasonably good, but those of elm or beech, wasn’t worth a curse.

I once saw a very neat specimen of Yankee cuteness when traveling south. Some where below Baltimore the stage was delayed crossing a stream, by being behind several wagons which would have to cross over before it. It was a cold morning, and the stage passengers got out and crossed over in the first boat, to a country store near the ferry, so as to warm themselves before the stage got over. One of the passengers was a quiet-looking, youngish man, evidently one of the “Universal Yankee Nation.” He had little or nothing to say while in the stage, except when answering a question, which he did modestly and understandingly. In the store were

several tall, lathy-looking men, who had probably come there to take their morning bitters. One of them addressed our passenger with—“I say, stranger, a’n’t you a Yankee?” “Yes I be one of the people so called.” “Well, you Yankees are said to be good at guessing, now I’ll bet you a pint of rum I’ll guess nearer the weight of that roll of tobacco than you can.” “I don’t drink rum, but will take my share in gingerbread.” The man then took up the roll of pig-tail, and after a short handling, said—“The weight is four pounds, ten ounces and a half; now what do you say?” His opponent handled the roll for some time;—“Well, what do you say?” asked the other. “Why I say four pounds, ten ounces and a half.” This raised a general laugh at the proposer, who said it was not fair, and it was left to the company to decide; but, honour bright, his own companions, wild-looking creatures though they were, gave it against their friend.

Some years since, a sloop was drifting with the tide up a river in Old Virginia; a boat was ahead, as if towing her, but the men only occasionally gave a pull or two, merely to keep the sloop in the channel. She had a cargo of notions, consisting of Boston china, (Hingham wooden ware) onions, apples, coffins in nests, cheese, potatoes, and many other articles, “too tedious to mention.” At a house near the river, a large number of people were gathered, and the captain, thinking some trade could be made, came to anchor and went on shore, with his mate and one of his seamen. He found there was to be a sale of the personal property of a deceased planter or farmer. Before the sale began he made a pretty considerable trade for his notions. The sale commenced with the live stock, part of which consisted of hogs, which were put in three lots of seven each; terms, cash down, for live weight, sinking the offal. Part of the drove were very fine and fat, but they decreased in quality and weight down to lean shoats and small pigs, most of them so feeble as to be hardly able to raise a squeal or grunt, without laying down or leaning against the wall. The first choice of seven would average, say, two hundred pounds net weight; the next best one hundred pounds, and the last about fifty. Well, the captain purchased the first lot at \$7 per hundred; the mate the next at \$1; and the sailor the last at 50 cents. When the delivery was made, the captain, to the astonishment of Old Virginia, chose the seven lightest. An honest buckskin said—“Why, captain, what a d—d fool you are; don’t you know you have the choice?” “Yes I do, and I choose these nice little roasters.” The mate made choice of the next in size, so that the *leavings* fell to the poor sailor. The gruntners were all put on board.

the sloop went her way up the river with a new article of trade. H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr. C. Carr: Dear Sir,—

I do not pen this communication for the purpose of publication; neither do I write in a spirit of controversy, the subject being of too trifling a nature: but I wished to submit to your excellent judgment another derivation of the word *Ecuyer*, instead of the word *equus*, which, with great plausibility of correctness, you gave in your last. You very properly correct my derivation of the term; but in my first communication, I merely wished to say, the *corresponding* word, answering to the English *esquire* and French *ecuyer* in its application, was the Latin *armiger*. Our *equerry*, I agree with you, has its root in *equus*; but will you allow me to suggest another, and in my opinion, more probable derivation of the word, viz: the Latin *scutum*, a shield, from whence the French *ecu*, also a shield or buckler. The transition from *ecu* to *ecuyer*, would be easy enough. If the word in dispute is derived from *equus*, we must suppose that *esquire* and *equerry* denote the same thing—a groom of the horse: But the term has had a too widely known meaning, as signifying an honourable title, amongst the Romans as *armigeri*, the French as *ecuyer*, and English *esquire*, to allow us to suppose it derived from such a menial source.

February 9th, 1846.

PHIL.

Covington.

Cincinnati has progressed in her improvements to a point, which in the advanced value of ground, brings into competition as advantageous scites to dwellings and factories, our neighbours of Covington, Newport, and the adjacent parts of Delhi, Fulton, and Millcreek townships.

A recent visit to Covington has impressed me strongly with the conviction that a large portion of our citizens must find homes across the river, as a necessary consequence of our rapidly increasing density of buildings. Streets are being laid out in the new parts of Covington, in which lots have been extensively sold at prices advancing, from time to time, in nearly the same ratio as in our suburbs, to the north and west. These have principally been taken by individuals who continue to carry on business on this side of the Ohio.

I shall take an early opportunity of pointing out some of the features which especially mark the progress of our sister city, referring at present merely to the fact that a new and extensive rolling mill and steam grist mill, are about being erected by A. L. Greer & Co., of Covington, immediately west of the bagging factory of M. J.

Blair & Co., nearly opposite the Franklin Cotton Factory of our own city. This new establishment will make the sixth for the supply of iron to the Cincinnati market. Ten years will not elapse before our city will lead Pittsburgh as far in the market for this article as we now do in all other manufactures—glass and cotton yarn excepted.

Covington is already, I suppose, the fourth city in Kentucky for magnitude and population. By the census of 1850 it will probably be the second; and if it shall maintain for forty years its present ratio of improvement, must eventually become the great city of that state.

Building for 1846.

Although the weather is still of chequered and unsettled character, yet spring is evidently advancing, and with its approaching revival of buds and of flowers, is a revival of building operations. All over the city there are extensive preparations for putting up dwellings and stores to supply the increasing wants of the city. The unprecedentedly low water of last year shut out the regular supply of lumber to this market and checked various building operations here, which would otherwise have been made, and which will therefore add to the regular annual improvements of Cincinnati.

The buildings of the year past I judge will reach in the computation now in progress 1250; nearly the same as for 1845. It must be recollected, that independently of the reason just given why part of the improvements of 1845 will be thrown into 1846, that the buildings—brick especially—of last year, are of a character greatly superior to those of its predecessors in magnitude and importance, and consuming at least twenty millions more bricks in their construction. The public edifices alone of 1845, are of greater extent, value and consequence, than almost all other public buildings in existence heretofore. In this estimate it must be understood is included the great *Cathedral*, which, although in progress of erection for four years, has not been rendered ready for service until 1845, and is even yet not entirely finished.

Notwithstanding the number of dwellings putting up in Newport and Covington, and Storrs, Delhi, Fulton, and Millcreek townships, whose owners or occupants are doing business in Cincinnati, a greater number of buildings will be put up in Cincinnati for 1846, than has ever yet been known.

One at a Time

In a western city, which shall be nameless, a sheriff's deputy in attendance on the courts of justice, was ordered by the judge to call John Bell and Elizabeth Bell. He immediately began, at the top of his lungs—

"John Bell and Elizabeth Bell!"

"One at a time," said the judge.

"One at a time—one at a time—ONE AT A TIME!" shouted the crier.

"Now you've done it," exclaimed the judge, out of patience.

"Now you've done it—now you've done it—now you've done it!" yelled the deputy.

There was no standing this; the court, bar and bystanders broke into a hearty laugh, to the perfect surprise and dismay of the astonished crier.

Legislative Wit.

During a late debate in the Ohio Legislature, on what are called the Black Laws, one of the representatives from the Western Reserve—*Cheesedom*, as it is nicknamed at Columbus—in advocating their repeal, disclaimed any local interest on the subject, there being few negroes in that part of the State. This brought out a Mr. Stanley, who remarked in reference to the disclaimer—"I believe it. Yankees and negroes cannot well live together. Negroes generally follow shaving for a livelihood, and *we* Yankees are in the habit of shaving ourselves." "Yes," added Mr. Gallagher, our city representative, "and every body else." (Great merriment.)

Notice.

The "Young People's Magazine," as well as the Literary Emporium, two of the New York monthlies for January and February, have been laid on my editorial table. I take pleasure in recommending them to readers who are cloyed with the preserved citron of sentimental narrative which pervades generally the periodical literature of the East.

Derivations.

In my article on derivations, I omitted to notice two or three.

The origin of the name *Doomsday book*, was for a long time hidden in obscurity. At last a persevering explorer ferreted out, by ascertaining its original title in a black letter manuscript—that the term doomsday was merely a corruption of *Domus Dei*—the house of God, i. e. the religious house in which it had been kept for safety.

A more amusing instance of corrupting a word, or phrase, is the expression, *Tit for tat*, evidently a childish pronunciation of "this for that," being probably a slap or punch retaliatory.

Chronological Table.

Feb. 19th.—Galileo, born, 1564.

20th.—Voltaire, born, 1694.

21st.—Archbishop Cranmer, burnt, 1556.

22d.—GEORGE WASHINGTON, born, 1732.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, died, 1792.

23d.—The Peacock taken, 1813.

Errors of the Press.

Typographical blunders are sometimes so detrimentally and strangely wrong, that it would seem as if they were not always accidental. In a publisher's announcement, instead of "Cricket on the Hearth, a Fairy Tale of Home—for sale at the bookstores," the following travestie appears: "The Critic on the Heat, a Fiery Tale of Rome, for sale at the bootstores."

Iron Steamboat Hunter.

This boat, which is propelled by the submerged horizontal propellers, invented by the officer whose name she bears, left Cincinnati on Friday, the 8th inst., for Louisville. She made her run to the mouth of the Great Miami—twenty-two miles—in one hour and twenty minutes—nearly sixteen miles an hour. This is a rate of speed unprecedented for any boat like the Hunter—but one hundred feet in length—and seems to indicate that the propellers have not had fair play at the East, where they have been considered a failure.

Shakespeare and the Bible.

An obscure Scotch peasant, calling on business at a gentleman's house, in Edinburg, saw a bust of Shakespeare, and these lines from the *Tempest*, inscribed beneath it:—

"The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind."

The gentleman seeing the peasant's eyes attracted by these lines, asked him if he had ever seen anything equal to them in sublimity. His reply was just and striking. "Yes I have. The following passage from the Book of Revelation is much more striking:—

"And I saw a great white throne and Him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away, and there was no place for them."

Journal of Memphis Convention.

I observe this journal is published at last. Will my brethren of the Enquirer or Eagle have the kindness to see that the copies due to the Ohio delegation, for which they paid in advance, will be forwarded by the individual whose business it may be to do so?

Law Literature.

The last number of Hunt's Merchants' Magazine has an article humorously illustrative of the necessity for members of the bar, especially in the United States, to make themselves better acquainted with mercantile subjects and terms than is generally the case:—

"Many ludicrous mistakes," says the writer, "have occurred by reason of the ignorance of judges and lawyers upon general and commercial subjects. It is related of an English barrister, that in examining a witness he asked, 'where a ship (in question) was at a particular time?' 'Oh,' replied the witness, 'the ship was then in quarantine.' 'In Quarantine was she? and pray sir, where is Quarantine?'"

Mr. Chitty, whose writings are well known to the bar, mentions the case of a judge, who after being engaged six hours in the trial of an insurance case, on a insurance policy upon Russia duck, on his charge to the jury complained that no evidence had been given to show how the Russia duck, (mistaking the cloth of that name for the bird,) could be damaged by sea water and to what extent

Turkish Punishment.

The celebrated French author, Dumas, in his pleasing account of "A Fortnight at Sinai," narrates the following characteristic anecdote of punishment on the person of a baker at Cairo, who had been convicted of fraud. He was nailed to his own doorway by one ear, and at such a distance from the ground that the whole weight of the body rested on the great toes, and no relief could be procured without tearing the ear, to which no Mussulman of honour can submit. M. Dumas was at first inclined to intercede for him, but, on seeing his ears bored, with holes like a sieve, he thought him too old an offender to be worthy of his efforts; and placing himself opposite, made a sketch of him instead. While so occupied, he overheard the following curious dialogue between the culprit and the guard placed over him, to see the chastisement fulfilled. "Brother," said the baker, "there is a law of our Holy Prophet, which says, 'that we ought to aid each other.'" The guard continued to smoke without making any reply. "Brother," again said the baker, "hast thou heard me?" The guard gave no other sign of attention than puffing out a large mouthful of smoke. "Brother," resumed the offender, "one of us two might help the other, and be agreeable to the Prophet!" The puffs of smoke continued to follow each other with provoking regularity. "Brother," persevered the sufferer, in a melancholy tone, "put a stone under my feet, and I will give you a piaster"—worth about three pence English—abso-

lute silence. "Two piasters"—a pause—"three piasters"—smoke—"four piasters." "Ten," said the guard. The ear and the purse of the baker had a long struggle; at last pain gained the ascendancy, and the ten piasters rolled at the feet of the guard, who picked them up, counted and pocketed them, placed his chibouk against the wall, rose, procured a small pebble, placed it under the feet of the baker, and resumed his smoking. "Brother," said the delinquent, "I do not feel any thing under my feet." "Nevertheless," answered the guard, "there is a stone. I have chosen one proportioned to the sum; give me a talari, (four shillings English,) and I will put a stone under thy feet so beautiful, and so adapted to thy situation, that when thou art in paradise thou shalt regret the place thou didst occupy at the door of thy shop." Again did pain get the better of the baker; who had the stone, and the guard his talari.

Small Pox.

The inhabitants of the good city of Boston were thrown into a great excitement last week, by the startling announcement that a crier had been heard ringing his bell, and proclaiming, "*lots of small pox in Nashua street.*" On examination, however, it was discovered that a slight error had been committed, the crier having said—"Lost, a small box, in Nashua street." This altered the complexion of things materially.

What is Luxury?

A candle would have been a luxury to Alfred; a half-crown cotton gown to his Queen. Carpets in lieu of rushes, would have been luxuries to Henry VII. Glass windows in lieu of horn to his nobles. A lettuce to Henry VIII's Queen; silk gloves and stockings to Queen Elizabeth; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Mr. Charles Waterton, the author of some works on natural history, in his account of his family, tells us that one of his ancestors, in the time of Henry IV, "was sent into France by the King, with orders to contract a royal marriage, and was allowed 13s. a day for his trouble and traveling expenses."

Recollections of the last Sixty Years.—No. 8.

By Col. J. JOHNSTON, of *Piqua*.

In the year 1801, the Society of Friends belonging to the yearly meeting of Baltimore commenced their labours of love among the Miamis of the Wabash, thirty-five miles southwest of Fort Wayne. William and Mahlon Kirk, with other assistants, were sent out from Maryland to conduct the agricultural operations, and introduce among the Indians such of the mechanic arts as were suited to their condition. The Friends were gaining fast upon the confidence of the Miamis, until the traders, whiskey, and rum sellers, with other bad men in the Indian country, began to poison the minds of the Indians against their best friends, for such were the Quakers; and the benevolent enterprise was finally, after some years given up, and the mission transferred to the Shawanese of Ohio, and continued until their final removal southwest of Missouri. The society, at a very considerable expense, introduced farming among the Shawanese; built them a grist and saw mill, at Wapaghkonetta; and the writer of these sheets was made the almoner of a female friend in Ireland—whose name he was not permitted to know—to the amount of one hundred pounds sterling, to be expended in stock and implements of agriculture among the Indians of his agency, which trust he faithfully executed, sending an account of the expenditure, with a suitable address from the chiefs, through the hands of the committee of Friends for Indian concerns at Baltimore. Acts such as the preceding, with the accounts transmitted through the Delawares of the just and humane government of the Quakers in Pennsylvania towards the primitive Indians, has made them all repose great confidence in persons of their society; and if I were young, in the prime of my years, and once more placed in the management of the Indians, I would take for my assistants in the service none but Quakers, and with such, and just men in the administration of the government, I would want no soldiers to keep the Indians in subjection. See how the Cherokees are distracted with interminable and bloody feuds, by reason of Schermerhorn's treaty, made with about one tenth of the nation; and with the knowledge of this fact, ratified by the Senate and President of the United States. Already some of the best men in the nation have been assassinated in consequence; and at this moment the United S. dragoons are in the Cherokee country—Lieutenant Johnston, my own son among them—hunting up the murderers and trying to restore peace. The latter is impracticable: the cause lies too deep—too much blood already shed;—and all this by the unjust acts of the general government, in wresting their country from them under the solemn mockery of a treaty made

with a handful of irresponsible persons. And now, amidst all the contentions for the acquisition of territory to the Union, already too large for its good, no voice is raised in Congress to secure to the natives a perpetual inheritance in the soil. They are still to be creatures of a temporising policy, to be pushed back out of the way as our race approaches them, until, as the Black Hoof once remarked to myself in reference to this matter,—“We will go any where you please, if you will afterwards let us alone, but we know from past experience, you will keep driving us back until we reach the sea on the other side of the Rocky Mountains, and then we must jump off,”—meaning there would be no country or home left for the Indians at last: and does not our past and present policy towards this unhappy race but too clearly tend to confirm these apprehensions.

In 1817, I was charged by Governor Cass with the management of the Ohio and Indiana Indians, in bringing them to the treaty of Miami rapids. I collected seven thousand, with which we moved to the treaty ground. Much rain had fallen on the way, and we were long on the journey. Provisions became scarce; the hunters were seldom successful in procuring game. Such of the Indians as were not encumbered with women and children, with myself and some of the interpreters, left the main body, stating that we would proceed on to a noted camping ground in the prairie called the Big Hill and there await the coming up of the main body; that when we got all together we could consult and determine upon our future course of operations. In a few days the whole were assembled at our encampment: a grand council held. The result was that they did not intend leaving that place until they made a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. I urged in the council to omit this on the present occasion; that we were then behind our time several days; that we were suffering for want of provisions; that the commissioners of the United States were anxiously waiting for us, as no business could be done before our arrival; that plenty awaited us the moment we reached the treaty ground. The council decided that the Indians could not leave the spot until they sacrificed; and requested me to write to the Gov'r. their determination, and to ask for some things which they needed to complete their arrangements for the sacrifice: namely, tobacco, and some white muslin to dress the priests. We wanted flour, meat, and salt for provisioning our party, all of which I wrote for;—distance to the treaty ground twenty miles;—sent down runners, with horses sufficient to bring back what was wanted. The commissioners, on the receipt of my communication, were indignant at the delay; would send us noth-

ing but the provisions—writing me positive orders to bring the Indians on immediately; that they could not wait the delay of their sacrifice. The chiefs were called together, the commissioners' letter read and explained, to which they instantly replied, that they could not and would not go to the treaty ground until after they sacrificed; that the Great Spirit would not aid them; and that if they were not indulged in doing what they had always been accustomed to do, on entering on any important business, they would forthwith return home. The result was communicated to the commissioners, with an earnest request, that the Indians should be indulged in what they believed to be a conscientious duty; that the articles wanted might be sent up; that I would hurry the arrangement. The commissioners finally assented to my request, and forwarded the articles ordered. The Indians held their sacrifice, after which we proceeded in a body to the treaty; remained on the ground six weeks; procured a large cession of country, and all of us white men connected with the service, elated with our success. All Northwestern Ohio was at this time ceded to the United States. The greatest opposition was experienced from the Wyandotts, who by the cession were cut off from the lake shore, and placed sixty miles interior. They reserved a spot of one hundred and sixty acres on Sandusky Bay, for a camping place in their occasional journeys to visit their friends in Canada. The attachment of the Wyandotts was ardent for their native country. The night they agreed to give it up many of the chiefs shed tears.

During the war of 1812, Gen. Harrison had his head quarters part of the time at Piqua, and occasionally sojourned with his staff at my log cabin. There was but one fire place in the house, chimney of *cat and clay*—a phrase well known to backwoodsmen,—and in the cold weather the family and guests made quite a circle. The women, in cooking the supper, were often compelled to step over the feet of the General and his aids; and then at bed time such a backwoods scene! The floor would be covered with blankets, cloaks, buffalo robes, and such articles as travelers usually carry with them for the purpose of camping out. No one ever looked for a bed in those times. It was not unusual for twenty and thirty persons to lodge with us for a night. The Indians frequently were of the number. Missionaries of all denominations, Catholics and Protestants, were alike welcomed. We lived on the extreme verge of the frontier, where travelers could no where else find accommodations. We obeyed to the letter the injunction of the Apostle—given to hospitality I was some times censured by my protestant friends for entertaining catholic priests. This proceeded from an un-

happy spirit, and chiefly the result of ignorance, and produced no difference with myself or that excellent woman who shared so largely in all my labours growing out of those troublesome times. The Ministers of Jesus Christ of whatever name, always found the latch string of our cabin door—as the lamented Harrison said to the old soldier—"hanging out." My aged mother lived with me at the time. On the General taking leave of us, setting out for the north, he asked for garden seeds. The old woman immediately took him up by saying—what do you want with a garden; are you not going right on to retake Detroit, and drive the British out of Canada. The General knew full well he could do nothing effectual towards the reconquest of Michigan without the co-operation of Commodore Perry, and his fleet was not yet ready to go on the lake.

On several occasions during the war I was requested by the General to copy his confidential communications to the war department. I am not at liberty, even at this late day, to disclose any part of that correspondence; but I may nevertheless be permitted to say, in justice to my old and valued friend, that in the prosecution of the war, he was often thwarted in his designs by the secretary of the department; and that this was especially the case while Gen. Armstrong presided over it—a functionary who did the greatest injustice to Gen. Harrison, and in the end was the occasion of his retiring from the command of the army. He could not serve in justice to his own honour under such a man. His slanderous history, put forth pending the contest for the Presidency in 1839, and for the purpose of effecting the prospects of Gen. Harrison, failed of its object, and only proved the malice and premeditated baseness and hatred of the author. And Mr. C. J. Ingersoll has lately thought it his duty to put forth another history of the war to traduce and vilify the illustrious dead. He has, however, received so many severe rebukes from distinguished living witnesses, as to render the work totally harmless as a chronicle of the truth. It is not very extraordinary that a man who boasted that if he had lived in the days of the revolution he would have been a tory, should delight in slandering him in whose veins flowed some of the best blood of the patriots and sages of that memorable struggle.

Duelling.

The absurdity of duelling has been pointed out in a thousand ways. There is one feature of it, however, which is supremely ridiculous—the trivial and even ludicrous provocations which in many cases have instigated such meetings.

Col. *Montgomery* was shot in a duel which was owing to a dispute between the merits of two

dogs. Capt. Ramsay lost his life because he would not relinquish his servant to brother officer. Lieut. Featherstone lost his on a recruit. The father of Lawrence Stone was shot owing to a difficulty respecting a goose.

Col. D——, who was an Irishman, challenged a brother officer because he smiled incredulously, when D—— told him he had seen an acre of anchovies in a field near Smyrna. They met, twice exchanged shots without injury, and were about to fire a third time, when the Colonel, suddenly recollecting himself, exclaimed, was it anchovies I said? by —— it was capers I meant. This, of course, settled the difficulty, which might have cost one or more lives.

Captain Smith was challenged for merely asking his opponent to partake of a second goblet. General Barry, for declining to take a pinch of snuff; and Major McDermot for doing the same with a glass of wine, although he pleaded on the spot that it always made his head ache: and Lieutenant Crouther lost his life in a duel because he had been refused admittance into a club of pigeon shooters.

I do not recollect, however, anything which places the ridicule of its practice in a stronger light, than an incident which took place some years since in Cincinnati. I was acquainted with the parties and can vouch for the facts. The circumstance occurred at a period when duelling, although rare, occasionally took place here.

Mr. L——, a young man of the *finest honorable feelings*, was told that a certain young gentleman on Main street, was the author of a communication in a newspaper of that day, which Mr. L. considered an aspersion on his character. Fired with indignation, he repaired to the residence of the reputed author, and finding him at the door, in spite of all explanation, remonstrance, and resistance of his victim, inflicted on him an unmerciful cowhiding.

A few days after, the real offender came to light, and L——, feeling it his duty to make an apology for his *mistake*, called upon the young man he had chastised, and acknowledged his error, said he was sorry for what had passed, that he bore no malice in the case; and if that explanation was not perfectly satisfactory, he should hold himself ready and willing to afford the *usual and proper satisfaction* on the Kentucky shore, if a call for that purpose was made.

I forget how the matter terminated. It was certainly not by the meeting in Kentucky, L.'s antagonist probably thinking a cowhiding past was less unpleasant than a bullet lodging in his carcase might prove. One thing I do remember, that I censured L. very freely for his conduct, and was surprised to find most persons disposed to justify it. "What more could he do than

offer satisfaction?" said they. "It was but a mistake on his part at first."

The Masonic Hall.

This fine edifice stands at the northeast corner of Walnut and Third streets, occupying a front of one hundred and fifteen feet on its southern, and sixty-six feet on its western exposure, and is eighty feet high from the pavement to the top of the angle buttress. It was erected at an expense of thirty thousand dollars, and its appropriate furniture and decorations will cost, when completed, five thousand more. It is in the castellated style of the Gothic architecture of the Elizabethan era: The lower story is partitioned into eight store rooms, three of which adjacent to Walnut street, will be occupied by the Cincinnati post office.

The front is divided by buttresses two feet face, and eight inches projection. These buttresses run above the battlements, the tops of which are finished with openings in the ancient castle style. The windows to the principal hall are sixteen feet high, and are divided by a heavy centre mullion and cross rail, making four parts in each. Each window is surmounted by a head of fine cut stone. The windows of the third story are nearly of the same size, order, and finish. At each end of the building on the south front, two of the buttresses are elevated a few feet above the centre, and returned on the west front the same distance. Each angle of the west front, is made to correspond with each angle of the south front. The centre of the west front is gabled; in the centre of which is a shield, with an inscription bearing the name of the building and date of its erection, together with the era of masonry. An iron balcony surrounds the building, on a level with the floor of the main hall in the second story. This is designed for public assemblies, and is one of the most spacious in Cincinnati, being fifty-one by one hundred and twelve feet fronting west, and twenty-three feet high, with an orchestra on the east end. The ceiling and cornice of this hall are finished in the richest style.

The third story is designed as a hall, for the use of the several lodges of the city, together with the chapter, council, and encampment, and will be eighty by fifty-one feet on the floor, and twenty feet in height. There are various passages, antechambers, and committee rooms, which fill up the residue of this story. The chapter room proper, is fifty-one by twenty-eight feet. The finish of these rooms, especially the ceilings and cornices, are truly elaborate. The exterior of the edifice is to be rough cast, and the roof will be slate.

The furniture of the chapter room is of mahogany, with Gothic open panel work, on a rich

crimson satin ground. That of the Masonic Hall is of bronzed work of the same character, excepting that the satin is of mazarine blue. The carpets are of ingrain, of the best quality of Mosaic work pattern, with tessellated borders. Seven splendid Gothic chandeliers ornament the various halls—these will be lighted with gas.

The entrance to the public hall is from Third street—that to the Masonic Hall, on Walnut street.

There are various rooms for dressing, and refreshment purposes, which communicate with the public hall, and render it the most convenient place in the city for holding public dinners, &c.

Narrative of John Hudson,

A Revolutionary Soldier, and now resident in Cincinnati.—No. 4.

Captain Matchem accordingly fired his field piece, which was a twelve pounder. The ball, however, had been directed too low, and struck the bottom of the embrasure. He then corrected his aim and threw the second shot, which struck the mouth of his enemy's cannon, in rather an oblique direction, commencing a breach about eighteen inches from the muzzle of the piece, and tore off its side for that distance. This I had the curiosity and opportunity to ascertain exactly, after the surrender of the place. The fire thus opened from the battery, served as a signal to the French on the left, who commenced firing from their whole train of artillery. I was informed by competent persons at the time, that the combined forces were prepared to fire as much as sixty shot, or shells, at a volley, in less time than once every minute, and frequently did so. Inside the walls of Yorktown, and visible above those walls, were several frame buildings, which soon were battered to pieces under the allied fire, the shattered fragments flying in all directions, and killing and wounding by their fall, without doubt, numbers of the British troops.

South of the town, and at the left wing of the French forces, the ground rose up into land of considerable height, where the enemy had several out posts, one of which, and the largest, annoyed the French excessively, destroying the lives of numbers in their lines. In consequence of this the commanders-in-chief decided to carry them at the point of the bayonet, which was accomplished by the French grenadiers, who bore in this service the hand grenades, from which that species of troops derive their title, and which they only employ when about to storm an entrenchment. These grenades are bombs in miniature. They are about the size of a mock orange, and being carried to the ground in the haversacks of the grenadiers are hurled in showers into the works, as their assailants advance. On the same

night the *Marquis de la Fayette*, with the American troops, stormed the walls of the town in front of Matchem's battery. The Marquis and his party obtained possession of the British guns, which were immediately turned upon their own defences, and kept in the hands of the storming force until daylight enabled the enemy to concentrate their troops and drive the assailants off. The ordinary narrative of the siege of Yorktown condenses the whole history of it into this bloody and eventful night, as though that period embraced every event of importance in that campaign; but this is not the fact, for from the opening of our works by the first fire from the battery of Capt. Matchem, on the 4th or 5th October, there was an incessant cannonading kept up on both sides, which lasted until the evening of the 19th October, when the surrender took place.

Such was the vivacity of both attack and defence of Yorktown, that between the flashes from the guns and from the fuses of the shells, it was rendered light enough for us to attend to all necessary work during any portion of night, through the whole period of fifteen days which I have alluded to.

One night during the siege a major of the 43d regiment, sallied out on the besiegers with his command of several hundreds, and actually captured one of the French batteries, spiking their guns. By this time the whole line had taken the alarm, and he met with so warm a reception, that he was glad to regain the town, with such of his troops as he was not obliged to leave behind in dead and wounded upon the field.

After this, and as a consequence of this incident, we had a piquet guard placed in advance of our batteries, and just under the muzzle of the enemy's guns. I was myself one of that guard one night. We had double centinels placed all along under the line of the British works, who were stationed each with one knee to the ground and the gun cocked lying on the other, our hail being to give three smart taps on our cartouch boxes. Our instructions were to fire instantly when the same signal was not repeated. Those taps resembled greatly the flapping of the wings of the turkey buzzard, which abounded from the number of the unburied dead lying in the neighbourhood, and would have been ascribed by the enemy to these birds, if the din of the cannon had permitted the signal, during any interval of their discharges, to be heard and noticed.

During the siege there had been remarked conspicuously a large house, built of white marble, which Capt. Matchem had spared, knowing it to be the property of Gen. *Hugh Nelson*, whose estate lay in the neighbourhood. The General, on his arrival, which took place a few days after, inquired why he did not fire on that building.

Matchem accordingly gave the reason. Never mind my property, replied the Gen.; rap away at it. Matchem then fired one ball, which made its way through the house. Where the ball entered, it made a small breach, but where it came out it forced a very large opening. After the surrender, I learned that there were a number of the British officers had made it their quarters, but they abandoned it as soon as this shot was fired, fearing more would follow. But this was the first and the last, as I distinctly recollect.

Lord Cornwallis, finding that he had no prospect of obtaining relief from Sir Henry Clinton, determined finally to surrender, which he did on the evening of the 19th October. On the 20th, we marched into Yorktown, and relieved the British guard there. On the 21st, the enemy's troops marched out and laid down their arms. On the 22d, they were marched off with a heavy escort, for Lancaster, Pennsylvania. On the 23d, as I was informed, the Marquis de la Fayette embarked for France, to carry tidings of the welcome event which was then generally supposed the close of the revolutionary struggle.

Our army staid at Yorktown until cold weather set in, for the purpose of leveling the works. We found hundreds of shells which had not exploded, from the circumstance of the fuse falling undermost, in which case they do not go off. These we gathered up in wagons, and put them on board vessels to take to Gen. Greene, who was still carrying on the war in South Carolina. There was a party of French prisoners who had gathered up a four horse wagon load of these shells. By some mismanagement, not easily explained, an explosion took place, which tore the wagon to fragments; killed the horses, and twelve of the Frenchmen employed in the service. I saw these twelve men neatly laid out in a marquise all in a row with white liven burial clothes. This would not have been done for them, or any one else, during the progress of the siege.

The Cincinnati College.

This is a modern edifice of the Grecian Doric order, with pilaster fronts, and facade of Dayton marble. It occupies the acite of the former college, which building was destroyed some time since by fire; being on the east side of Walnut, between Fourth and Fifth streets. It is of three stories, exclusive of an attic, the whole front being one hundred and forty feet front by one hundred in depth, and sixty in height. The edifice was commenced in April last, and will be finished in the course of April next; at a cost of \$35,000.

The ground story in front is divided into eight spacious rooms for stores. In the rear of these are three spacious halls, originally intended for

the Temperance Societies, being respectively 40 by 19, 40 by 35, and 40 by 60. The front range on the second floor is designed for the accommodation of the *Young Mens' Library Association* and *Merchants' Exchange and Reading Rooms*. The exchange will be 45 by 59; the reading and library rooms each 45 by 29. There is also a room 14 by 16 for the use of the directors. In the rear of these will be the great hall of the building for public meetings of the citizens, which will be one of the finest rooms in the city, being 136 long by 50 feet broad and 31 feet high.

The various study and recitation rooms appropriate to the college itself are in the third story, and occupy a space of 45 by 136 feet, being the whole length of the building.

The attic is subdivided into a gallery for the academy of fine arts, 59 by 25, a room for chemical and philosophical apparatus, and the lecture room of the law school connected with the college. Fourteen spacious offices occupy the entire range in the rear.

The whole will be thoroughly lighted by gas, and is properly ventilated with suitable passages and openings, and an ample amount of daylight secured in the rear for the benefit of the rooms and offices which face in that direction.

The entire building is roofed in the most substantial manner; is finished with projecting stone cornice, and will be surmounted with a cupola modeled on a design taken from the tower of the winds at Athens.

One million of bricks, besides a large quantity of building and ornamental stone, has been employed in the construction of this edifice.

The Covington Bridge.

A bridge over the Ohio, to connect Covington with our city, is exciting great interest, and at the same time no little controversy and prejudice. For myself I have no hesitation in expressing a favourable opinion of the project, if it shall prove that a suspension bridge *without piers* can be constructed for the general convenience. But I should deem it unwise to risk the safety of our landings, and freedom from obstruction to the Ohio channel by the erection of piers in the river.

The following, which is copied from the "Union," of the 10th, is more to the point than any thing I can write. I must, however, correct Mr. *Roebling* on the width of the Ohio, which has been ascertained to be over eight hundred yards—double the breadth he assigns it.

We have been shown a letter addressed to a highly respectable citizen here—from John A. Roebling, Esq.—the architect of the new Monongahela suspension bridge—from which we make an extract, below. In the opinion of Mr. Roebling, the project of a bridge across the Ohio

the point proposed, seems clearly feasible—and we give place to such portions of the letter, as will be interesting to our citizens—and those who feel an interest in the success of the undertaking. The letter dates at—

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 31, 1845.

A Wire Suspension Bridge can be constructed at Cincinnati, which would span the Ohio, in *one single arch*, leave the river entirely unobstructed, form a perfectly safe communication with the Kentucky side at all seasons of the year, prove the best paying stock, and the same time, a great ornament to the city, and one of the most remarkable works of modern engineering. A span of 1200 feet, (which I believe is the width of the river at the contemplated site,) is perfectly practicable, and *far* within safe limits of the capacity of well constructed Wire Cables. The size of the cables, and other means applied, must of course be in proportion. The distance from the ends of the approaches to the centre of the river would be sufficient to admit of a general ascent of, say forty feet. Add to this the height of the abutments of, say from fifty to sixty feet, and you have a height of ninety to one hundred feet above the river, sufficient to clear steamboats at a high stage of water.

If economy were a great object, two piers might be resorted, for the support of a centre span, of six to seven hundred feet, and two end spans of lesser dimensions. But I for one, would say, do not obstruct "*La belle riviere*"—there is but one in the world.

The Monongahela Suspension Bridge was opened to-day for wagons, and was literally covered with teams from *one end* to the other, without showing any signs of the *fever and ague*; it proves *more steady* and firm than a wooden bridge;—it will present a very pretty appearance when entirely finished. I am yours,

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. ROEBLING.

Legal Eugenity.

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment, but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred he meant, and was quite sure that no such sum had been left in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honour of mine host, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

"Have patience, my friend," said the counsellor—"speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you might have left your money with some other person. Take a friend with you, and leave with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and come to me."

He did so, and returned to his legal friend.

"And now, sir, I don't see how I am to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred again; but how is that to be done?"

"Go and ask him for it when he is alone," said the counsellor.

"Ay, sir, but asking won't do, I'm afraid, without my witness at any rate."

"Never mind, take my advice," said the counsellor, "do as I bid you and return to me."

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad to find them safe in his possession.

"Now, sir, I must be content, but I don't see I'm much better off."

"Well then," said the counsellor, "now take your friend with you and ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him."

We need not add that the wily landlord found that he had been taken of his guard, while our honest farmer returned to thank his counsel, exultingly, with both hundreds in his pocket.

Pork Packing.

The putting up of Pork has been so important a branch of business in our city, for five and twenty years, as to have constituted its largest item of manufacture, and acquired for it the *soubriquet* of Porkopolis. Requiring as it does, in the various processes, from the killing of the hogs, to their being finally made ready for shipment, a great extent of room in the Pork houses, there are few things which make a more vivid impression on the visitor, who sees Cincinnati for the first time, than the magnitude and extent of the various buildings connected with this business; many of them with four stories, extensive fronts, and reaching in depth from street to street. If he should be here during the packing, and especially the forwarding season of the article, he becomes bewildered in the attempt to follow, with the eye and the memory, the various and successive processes he has witnessed, in the putting up; and the apparently interminable rows of drays, which in great numbers, and from early dawn to dark, are filling the streets leading to the river, and the immense surface of ground on the side walks, on lower floors of stores, and on the public landing, occupied with pork barrels, bacon hogsheds, and lard kegs.

Our pork business is the largest in the world, not even excepting Cork, or Belfast, in Ireland, which puts up and exports immense amounts in that line; and the stranger who visits Cincinnati during the season of cutting and packing hogs, should, on no account, neglect making a visit to one or more slaughter houses, and pork packing establishments in the city.

It may appear remarkable in considering the facility for putting up pork which many other points in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky possess, in their greater contiguity to the neighbourhoods which produce the hogs, and other advantages which are palpable, that so large an amount of this business is engrossed at Cincinnati. It must be observed, however, that the raw material in this business—the hog—constitutes 80 per cent. of the value when ready for sale, and being always paid for in cash, such heavy disbursements are required in large sums, and at a day's notice, that the necessary capital is not readily obtainable elsewhere in the west, than here. Nor in an article, which in the process of

During, runs great risks from sudden changes of weather, can the packer protect himself, except where there are ample means in extensive supplies of salt, and any necessary force of coopers, or labourers, to put on in case of emergency, or disappointment in previous arrangements. More than all, the facilities of turning to account in various manufactures, or as articles of food in a dense community, what cannot be disposed of to profit elsewhere, renders hogs, to the Cincinnati packer, worth ten per cent. more than they will command at any other point in the Mississippi valley.

The following table serves to show the progress of this business since it first became of sufficient importance to preserve its statistics:

1832	85,000
1833	123,000
1834	162,000
1835	123,000
1836	103,000
1837	182,000
1838	190,000
1839	95,000
1840	160,000
1841	220,000
1842	250,000
1843	240,000
1844	173,000
1845	275,000

The value of the pork put up in 1840, was \$3,208,790. It will exceed \$5,000,000 the present year.

As a specimen of the amazing activity which characterizes all the details of packing, cutting, &c., here, it may be stated that two hands, in one of our pork houses, in less than thirteen hours, cut up eight hundred and fifty hogs, averaging over three hundred pounds each, two others placing them on the block for the purpose. All these hogs were weighed singly on scales, in the course of eleven hours. Another had trimmed the hams—seventeen hundred pieces, in Cincinnati style, as fast as they were separated from the carcasses. The hogs were thus cut up and disposed of at the rate of more than one to the minute. It may be added that this is very little better than the ordinary day's work at the pork houses.

A Paris Joke.

A rich and very avaricious capitalist of Paris, returned home one evening after having spent the afternoon as usual at his club. To his astonishment he saw the staircase decorated with splendid exotics; the upholsterers had taken possession of his apartments and had arranged throughout the most tasteful decorations.—“What does this mean?” cried the *rentier* in surprise. “These are preparations for a ball which Monsieur gives this evening.” “It is a ball!” The upholsterer exhibited the written

order, which was in an unknown hand; it was a complete mystification. While the *rentier* was yet beside himself, came the confectioner, with a train of tarts and ices; champagne bottles were already standing in close batteries before the sideboard; cold edibles stood ready in great baskets, and to complete his embarrassment, Musard, the son, appeared at the head of a powerful orchestra. The guests were not long in coming, and the *rentier* was compelled to put a good face upon the joke. The supper was delicious; the poor man received a thousand flatteries about his good taste; and the next day paid the bills to avoid a suit, which would have made him the talk of Paris.

Life in Mississippi.

The hotels at Jackson are celebrated for sumptuous entertainments, but instead of printed bills of fare, they call out every dish with a loud voice, frequently giving the price and history of their dishes. For instance, at the Mansion House, a negro boy takes a prominent position in the hall, and after the guests are all seated he begins:—Fresh butter, costs thirty cents per pound; eggs, fried, boiled, and scrambled; biscuit made from the best St. Louis flour and costs eight dollars per barrel; spare ribs, genuine Berkshire spare ribs, south-down mutton chops, we use no other kind at the Mansion House; if any gentleman at breakfast wishes to buy some, let him write to Col. C., of Adams county, who furnishes these. Venison from the free state of Rankin, &c. &c.

At McMakin's, the polite General discharges this duty himself, and when seated for dinner he begins:—Roast beef, roast mutton, roast turkey, boiled ham, boiled mutton, McMakin's ducks, Philip's potatoes, Scott county peas; after which comes old fashioned peach pies, buttermilk, sweet milk, cheese, crackers and molasses. Gentlemen don't neglect my liquors. *Gentlemen we are a great people.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 23, 1846.

MR. CHAS. CRIST:—

I was greatly interested, as doubtless others were, in your article, published a few weeks since, on the important bearing which the gallant defence, in 1814, of the privateer, Gen. Armstrong, in the harbour of Fayal, had upon the issue of the battle of New Orleans, and the safety of that city which was its result. But the narrative had an additional interest from the circumstances connected with the subject of that vessel, which I shall proceed to narrate.

So brave and spirited an action, in which a force so superior was defeated, with the loss of nearly three hundred, killed and wounded, on the part of the assailants, while our gallant countrymen lost only seven, killed and wounded, made an extraordinary impression among the Portuguese residing at that port, and filled the Americans there with patriotic pride. When the termination of the war soon after, rendered privateering obsolete, our Consul at Fayal, Mr. Dabney, obtained the privateer's figure head, an

effigy of General Armstrong in uniform and installed it in his garden, where it crowned an arch in the centre, every successive 4th of July. As a part of the paraphernalia of the day, it was decked with flowers and evergreens. There, encompassed by our national flag in festoons around it, the head made a conspicuous figure in the eyes of the Portuguese, who regarded it that of the American patron saint, and the 4th of July as the saint's day, Americans and natives drinking the General's health with great gusto. The natives considering this as the only saint we have in the calendar. P.

Ambiguous Compliment.

The following appeared in the *Nashville Or-thopolitan*:—

"We, the undersigned, passengers on board the steamer *Feliz Grundy*, subscribe our names to this certificate, of the good behaviour of the chambermaid Jane. We found her kind and attentive to the wishes of the passengers, and *prompt on all occasions to gratify their wants.*"

Thirteen names were signed to the bottom of the card.

A Valuable Slave.

A bill passed the Legislature emancipating, by desire of his master, a servant named Horace King, belonging to Mr. John Goodwin, of Russell county.

The servant, says the *Montgomery Journal*, is well known for his intelligence and skill as a mechanic, which is displayed in many of the important bridges in this section. He has been very valuable and faithful to his master; and it was stated in the Legislature, he had earned for him some *seventy-five or eighty thousand dollars*. His master has refused *fifteen thousand dollars* for him.—*Mobile Herald*.

Chronological Table.

Feb. 25th.—Sir Christopher Wren, died, 1723.

26th.—Napoleon escaped from Elba, 1815.

27th.—Dr. Arbuthnot, died, 1735.

28th.—Montaigne, born, 1533.

March 1st.—St. David's Day.

2d.—John Wesley, died, 1791. De Witt Clinton, born, 1769.

3d.—Boileau, died, 1711. Otway, born, 1631.

The West.

A few weeks ago a well known master mechanic of Louisville, Ky., who was sojourning at the Tremont House, in Boston, walked into the dining room at the summons of the bell, and seeing in the long row of chairs one that was turned up against the table, to indicate that it was appropriated to some particular individual, he deliberately took it and commenced his dinner. In about five minutes, a young dandy, in whiskers and moustache, walked up behind him, and remarked in a supercilious tone—"Sir, you have got my plate." "Have I?" said Jim, carelessly,

"well, you are perfectly welcome to it," handing his empty soup-plate over his shoulder. A loud laugh ensued, and the man in the moustache beat a very precipitate retreat.

The Farmer's Progress.

1776.

Man to the plough,
Wife to the cow,
Girl to the yarn,
Boy to the barn,
And all dñes were netted:

1837.

Man a mere show,
Girl piano,
Wife, silk, satin,
Boy, Greek, Latin,
And all hands Gazetted:

1845.

Man all in debt,
Wives in a pet,
Boys mere muscles,
Girls snuff and bustles,
And every one cheated.

Almanac and Picture of Cincinnati,—1846.

A neat and portable volume bearing this title, has just made its appearance at the publishing establishment of Robinson & Jones, having recently issued from the press.

It embraces a description of the city, comprehending its public institutions and edifices, business operations, city government, courts of justice, business directory, periodicals, and a great variety of useful and interesting matter not easily reducible to heads, furnishing a great amount of useful intelligence to our own citizens and a guide book to strangers, which exists in no other shape.

I extract, as specimens of the publication, two or three articles from that department of the work which is made up of my contributions. They will be found under the heads, "The Masonic Hall," "The Cincinnati College," and "Pork Packing."

An Almanac for reference and one for memoranda, form a valuable department of the "Picture of Cincinnati," which is also illustrated by a new and accurate map of the city.

"You told me, neighbour Twist, when I paid Tim Doolittle in advance, on his promising to work for me in hayting time, that I should find him as good as his word." "To be sure I did, for I always knew his word was good for nothing!"

OBITUARY.

JOHN D. CRAIG, L. D. D., a man who has devoted his energies, time and resources, to the cultivation here of a taste for natural science and philosophy to a remarkable degree, in days when we had few individuals in Cincinnati to render such services, closed a long life of usefulness, at Philadelphia, on the 25th ult., at the age of 80. He was to a great extent the founder of the Ohio Mechanics' Institute.

A New Church in Texas.

Our pork and flour dealers whose business carries them up Sycamore street to the Canal, have doubtless noticed the handsome improvement which has transformed the well known *Black Bear Tavern*, kept for many years by our respected fellow citizen, *Isaac Marchent*, from an old fashioned frame, into a spacious and extensive brick hotel, hardly surpassed any where for beauty and convenience. Our friend Marchent still commands the post, and the time honored *Black Bear* yet occupies his station as guardian to the establishment. Being well aware that the frame tenements of Cincinnati, as fast as they give way to brick buildings, generally *emigrate to Texas*, I kept a bright look out for *Fort Marchent* during my late explorations of the Eighth Ward, and had nearly completed it, without recognizing the emigrant. Finally, however, it made its appearance at the corner of *Clinton* and *Laurel* streets, but in so changed an exterior that nothing but my long acquaintanceship enabled me to recognize it. The whole establishment had been remodeled and repainted in and outside, a neat cupola now crowned its gable front, and rendered it obvious that it was being converted to some public purposes. The Clinton street front I found fitted up for a *Temperance* hall; the rear and out building constituting a family dwelling, and the upper part of the building had undergone the necessary change to fit it for a Church, by taking out all above the second story and putting up a suitable dome. All this was so neatly and appropriately done as to take me by surprise. The building is amply lighted and ventilated, and is of dimensions sufficiently lofty and spacious for religious services. The whole expense of the enterprise is nine hundred dollars, and as the ground rent is but twenty dollars per annum, the congregation is at a rent,—calculating interest on their disbursement—of but seventy-five dollars per annum. To meet this and afford a revenue to defray other expenses, they rent the dwelling and Temperance hall for one hundred and eighty-five dollars yearly.

I have read of Theatres being converted into Churches, and Distilleries into Temperance halls. Here is a tavern transformed into a temple for the promotion both of morality and piety. The bar where ardent spirits were sold and drank, becomes the stand for the lecturer on total abstinence; and the second story, as in apostolic days, is made an "*upper room*" for devotional purposes, capable of holding as many as in that period constituted the whole church of Christ.

Here is an example of the extensive good which may be accomplished at comparatively trifling expense by a few energetic public spirited men.

I should add that this is denominationally an *Episcopalian* enterprise. I wish them all success, and that they may stimulate other religious persuasions to "go and do likewise."

As an out post of civilization and christianity on the extreme borders of our city, I take the deeper interest in this movement. This church must be nearly two miles from our first house of worship, then the centre of Cincinnati.

Thrilling Adventure.

I had just turned over in my berth, in hopes to resume a very pleasant dream, the thread of which had been broken by some noise on deck, and was about closing my senses to external delight, when a cry of "Sail ho!" caused me to jump up, and make haste on deck. I met Mr. Tompkins in the gangway, coming down to call me. "Where is she sir?"

"On the lee beam."

"A ship?"

"No sir, I believe a schooner, but I can't make her out."

"Steward, hand up my glass."

The day had scarcely dawned, and by the grave and uncertain light, unassisted by the glass, I could only make out an object, but the moment I put my telescope to her, I saw she was a schooner with raking masts, standing to the westward, with a square sail set. We were heading south, close hauled, with a light air from the eastward, momentarily expecting the Trade Winds. As the day dawned more perfectly, and we were perceived by the stranger, his square sail came in and he hauled his wind with such celerity, that I did not hesitate to pronounce him a slaver or a pirate, which indeed, are synonymous terms in blue waters.

"Call all hands, Mr. Tompkins; hoist our colours."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The stranger showed Portuguese colours in reply to ours. This did not relieve the anxiety which had seized on me the moment I had a fair view of the schooner, for that nation was still actively engaged in the slave trade, and we were just in the track of outward bound vessels to the coast of Africa and the Cape de Verd Islands, also where they often stop to refresh and refit. Our crew consisting of only two men, besides officers, cook and steward, were soon mustered aft.

"I have called you, my boys," said I, "to state my intentions in regard to that vessel to leeward, which I suspect to be a rogue. We will prepare for as stout a resistance as possible. If he is honest, I can see by your actions which of you I can really depend upon, and there will be nothing lost; and if a rogue, we must take it for granted that, if we give up like cowards, we shall have our throats cut; and as this is to be our fate whether we resist or not if he boards us, let us make up our minds to sell our lives as dearly as possible; and remember men, one man devoted to a good cause is able to beat off a dozen engaged in robbery and murder." They gave a simultaneous shout of approbation in good spirits.

It was now broad daylight, and we could plainly perceive that the stranger gained to windward, though he dropped astern a little, rendering it somewhat doubtful whether he was superior to us in sailing. Our good bark was reputed a first-rate sailer on the wind in her best

trim; but she was pretty deeply laden with a full cargo of cotton bale goods, and about one hundred thousand dollars in specie, and it could not be supposed that we could sail with a clipper schooner on the wind or in any other way. Our ship's armament consisted of two six pounders, twelve muskets, and the same number of boarding pikes, and a brace or two of pistols; my private armament consisted of a good rifle, a large ducking-gun, a double barrelled Joe Manton, a pair of duelling pistols capable of discharging six balls in as many seconds; and I accounted myself a good shot with all of them.

At eight o'clock it was nearly calm, the chase about two miles on the lee quarter, and heading directly for us.

Mr. Tompkins was a six footer, a real down east Yankee, who had been mate of the Ark, for all I knew, and was equal to any man in that capacity, although he might be taken for twenty years of age, if seen going aloft; there were people who had known him at least that time as chief mate. He had always obeyed orders promptly, never failed to have an answer ready, and exacted from all under him the same prompt and strict obedience that he paid to his superior officer.—My crew were all active young men, and the cook (or Doctor, as he was called,) was a real specimen of a first-rate runaway Virginia slave; he could cook as well as he could fiddle, and on Saturday night he would amuse all hands by a tale of a 'possum hunt or a deer drive. Having now described our crew, our vessel, and all we knew of the stranger, I will hasten to put the patient reader in possession of the facts for which he is anxiously looking. My orders were as follows, and they were obeyed in as short a time as I shall take to write them:

"Mr. Tompkins, load the small arms, one ball and four buckshot in each; look to the flints; also load the *great* guns with round and canister."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Doctor, put two iron bolts in the fire, and keep them red hot, and fill your coppers with boiling water."

"Mr. Turner, muster all the hats and peajackets, and stick one on each handspeak near about the ports; it will make him think that we are well manned; and trice up all the ports, sir, and put a log of wood out of each, and give them a dab of black paint."

Mr. Tompkins, send old Brown to the helm, and tell him to *steer small*."

These arrangements being completed, I went down below and loaded my arms, and on examining the Doctor, I found that he was quite familiar with the instrument of death, the rifle; I accordingly gave him my flask and bag of balls and other materials, telling him I should call upon him to load for me when the time came:

"Oh, neber fear, Massa—gib us breeze and him no catch us so easy," said he, grinning from ear to ear, and whetting his long knife on a stone.

I put a ball and four slugs into my double barrel, and a handful of buckshot into my "duck-er," and a *quantum sufficit* of balls into the pistols. I had scarcely made these arrangements when Tompkins called—

"He's sweeping his bow off, sir, and I reckon he's going to slap 'long Tom' into us."

I jumped on deck, and, as it was now dead calm, it was too evident this was his intention.

"Down flat upon deck, every soul of you,"

shouted I. All obeyed except Tompkins, who coolly looked through the glass.

"There she flashes, sir," and in another instant a heavy shot whistled through our main-top-gallant-sail.

"He shoots well, that's a fact," said Tompkins.

I looked as the smoke lazily curled away, and saw that he had not the same flag flying. "Tompkins, what is that at the peak?"

"It looks, sir, like a red shirt with the Doctor's head in it, and a couple of bones rigged across his chin."

Sure enough, it was a red flag, with a black death's head, and marrow-bones painted on it. I cannot say that I felt relieved at these symptoms; yet my mind was made up that we were lost, and it remained only for us to die game. There seemed nothing short of Providence to save us; if it remained calm, he would bore us through with his long gun; if it breezed up, he could outsail us.

"Mr. Tompkins, keep an eye to him, and let me know of any movement. Mr. Turner, bend on the weather studding sails, all ready to run out; perhaps we can out sail him off the wind when the breeze comes."

This order was scarcely obeyed, when Tompkins reported—"They are getting a tackriggin', sir, to hoist out their launch and board us, by Heavens!"

"I like that, Mr. Tompkins, for the rascally captain and half his crew will come in her, certain of an easy prey; but if my aim don't fail me, few of that boat's crew will return, be they more or less. Mr. Turner, hoist those two guns up on the poop at once, for if we want them at all, it will be over the stern. Are you a good shot, Mr. Tompkins?"

"When I was young, sir, I was called a little the best shot in Kennebuak, and I guess I could fetch a turkey at a hundred yards now with a straight rifle."

"Then, sir, do you take charge of the twelve muskets, and let Jim load for us as fast as you fire, while the Doctor and I will keep my own tools busy?"

The pirate's launch was now manned and pulling ten oars at us lustily, while a group of men were collected forward and in the stern sheets of her, perhaps twenty or twenty-five altogether scarcely a mile astern, and as we were almost entirely becalmed, gained rapidly on us. There was no occasion to call the people aft to give my orders, for they were collected round the capstan with anxious faces and blanched checks.

"If they succeed in getting alongside, boys," said I, "we will retreat with our arms to the cabin, and let them board us, and through the windows and cabin door we may clear the decks; if not, I shall reserve my last pistol for the powder magazine, which is at hand, and we will all go together, and disappoint the rascals."

"But I trust it will not be necessary to come to that. Nail down the forecabin, Mr. Turner. If they get alongside, mind every one retreat to the cabin, or die like a dog on deck, if he pleases."

"There they shoot, sir, and pull ahead as if after a whale," said the mate; "and here comes a little breeze too—perhaps it will strike us before the villains get near enough."

"They are in the range of the rifle, sir."

"No, sir, wait until they get near enough to be sure of the leader—within a hundred yards."

There she breezes, thank God! 'Good full,' Brown, and nothing off. We have the breeze before the schooner, but it is very light yet, and the launch gains fast. Now, Doctor, stand by, mind you, ram the balls home, be cool, never mind the patches. Stand by, Tompkins, aim at the group in the bow, while I take the stern; are you ready?"

"Yes sir!"

"Fire!" and down went the rascal at the tiller, and one also at the bow.

"Load her quick, Doctor, and let me give them Joe Manton; in the mean time fire away Tompkins, as fast as you please, only take good aim—be cool."

"Cool as a cucumber, sir."

My double-barrelled gun dropped one oar in the water, and caused some confusion in the after part of the boat.

"Put it into them, sir—we have not lost a ball yet. Give me the rifle, Doctor."

"Yes, sir, she is ready. I spit on the bait for luck."

This discharge caused them, with the increased breeze, to lay on their oars an instant, and then pull round for the schooner; they had only six oars out.

"Three cheers my lads, and fire as long as you can reach them. There, the schooner begins to feel the breeze. Mr. Turner, run up the weather studding sails—keep her off two points, for he must pick up his boat. There, she breezes, thank Heaven! steady, Mr. Brown, steady."

"Steady, sir."

"Keep her straight, for your life. Steward, give the lads a glass of grog at once."

By the time the schooner had picked up her boat and hoisted her on board, we had gained a mile or two, and we were now going eight or nine knots with a free wind.

"Watch her close, Tompkins; let me know if she gains on us."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Mr. Turner, we are a little by the stern; carry every thing portable chock forward—carpenter's chest, harness; roll those two after casks forward—be lively, sir. Swab those guns out, Doctor, we'll have another dab at them yet, I fear, for he sails like a witch."

"Yes, sir, him going to Africa, ivory and gold dust—dat's what they call nigger trading."

"She gains, sir, but slowly; he hasn't got the best of the breeze yet, perhaps."

"So, that will do, Mr. Turner, now get a small pull of your weather top-sail and top-gallant braces. Well, sir—well all!"

"They are hoisting that great square sail, sir, and she springs to it like a tiger."

"Mr. Turner, slack a little of your top-mast, and top-gallant backstays to the windward—carefully, sir, not much—and then send all chock forward—every pound will help."

"Four bells, sir; hold the reel."

"No, never mind the bells, nor the reel, Tompkins; what use is it to us now? Keep your eye on the schooner, and let me know when the six pounders will tell on him; and we may shoot away his top-mast by good luck."

"Ay, ay, sir."

Tompkins was so mechanically correct in every thing that he would, no doubt, have brought his quadrant on deck and observed for the sun, if it had been noon, and I had not interfered. He was as cool as possible, and his conduct seemed to put nerve into the men.

"He gains fast, sir; I can see the red cap on the rascal at the helm—let me give him a shot, sir."

"Well, sir, fire away if you think you can reach him. Doctor, bring your loggerhead, and when I give the word, *touch her quick!* So, lift her breech a little Tom, so, so, stand by—*give it to her!*" and away went our little shot and struck the water about two-thirds of the way to the schooner.

"Load up again, Tompkins, and leave out the canister, and the shot will go straighter; aim higher than before, say the royal—now give it to him!"

"Plump into her square sail, sir; but forty thousand such would not hit him hard. Oh, if we only could borrow his Long Tom for an hour or two. The Sarpint is sure of us or he would fire it himself."

At this crisis the chase was only a mile or a mile and a half astern, and could easily have bored us through; but I presume he was afraid to yaw his vessel enough to bring the gun to bear, and it would no doubt kill his wind in a considerable degree, and, as he was gaining perceptibly, he calculated to be alongside of us long before night.

"Load up again, sir, and I will try my luck for it must be a mere chance shot that does him any harm."

"All ready, sir."

"Stand by, Doctor, and when I give the word touch her quick—fire."

The shot struck the water just under the bow.

"Now for the other gun; I shall do better—ready—fire! His top-mast totters! it falls, by heavens!"

A spontaneous cheer from our crew seemed to assure us of safety. "Give me the glass boy. They are cutting the wreck away as fast as possible, still determined to overhaul us. Keep off two points, round in the weather braces a full, run out that lower studding-sail—be handy, lads. Watch the rascals, Mr. Tompkins, and let us know if we gain on him."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The breeze was now fresh, well on the quarter, and we were sure to gain on him until his top-mast can be replaced, which, with a large and active crew, bent on revenge, would cost him but an hour's work.

"She drops, sir, she drops! I can but just see that nigger's head on the flag; half an hour ago I could see the marrow bones."

"Very well, sir, let the people get a bite of dinner, for we shall have much work to do yet to get clear of him, if we do not."

"I don't know what more we can do sir, unless we grease the bottom," said Tompkins, with a smile.

"We have yet one principal resort, my dear sir, and we will do it the moment we get something to work upon, if he gains upon us."

Tompkins cut a new quid of tobacco, of which he had made uncommonly free use that morning, and by that only did he show any sign of anxiety.

"Get your dinners, Mr. Tompkins and Mr. Turner; I can't go down to eat while that fellow is dogging us. Send me a bite of biscuit, and a glass of wine."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It was now about one o'clock, and the schooner dropping slowly, while the preparation to fit a new top mast were accordingly progressing.—

In ten minutes all hands were again on deck, anxiously watching. As Tompkins came on deck, I heard him say to Turner—

"Consarn me, if I know what the old man is going at; we've done all human nature can do, and he's not given to praying."

"How long, Tompkins, will it take him to catch us, when he makes all sail again, at the rate he gained before?"

"Three or four hours, sir. He will be alongside before sunset, I reckon."

By two o'clock, his top-sail and tog-gallant were again set; and twenty minutes more, in his studding sails, royal and ringtail, and it was evident that he began to gain apace, though now more than four miles astern,

"Mr. Tompkins, we will now try our last resort."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Break open the hatches, saw the rail and bulwarks off abreast them, and tumble up those bales as fast as possible."

This idea had evidently never entered into the heads of any of the crew or officers; and the long faces with which they had seen the pirate gaining on us, were instantly changed to faces of hope. In ten minutes the cook and the second mate had sawed off the rail and bulwarks, the hatches were off, and the bales coming up faster than any ever before came out of her, and overboard.

"Look to your trim, Mr. Tompkins, do not take too many from one side. Send boy Jim on the poop to keep an account of the number as they pass by. Over with them, boys, you are now working for your lives." But no encouragement was necessary, for the men, striped to their trousers only, worked like tigers,

"Mr. Tompkins, cut away the stern boat; every little helps—let her go, sir, at once—that's it. These large bales will oblige him to steer wild or to run against them."

We continued this work for nearly an hour, before we began perceptibly to gain on the schooner. But by four o'clock he had dropped more than a mile; yet to make sure, we did not abate our exertions until five o'clock, when four hundred out of a thousand bales had been thrown over. During the operation I could hardly refrain from laughing at the remarks which escaped from the men after we began to gain.

"Huzza, boys!" said one, "over with them, the under-writers are rich."

"Watch there—watch!" cried another, as he rolled a bale over; "them will do for him to buy piggers with."

"I wish my old woman had a bale of that," said the Doctor.

As soon as the pirate discovered that we were gaining, he gave us several shots from his Long Tom, but the distance was too great, and by sunset he was hull down from the poop; a few minutes after he hauled in his square-sail and studding-sails, and rounded too; and when last seen, was very busy in picking up the bale goods, which would no doubt come in play, though not quite so acceptable to him as the dollars would have been, sweetened with blood. At dusk, we could but just discern the villain, lying to.

"See all secure in hold, Mr. Tompkins, and put on the hatches; and as we have a steady trade-wind, let her go till midnight South South-West; and let all hands get some rest. I must do the same, for I am nearly done up."

The excitement being over, I was nearly pros-

trate, and after thanking God with more fervor and sincerity than I prayed before, I threw myself into my berth, but had a feverish and dreamy sleep till twelve o'clock, when my trusty mate called me according to orders.

"Twelve o'clock, sir."

"How is the wind and weather?"

"Fresh trade, sir—clear and pleasant—moon just rising—going nine, large."

"Take in the lower studding-sail, Tompkins, and haul up South and East, if she'll go it good full."

"Ay, ay, sir."

It is sufficient to inform the patient reader that we saw no more of the pirate, and made much better progress now that our bonny barque was in ballast trim only. We finished our passage without further trouble. Many were the jokes cracked by all hands, as they talked over the events of that day's excitement. The underwriters not only paid for the cargo thrown overboard at once, on receiving the news, but, on learning the particulars, voted a piece of plate for me, and a gratuity in cash for the mates and men in equal value.

In conclusion, I have merely to remark, that the above tale is founded on facts, and is not expected to interest any, except nautical men, being too full of technicalities to amuse the general reader, and too imperfect to claim the notice of the literati.

Recollections of the last Sixty Years.—No. 9.

By Col. J. JOHNSTON, of Piqua.

I spent some of my early years in the ancient town of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in the family of an aged, respectable citizen—the late Judge John Creigh. Gen. Armstrong was born in that town—the son of Gen. John Armstrong of the revolution—who was from the same parish in the county of Fermanagh, Ireland, from which my honoured father and mother emigrated to the United States, sixty years ago, and where I was born, in the year 1775. In passing home from Washington to the west, I think in 1809, I took the town of Carlisle in my route; and called to see my old and venerable preceptor, Judge Creigh. The conversation turned upon Gen. Armstrong, then the Minister of the United States in France. The old Judge remarked—he was born here; I have known him from infancy; was a bad boy, is a bad man; and although possessed of talents, he never had any good principles—and added, that the President could not have sent a more suitable tool to the Court of St. Cloud—alluding to the total disregard of the just rights of nations and individuals which dictated the policy of Bonaparte. This was the opinion of one who knew the author of the Newburg letters, and corresponded exactly with that which I afterwards formed of the man, on reading some of his orders to Gen. Harrison—orders which if carried out, would have disgraced any civilized nation in the world.

Governor Harrison was superintendent of In-

dian affairs within Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. His power and patronage were very extensive; in a great measure unlimited. Mr. Jefferson had the most unbounded confidence in his patriotism, wisdom, and integrity. I have no recollection of the Executive ever having negatived any of his recommendations. His numerous treaties with the Indians of the Northwest were conceived and executed in the spirit of paternal kindness and benevolence: his government over them was distinguished for mercy and liberality, wisdom and justice. In 1840 I received a message from Caldwell, the Putawatimie chief, as follows:—My old friend and father Johnston, I still hold you fast by the hand, even up to the shoulder, (meaning that nothing could break his friendship for me.) I have been for three years past invited by my father, (meaning the representative of Mr. Van Buren) to come and make a treaty with him. I have shut my ears against him, for he is a liar and speaks with two tongues. But I hear my old friend and father, Harrison, is soon to become President, and when he becomes my father again, I will go and settle the business of my nation with him. And although I fought hard against him last war I know him to be honest, and will not cheat or tell me lies. About the same time I received many messages of gratulation from other Indian chiefs. They were all delighted at the prospect of Harrison becoming their great father. Poor fellows, his death blasted all their hopes. More than once the President declared in my hearing his firm purpose of having a total change made in the government of the Indians. They and the old soldiers of the campaigns of Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne, were looking up to him for justice long delayed. Had Providence spared him they would not have been disappointed. Years before his election he told me he was so annoyed by the applications of old soldiers that he thought he should be compelled to spend a winter at Washington, in order to make known their claims to Congress; but he said his finances would illy justify the expense.

Pending the presidential election in 1840, Gen. Harrison was occasionally an inmate at Upper Piqua. He was there a few months previous to the death of my beloved wife, she had enjoyed his acquaintance for almost forty years, and took a deep interest in all that concerned his happiness and fame. She was an humble, pious and devoted christian, and cherished a sincere desire to see all others in possession of those hopes which sustained her through a life spent in the wilds of the west under circumstances of more than ordinary trial and difficulty. She sought an opportunity of conversing with the General on the subject of religion, urging upon him that as he was getting old it was time he should turn his

attention to the close of his earthly career, and seek his peace with God in the gospel of his Son. He replied that he was long convinced it was his duty to make a public profession of christianity, that the people of the United States had made him a candidate for the Presidency, that if he was then to unite with the church it would be ascribed to a desire for popularity, and would do the cause of religion a serious injury and make himself the subject of uncharitable remarks in the political journals, but, said he, as soon as this contest for the Presidency is over, let it be adverse or prosperous to myself, it is my purpose if my life is spared, to make a public profession of religion after the inauguration. It is well known that the President had the proper understanding with the Rev. Doctor Hawley of St. John's Church in Washington, to become a member of that church on Easter Sunday, April, 1841. The Dr. stated this fact over his remains. Late in March, 1841, I went to the President's house on a Sunday evening, the whole house was filled with visitors of all sorts, I was pained to see this, on account of the character of its incumbent; at last an opportunity occurred of my speaking to the President, I told him I was sorry to see the house the resort of such a multitude of idle persons on the Sabbath day, that I feared those matters would get into the newspapers and injure his character. He said he regreted much himself that persons would visit him on that day, that the city was full of people and all wanted to see him, but as soon as the crowd dispersed and went home; that house in future would be closed against all visits on the Sabbath day. He remarked further, to shew you how much I have been engaged since coming into this house, I do not know a servant in it but the porter at the door, I do not know the man that cooks my dinner. Both before and after the inauguration, the President had seen fit to notice myself on several occasions, and made me the medium of confidential communication between himself and others; this gave me out of doors, with many persons, the character of a favourite. I was therefore frequently called upon to present persons to the President elect and the President defacto. I evaded this as much as possible, because the calls were so frequent as to give the General the most serious annoyance. At times I had so many individuals to present that it became necessary to have a written list of the names and read them off at the presentation. At length I concluded to decline all further service in that way, out of regard to the value of the President's time, his comfort and peace. A few days before I left the city, a member of Congress called on me to present a friend of his to the President, remarking that he had not time to go himself. I said I had declined taking any one there

for some days, but to oblige him would take his friend, and named the hour at which I would be ready. The gentleman came, and we repaired to the White House; I introduced my friend, the Rev. Mr. Hand, of the Methodist church, from the lower counties of Pennsylvania. The President replied, I am under obligations to the Methodists, for they all voted for me. Yes, said I, General, and all the praying people of the U. States voted for you. I believe it was so, was his reply. I spoke to him twice in favour of some democratic gentlemen in office who were apprehensive of being displaced. I knew them to be good officers, and as far as I could ascertain had not interfered with the elections of the people. He said he did not wish to turn any deserving man out of office, but the office holders had so generally perverted their official influence and power to control the elections every where, that he believed if he did justice to the country very few of them could be retained; if his life was spared he would see that in future they would let the people do their own voting. An old resident in Washington remarked to myself, your President will be the most popular man in Washington of any that has ever occupied the White House. Although he has been here but a month, he is so much out among the people that more persons know him already than knew Mr. Van Buren in all his four years.

A Glossary.

The modern peripatetics who go about picking pockets by law, take as many liberties with the English language as they do with the public at large. They not only call themselves by new names, as other depredators on society are known by *aliases*, but they assume time honored titles which have been borne by some of the most distinguished names in Science and the Arts. As a landmark for future reference, I propose to record what these titles once meant, lest that meaning should be lost sight of, as is threatened by their innovations and assumptions.

A *professor* once signified a man who having devoted almost a lifetime to the study of some particular Science, became so eminent for his knowledge as to be called to teach it within the walls of an University. *Porson* on Philology, *Davy* and *Faraday* on Chemistry, *Lardner* on Astronomy, were known as *Professors* world wide. *McClellan* and *Mott*, *Silliman*, *Hare* and *Locke* have sustained the same title in our own country, in various departments of Science with honor to themselves and the community of which they make a part. Now we have for Professors such men as *Gouraud*, *Smith*, *Bronson*, &c., mere vagabond empirics in mnemotechny, mesmerism, neurology, &c.

Originally the title Doctor signified learned and wise, and it has accordingly been conferred in past ages upon men distinguished above their fellows in theology, law, medicine, &c. Now, every man, however illiterate, who practices medicine is a Doctor, equally with the most renowned physician. Every apothecary's boy also is dubbed Doctor now-a-days.

Once the performer on the fiddle was a fiddler, on the harp, a harper, on the fife, a fifer, on the drum, a drummer. These are now named by themselves. The fiddler is a *violinist*, or *violincellist*, the harper, a *harpist*, the piano and flute players are *pianists* and *flutists*. I believe we have not got so far yet as to honor the drummer and fifer by the title *drumist* or *fifist*—this, if they exhibited themselves in public halls, would doubtless have been long since the case.

What was once a milliner is now a *modist*. Do not mistake the word for *modest*. The two terms have nothing in common. The writing master is metamorphosed into a *calligraphist*, as the editor will doubtless soon be into a *paragaphist*. The old fashioned pastry cook is now an *artiste*. What was a public singer in former days is in modern times a vocalist, if a squaller in petticoats, a *cantatrice*. *Cockatrice* I should think a more expressive and appropriate term. An impudent hussy, whose exposure of her nakedness would once have brought blushes on the cheeks of the spectators, is a *danseuse*—Fanny Elsler for example. Let me not forget in this list of these distinguished characters the corn curer. He is in modern days a *chiropedist*.

The Ne Plus Ultra of Rivalry.

At New York and Philadelphia, as well as at Cincinnati and New Orleans, the security of Iron Fire Safes forms a subject of lively interest. But I have never seen the professional spirit, as well as local characteristics, more fully developed than in a late *New Orleans* print, in which one safe dealer proposes to his competitor to submit their respective Safes to the usual ordeal of fire, *each party to be locked up in his own safe*! as test of the sincerity of his confidence in its incombustibility. His antagonist declines it, *only*, as he says, because it would bring the parties under the stringent provisions respecting duelling incorporated into the new constitution of Louisiana!!

The Masonic Hall.

Only two years since and Cincinnati was more deficient in halls for concerts or lectures, than any city of equal size and importance in our republic. We have now reversed this order of things in the erection of *Concert Hall*, *Washington Hall*, *Masonic* and *Odd Fellows Halls*, the hall in Mr. *Williams'* buildings, corner Fourth

and Walnut, and the great hall in the new *College* edifice. The last three are not finished, of course their, acoustic character and capacity for public use cannot be accurately known. But the hall of the Masonic building has now been fully tested, and the result is truly gratifying to our city pride. It has been pronounced by those who have given concerts within its walls to be unique in its adaptation to such purposes. Those who have exhibited in the *Musical Fund Hall*, Philadelphia, the *Apollo Hall*, Louisville, and the *Armory Hall*, New Orleans, which bear a high reputation in this line, give the Masonic Hall the preference, and indeed assert that if this last were furnished in the style of the Armory Hall, it would be unrivaled for concert exhibitions by any saloon they have seen in *London* itself.

I can furnish responsible names for this testimonial, and of persons who have traveled professionally through all the principal places in the United States.

The Masonic Hall room it will be recollected, is 51 by 112 feet on the floor, and 23 feet in height.

Small Pox and Vaccination.

Rules and hints to the Physicians and the People.

1st. Vaccine matter should always be selected, and none taken except from perfectly healthy subjects.

2d. The longer the pustule continues after vaccination the more perfect the protection will be, and the better will be the matter to vaccinate others with.

3d. As a general rule, I would take no matter from any subject, to vaccinate others with, that had not passed at least fifteen days from the time of vaccination; I should never take matter from any patient that had broken the pustule, by scratching or any other means; nor if local inflammation had been caused by taking cold, or otherwise.

4th. The patient should be examined on the fourth day after vaccination. If there be any doubt as to its having taken effect, he should be vaccinated in the other arm. The patient should be examined also on the eighth or ninth day. If there be no fever, or other constitutional symptoms, such as soreness of the axillary glands, &c. he should be vaccinated in the other arm. He should be seen again on the sixteenth day. If the pustule shall have become dry, and crust perfect, it should then be taken off, if it can be, if not, another examination on the 17th or 18th day will be necessary.

5th. If the pustule dries up, forming a scab, before the 15th day, I should consider it imperfect, and vaccinate the patient again. Because in many cases the vaccine disease is a mere local affection—and when it is so it can of course afford no protection against Small Pox. This local character is readily seen in the absence of fever on the eighth or ninth day, absence of soreness in the axillary glands, and in the short duration of the pustule.

6th. I recommend re-vaccination in all cases in which there is any doubt of its previous efficiency.

In such cases I never depend upon the appearance of the scab, nor the memory of the patient as to the soreness of the arm, &c., nor upon any other testimony than that of the Physician who vaccinated the patient the first time. If this be not satisfactory, according to the above rules, I re-vaccinate.

I have never seen a person that I *knew* had been perfectly vaccinated, take either vaccination a second time, or varioloid, or small pox.

The scar is not to be depended upon. It can only inform us that vaccination has been *attempted*—the pustule may have been scratched, or opened in some other way; a common sore may have left the scar. Non-medical people are not good judges as to the perfection of vaccination. I have in numerous instances produced the perfect vaccine disease in persons that showed good scars, and who said they had been well vaccinated, that their arms were "*very sore*," &c. &c.

I was vaccinated in the fall of 1818. I have repeatedly, even an hundred times, vaccinated myself since—last fall, (1845) particularly, I vaccinated myself ten times—but it did not, in any one instance, take effect. When the Small Pox was so prevalent, in the years 1822, 1823, and 1824, I was constantly amongst it, often having an hundred or more patients at a time among the poor. I never had the slightest symptom of the disease.

I believe the present prevalence of Small Pox to be owing to inattention to patients after the insertion of the virus. The common price for vaccination (\$1) is a mere nominal affair—it does not pay a physician for even three, to say nothing of *four* visits. Hence it is often the case that the Physician inserts the matter in the arm, and never sees the patient afterwards. The mere fact of the operation satisfies the patient and his friends. It may not have taken effect at all; it may have taken, but some accident destroyed its effect upon the constitution. And hence this great preventive of one of the most terrible scourges of the world is brought into disrepute. I do not believe that the preventive effects of *perfect* vaccination ever "wear out." My own experience is upwards of 27 years. From 1819 to 1822, inclusive, I vaccinated upwards of 33,000 persons. I have seen great numbers of them since, time and again, but have never found one that had taken Varioloid or Small Pox. But I have always been particular in the selection of matter to vaccinate with. I prefer that which has been on the arm full fifteen, and from that up to 17, 18, or even 20 days; and that from *full grown persons, when possible*; robust and healthy patients always; rejecting that from all others. I never take matter from doubtful sources.

I feel very certain, that, if these hints could be taken and acted upon by all our physicians and the people, the Small Pox would be completely extirpated in a month. I offer them with much diffidence, and certainly with due deference to the faculty.

GIDEON B. SMITH, M. D.

An Indian Name.

One of the most beautiful and picturesque villages on Long-Island, has for many years been doomed to the infliction of the name of Oyster, or Clam Bay. The inhabitants have recently restored its ancient and euphonic Indian name of Syosset, and the Postmaster General has consented to the change.

Ninth Ward,—Cincinnati.

This is the region of Cincinnati which lies north of Sixth and east of Main streets; and as it embraces, north of the Miami Canal, the original German settlement in our city, it is pretty compactly built up—at least in its western sections.

The public buildings of this ward are 14—in number as follows: the Woodward and St. Xavier Colleges; Court House and Public Offices adjacent; Jail; Engine Houses, on Sycamore and Webster streets; School House, on Franklin st.; German Reformed Church, on Webster street; Episcopal, on Pendleton; Methodist, on Webster; Roman Catholic, on Sycamore streets, and the Coloured Methodist, on New street.

The aggregate of buildings in the Ninth Ward is 1299; bricks 564, frames 733, stone 2.

Of these there were, at the close of 1842,

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
	352	633	985
Built in 1843,	81	34	115
" " 1844,	45	35	80
" " 1845,	86	31	117
	564	733	1297

The only part of the ward which admits of much future occupation with buildings, is the northeast corner, being the territory lying north of the Lebanon road and east of Broadway.

Chronological Table.

March 4th.—First meeting of Congress at New York City; Washington chosen President, 1789. Saladin, died, 1193.

5th.—Battle of Barossa, 1811. Dr. Parr, died, 1825.

6th.—Battle of Alamo, in which Col. Crocket was killed, 1836. Michael Angelo, born, 1475.

8th.—Raphael, born, 1483. William III, died, 1702.

9th.—David Rizzio, assassinated, 1566.

10th.—Death of Benjamin West, in London, 1820.

Irish Advantages.

"Recollect, Mr. Falcon, I positively went go to Ireland unless the situation is permanent, and the country quiet." "Dublin is as safe as London, my dear," said Falcon; "indeed safer, if possible, for I am told it has lately been fortified. I know something about fortifications. When I was Deputy store-keeper at the Tower."—"I don't like the idea of living in fortified places," replied the mother Falcon, not waiting for the close of this interesting chapter in her husband's life. "It's not pleasant to think of being besieged, sacked, and ransacked. I have heard of women being sacked; they do it in Turkey constantly, and throw them into the Phosphorous. I'm not a coward, I flatter myself I'm as stout as any woman, and I was never ashamed to own it; but I do not like to be *hors de combat*."

"Indeed, mamma," said Emily, "Ireland is quite as safe a country to live in as England. Nobody is ever shot but a tyrannical landlord occasionally."—*The Falcon Family; or Young Ireland.*

To Readers.

The great extent to which emigration to Cincinnati prevails, serves to keep up scattering cases of small pox here. On this account, and for the benefit alike of medical men and their patients, I publish an article on vaccination, from the pen of Dr. Smith, an eminent physician of Baltimore, which embodies valuable testimony as well as advice on this important subject.

I consider it the most explicit and intelligent, as well as conclusive evidence in favour of the absolute security afforded by vaccination which has ever fallen under my notice.

Smart Boy.

A wealthy squire had a little son whose name was Tommy, and Tommy had a little drum. He one day lost his drumstick in a draw well, much to his mortification; but great as was his loss, he too well knew that no one would go to the bottom to recover his toy. So Tommy dropped a silver punch ladle into the well. The ladle was missed, and a hue and cry was raised. "I think," said Tommy, "I saw something shining down the well." The groom was ordered into a bucket to make a voyage of discovery, and was lowered to the bottom, where sure enough, he found the ladle. The handle was put in motion to raise him from the well, when Tommy, squeezing his head between the servants who clustered round the mouth, squeaked down to the groom, "Perhaps, while you are there, you'll get me my drum-stick!"

Period of Lives.

A boar rarely exceeds twenty years, yet we have known some much older; lions are long lived—except the lion of the day; a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years—but gray hairs are often much older; rabbits seven.

Epicures live broad but not very long. Mules seldom die. The life of the sea-serpent is thought to be circular. The moon gets old every lunar month, and young as often. Methusalem's gender is thought to be yet living. A boat at sea lives till it gets swamped. Clover, or prairie lands, generally dies out the second year. The horse radish, like the red horse, lives till it is killed. Human life is said to be but a *span*—which we presume means single and not married life. Men and things generally die when they can't live any longer.

A Pertinent Reply.

It is said a subject of the King of Prussia, a talented mechanic, being about to emigrate to America, was arrested and brought before his majesty.

"Well, my good friend," said the king, "how can we persuade you to remain in Prussia."

"Most gracious sire, only by making Prussia what America is."

He was allowed to emigrate.

CINCINNATI MISCELLANY.

CINCINNATI, MARCH, 1846.

Recollections of the last Sixty Years.—No. 10.

By Col. J. JOHNSTON, of Piqua.

I was a member of the Harrisburg Convention, and in order to perform all the service I could to my old and honoured chief, and with a view of mixing with the middling and lower classes of the people as much as possible, I performed the whole journey, going and returning, on horseback, always stopping at the taverns frequented by wagoners, farmers, mechanics and working men. I thus had unrestrained access to the rank and file of the political army. I could tell them more about Old Tip, as they called him, than ever they had heard before. I had large audiences;—some times the bar-room could not contain the people; dozens would be pressing me to drink with them because I could tell them so many good things about Old Tip;—his popularity was unbounded: payment of my tavern bills were often refused because I was his friend and of the convention that was going to make him President, for from the day I set out for Harrisburg until the election was over, I never once doubted of his success: the evidence met me at every step of my journey. The last time that Gen. Harrison slept under my roof, was in the summer of 1840. He was expected in the town of Piqua in the evening. I went down to meet him, and for the purpose of bringing him home, that he might be quiet and refreshed with comfortable quarters, a good bed and sleep, all of which he greatly needed. He had reached the town, and was surrounded at Tuttle's hotel, with an immense crowd, so that it was some time before I could get near to him. The people were already making a platform of boxes in the street, to get him out to speak. He had rode near fifty miles the same day, and delivered three speeches. I asked if he had any refreshment since his arrival? None whatever. I ordered some tea, ham, and bread and butter, and after partaking, he was on the stand and spoke an hour. Col. Chambers took his place, and I slipped the General through the crowd to my house, three miles off. After supper we sat up late, talking about old times. He asked me how I got along since being turned out of the service by Gen. Jackson. I replied, as well as I could; that I had not wealth, but a competency; kept out of debt, and made the two

ends of the year meet. He said he could not do so well; and asked me, why did you not speculate and make a fortune, as other men did in the service? I told him he had always enjoined upon his subordinates, that we should never apply the money of the public to private purposes, and that he had always enforced this rule, both by precept and example; and in a pleasant mood observed—if there is any one to blame why I have not made a fortune, it is yourself. He laughed at my rejoinder. I must have handled from first to last, a million and a half of the public money, and I am very confident that I never applied one hundred dollars of that sum to private purposes, over and above my stated compensation. The practise of doing so was unknown to the service in those times. Governor Harrison would never touch the public money, but would always give drafts on the proper department, accompanying the bills and accounts rendered. If Providence had spared him he would have proved a blessing to the whole nation. Honest and without guile himself, he would, as far as lay in his power, make the public servants honest also.

Among the numerous persons who visited Gen. Harrison at my house, was the venerable Boyer, at that time eighty-seven years of age; beyond all dispute the last survivor of Washington's guard, for the original discharge I have seen and copied and could verify the same, as being in the proper hand writing of Col. Cobb, the aid-de-camp, and bearing the genuine signature of the commander-in-chief. The following notice of the death of this aged patriot soldier, was published at the time:—

From the Ohio State Journal.

Mr. Scott:—I will thank you to republish from the last Piqua Register, the obituary notice of the venerable Boyer, who died in my county (Miami,) on Saturday, the 23d ultimo. Many of your readers in this city will doubtless remember the iron frame and commanding person of the patriot whig soldier, who rode the white horse, with the war saddle equipments of Washington, in the great Whig Convention of 1840, carrying the banner inscribed—"the last of Washington's life guards."

He was my neighbour for more than thirty years past; an ardent, unwavering whig; and it

was my purpose to have made the effort of taking him to Baltimore, as my colleague to the Whig National Convention, in May next. Death, which destroys all the hopes of man, has in this case, alas! disappointed me. My old friend—the friend, follower, and protector of Washington in many a well fought field, has gone to the grave full of years and full of honours. It will be seen by the date of his discharge, that he served to the latest period, the revolutionary army having been disbanded many months before.

JOHN JOHNSTON,
Of Piqua, Ohio.

Columbus, October 2, 1843.

From the Piqua Register, September 30.

DEATH OF A SOLDIER.

DIED—At his residence in this vicinity, on Saturday evening last, Lewis Boyer, a patriot of the revolution, aged eighty-seven years. As the highest testimony that could be offered of the fidelity with which he served his country in the dark hour of her severest trials, we publish the copy of his discharge from the American army at the close of the revolution. The original, to which is attached the name of the commander-in-chief, in his own hand-writing, was carefully preserved by the deceased until the day of his death; and has been kindly furnished by one of the family for the purpose of copying.

*By His Excellency George Washington, Esq.,
General and Commander-in-Chief of the forces
of the United States of America:*

The bearer, Lewis Boyer, private dragoon in the independent troop of horse, commanded by Major Van Herr, being enlisted for the war, and having served the term of his engagement, consented to continue in the service until the 31st day of December inst., from which date he is hereby discharged from the American army; and in consequence of his attention and fidelity, the commander-in-chief, being authorized by a resolution of Congress, presents him with the horse, arms and accoutrements now in his possession, as a gratuity.

Given at Philadelphia, this 10th day of December, 1783.

(Signed) GEORGE WASHINGTON.

By His Excellency's command,

(Signed) DAVID COBB, Aid-de-Camp.

The deceased had enjoyed remarkable health throughout his whole life. When taken ill he refused all medical aid; and stated that he had never at any time during his long life, "taken medicine," but nature, which had always been his physician, could no longer act efficiently. His time had come; the last enemy was before him; the courage of his youth sustained him;—

he died as he had lived, a true soldier. At his own request, made some time ago, he received a military burial. The Piqua Light Infantry, commanded by Col. Adams, and the Cavalry, under Capt. Barney, performed the solemn duty. The funeral was attended by two thousand persons.

A few more years and those brave hearts,

Once so faithful and so true,
Will all be cold in death. Those

Who linger yet a while,

As the last bough upon a tree,

Are sear and shrivelled as the autumn leaf. Their season has been a long and honourable one;—they, too, have one more battle to fight, after which may they have—

"Rest, eternal rest."

In this, my second communication for your paper, I have written more than intended in the beginning. The character and services of Gen. Harrison, is a theme which requires an abler pen than mine. It is delightful to hold up such a man to the example of his country. The paltry sum of \$24,000 was grudged to his widow and children by the demagogues and mock patriots of the day; yet four times that sum, nor any sum of money, would be but a poor price for the legacy left to his country by a long life of high and holy patriotism; of unsullied integrity and honour in the discharge of the innumerable important public trusts committed to him in a period of forty years service.

By the conflagration of the establishments of the Indian department at Fort Wayne, by the Indians, last war, I lost nearly all my books and papers, and have to write altogether from memory. If spared life and health, you may expect further communications.

Your friend and ob't serv't,

JOHN JOHNSTON.

CHARLES CIST, Esq.

Cotton Cloth.

It has always been matter of surprise to me that the Yankees, with their characteristic ingenuity, should not have contrived to manufacture, out of our great national staple, *Cotton*, an article superior to the woollen cloths which now constitute the winter's wear of the United States. There can be no question that cotton, woven thick and properly napped, is a warmer dress than can be made of wool, the thickness of the two being alike. This is both the philosophy and the fact in the case. Cotton is a better non conductor of heat than wool, as the *Canton flannel* of the stores serves to prove. It will doubtless be objected that cotton cloth cannot be made to receive as handsome a finish, or dye as perfect as the rival fabric; that it must always be expo-

sed to stains and splashes, which will not brush out as in woolen cloth. Some of these difficulties have never been fairly tested and might be overcome. At any rate there can be little doubt that a thick, well napt, and warm cloth, might be made for those who desire an article to work in, which would not cost one fourth the price of woolen cloth, and be equally comfortable. The very fact of the sale and use of such an article would lower the price of woolen cloths in proportion to the extent to which the cotton cloths would be supplied for use.

The great amount of cassinets, Kentucky jeans and other mixtures of wool and cotton have superseded cloth of wool alone, is an encouragement to the experiment of what may be made of cotton entire.

Eastern Periodicals.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the cheap publications and periodical literature of the East, are supported in the great West. Some interesting details on the subject in the late "*Picture of Cincinnati*," shew the magnitude of the contributions here on that score, so far as the books of the principal book and periodical depot in Cincinnati—that of Robinson & Jones—exhibit it.

Statement of the number of Foreign Periodicals disposed of by Robinson & Jones, during the year ending December 31st, 1845.

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

	Number.
Graham's Magazine, Philadelphia,	7,785
Godey's Lady's Book do,	4,828
Columbian Magazine, New York,	2,312
National do, Philadelphia,	4,425
Arthur's do, do,	1,250
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine,	665
London, Westminster, Foreign and Edinburgh Quarterly Reviews,	208
Democratic Review, New York,	180
American and Whig Review, New York,	208
Eclectic Magazine, Brownson's Reviews, &c.,	336
Littell's Living Age—weekly—Boston,	2,120
Medical Publications,	985
Ferrett's Musical Publications,	1,526

Total, 26,828

NEWSPAPERS.

	No. of copies.
Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia,	2,600
Saturday Courier do,	3,900
Neal's Saturday Gazette, do,	3,000
Dollar Newspaper, do,	2,600
Bennett's Weekly Herald, New York,	4,500
New World, six months, do,	250
Broadway Journal, New Music, &c., do,	1,040
Old Countryman, do,	1,500
Miscellaneous,	800
Foreign Newspapers, including the Pictorial Times and News, Punch, Dublin Nation, Bell's Life in London, &c.,	5,200

Total, 25,390

Besides the depot of Robinson & Jones, there are several other agencies for periodicals; and a great many papers are received directly by subscribers through the mail.

Is it any wonder that we have been heretofore unable to maintain and extend the influence of western literature? And yet we have periodicals—*Mrs. Nichols' "Guest,"* published here—for instance—with which in moral elevation, poetical beauty, and strength of sound teaching, there is nothing at the East to compare.

The Hog Season of 1846.

The Pork Packing season being at an end, the returns of the putting up throughout the west are generally in. The following table furnishes a synopsis of these operations:

	1844.	1845.	1846.
Cincinnati,	240,000	173,000	287,000
Ohio at large,	214,200	149,900	225,600
Ohio,	454,200	322,900	512,600
Indiana,	183,200	119,300	162,600
Illinois and } Missouri, }	84,000	39,000	59,500
Kentucky and } Tennessee, }	102,000	75,000	140,500
Totals,	823,400	556,200	875,200

It will be seen that the general aggregate of 1846 does not much surpass that of 1844, the difference being but six per cent. An equal difference at least exists, however, in the quality and weight, the hogs of the present year being, as a body, the finest ever brought into market. This is owing to the vast increase of the corn production of the west, and the probability, since realized, that pork would bring good prices, inducing farmers to feed hogs, rather than supply distilleries. It must be recollected that the increase of this year has been effected to some extent, by the scarcity of corn in North Carolina and Virginia, which has prompted the drovers from Tennessee and southern Kentucky, to take their hogs to Louisville and Cincinnati. To this extent there was no actual increase of the pork market in the whole country, nor taking into view the late commercial changes in England, is there any probability that the price of pork can fall. On the contrary, it must undoubtedly rise.

Tenth Ward,—Cincinnati.

This ward comprehends that part of the city which lies between Main street and the line of the Miami Canal on Plum street, and between the same canal on the south and the northern Corporation Line. By the formation of this ward, which was taken, nearly a year since, from the Fifth and Seventh Wards, the Fifth has

ceased to be what it has always heretofore been—an outside ward.

The public buildings of the Tenth Ward are 9—Cincinnati Orphan Asylum; the Methodist Protestant and German Reformed Churches, on Elm street, St. Mary's Catholic, German Methodist and German Reformed on Walnut and Thirteenth streets, German Lutheran, on Bremen st., School House, on Thirteenth street, and an Engine House.

The buildings of this ward are—bricks 485, frames 740. Total, 1225.

Of these there were, at the close of the year 1846—

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
	363	700	1063
Built in 1845,	122	40	162
	485	740	1225

This ward is hardly more than one half occupied with buildings, the residue serving as board-yards and burial grounds, and receptacles of temporary sheds, shops and stables.

Virginia; Its History and Antiquities.

This is a work of great interest and value. It is at once a *History* and a *Gazetteer*, the narrative being embellished and popularised, and the *Gazetteer* enlivened with a great variety of interesting revolutionary and pioneer adventures, as well as local facts, not usual in such books. This volume is one of a series of which "New York and New Jersey" and "Pennsylvania," have preceded it, and "Ohio" is proposed as the next. Mr. Howe, the indefatigable and accomplished author, has just left Cincinnati to explore the State for that purpose. I hazard nothing in asserting that the most interesting History of Ohio which has yet appeared will be the fruit of his labours, if individuals in each county who are qualified for the employment, will contribute the necessary local information to the great aggregate.

The plan of these series seems to be—a general outline history of the State from its first settlement, forms the first department; a miscellany, statistical and descriptive, makes up the second division: the last and most extensive section of the book is a delineation of the State by counties, illustrated by various narrative and pictorial sketches. This department is alphabetised. This volume is a rich treat to the antiquarian, for whom it has extracted much valuable fact and incident, a large share of which is to be found no where else; and the residue deriving additional value for being now arranged in the proper place for preservation and reference.

No expense seems to have been spared in getting up this publication, paper, typography and

binding, all being of the best description. Besides innumerable wood cuts of rare excellence, there are various steel engravings of equal merit, including a new map of Virginia.

Among these is a very fine whole length engraving of Washington, in his prime, in full regimentals, standing at his horse's head, from the original painting of Col. Trumbull, pronounced by the Marquis de la Fayette the only likeness competent to do justice to the personal appearance of that great man.

I shall make extracts from time to time for the Advertiser, which shall serve to give some idea of the design and character of this publication.

The Flatboatman of the West.

BY T. B. THORPE.

Occasionally may be seen on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers singularly hearty-looking men, that puzzle a stranger as to their history and age. Their forms always exhibit a powerful development of muscle and bone; their cheeks are prominent, and you would pronounce them men enjoying perfect health in middle life, were it not for their heads, which, if not bald, will be sparsely covered with steel-gray hair. Another peculiarity about this people is, that they have a singular knowledge of all the places on the river; every bar and bend is spoken of with precision and familiarity; every town is recollected before it was half as large as the present, or no town at all. Innumerable places are marked out where once was an Indian fight, or a rendezvous of robbers. The manner, the language, and the dress of these individuals are all characteristic of sterling common sense—the manner modest, yet full of self-reliance; the language strong and forcible, from superiority of mind rather than education; the dress studied for comfort, rather than fashion—on the whole, you become attached to them and court their society. The good humour, the frankness, the practical sense, the reminiscences, the powerful frame—all indicate a character, at the present day anomalous; and such indeed is the case, for your acquaintance will be one of the few remaining people now spoken of as the "last of the flatboat men."

Thirty years ago the navigation of the western waters was confined to this class of men; the obstacles presented to the pursuit in those swift-running and wayward waters had to be overcome by physical force alone; the navigator's arm grew strong as he guided his rude craft past the "snag" and "sawyer," or kept off the no less dreaded "bar." Besides all this, the deep forests that covered the river banks concealed the wily Indian, who gloated over the shedding of blood. The qualities of the frontier warrior associated themselves with the boatmen, while he would, when at home, drop both these characters in the cultivator of the soil. It is no wonder, then, that they were brave, hardy, and open-handed men: their whole lives were a round of manly excitement; they were hyperbolic in thought and in deed, when most natural, compared with any other class of men. Their bravery and chivalrous deeds were performed without a herald to proclaim them to the world—they were the mere incident of a border life, considered too

common to outlive the time of a passing wonder. Obscurity has nearly obliterated the men, and their actions. A few of the former still exist, as if to justify their wonderful exploits, which now live almost exclusively as traditions.

Among the flatboatmen there were none that gained more notoriety than *Mike Fink*. His name is still remembered along the whole of the Ohio as a man who excelled his fellows in every thing,—particularly in his rifle-shot, which was acknowledged to be unsurpassed. Probably no man ever lived who could compete with Mike Fink in the latter accomplishment. Strong as Hercules, free from all nervous excitement, possessed of perfect health, and familiar with his weapon from childhood, he raised the rifle to his eye, and, having once taken sight, it was as firmly fixed as if buried in a rock. It was Mike's pride, and he rejoiced on all occasions where he could bring it into use, whether it was turned against the beast of prey or the more savage Indian; and in his day these last named were the common foe with whom Mike and his associates had to contend. On the occasion that we would particularly introduce Mike to the reader, he had bound himself for a while to the pursuits of trade, until a voyage from the head-waters of the Ohio, and down the Mississippi could be completed. Heretofore he had kept himself exclusively to the Ohio, but a liberal reward, and some curiosity, prompted him to extend his business character beyond his ordinary habits and inclinations. In accomplishment of this object, he was folling carelessly over the big "sweep" that guided the "flat" on which he officiated; the current of the river bore the boat swiftly along, and made his labour light; his eye glanced around him, and he broke forth in ecstasies at what he saw and felt. If there is a river in the world that merits the name of beautiful, it is the Ohio, when its channel is

"Without o'erflowing, full."

The scenery is everywhere soft; there are no jutting rocks, no steep banks, no high hills; but the clear and swift current laves beautiful and unadulterated shores, that descend gradually to the water's edge. The foliage is rich and luxuriant, and its outlines in the water are no less distinct than when it is relieved against the sky. Interspersed along its route are islands, as beautiful as ever figured in poetry as the land of the fairies; enchanted spots indeed, that seem to sit so lightly on the water that you almost expect them, as you approach, to vanish into dreams. So late as when Mike Fink disturbed the solitudes of the Ohio with his rifle, the canoe of the Indian was hidden in the little recesses along the shore; they moved about in their frail barks like spirits; and clung, in spite of the constant encroachments of civilization, to the places which tradition had designated as the happy places of a favoured people.

Wild and uncultivated as Mike appeared, he loved nature, and had a soul that sometimes felt, while admiring it, an exalted enthusiasm. The Ohio was his favourite stream. From where it runs no stronger than a gentle rivulet, to where it mixes with the muddy Mississippi, Mike was as familiar with its meanderings as a child could be with those of a flower-garden. He could not help noticing with sorrow the desecrating hand of improvement as he passed along, and half soliloquizing, and half addressing his companions, he broke forth:—"I knew these parts afore a

squatter's axe had blazed a tree; 'twasn't then pulling a — sweep to get a living; but pulling the trigger business. Those were times to see; a man might call himself lucky. What's the use of improvements? When did cutting down trees make deer more plenty? Who ever found wild buffalo or a brave Indian in a city? Where's the fun, the frolicking, the fighting? Gone! Gone! The rifle won't make a man a living now—he must turn nigger and work. If forests continue to be used up, I may yet be smothered in the settlement. Boys, this 'ere life won't do. I'll stick to the broadhorn 'eordin' to contract; but once done with it, I'm off for a frolic. If the Choctaws or Cherokees on the Massassip don't give us a brush as we pass along, I shall grow as poor as a starved wolf in a pitfall. I must, to live peaceably, point my rifle at something more dangerous than varmint. Six months and no fight would spile me worse than a dead horse on a paratee."

Mike ceased speaking. The then beautiful village of Louisville appeared in sight; the labour of landing the boat occupied his attention—the bustle and confusion that followed such an incident ensued, and Mike was his own master by law until his employers ceased trafficking, and again required his services.

At the time we write of, there were a great many renegade Indians who lived about the settlements, and which is still the case in the extreme southwest. These Indians generally are the most degraded of their tribes—outcasts, who, for crime or dissipation, are no longer allowed to associate with their people; they live by hunting or stealing, and spend their precarious gains in intoxication. Among the throng that crowded on the flatboat on his arrival, were a number of these unfortunate beings; they were influenced by no other motives than that of loitering round in idle speculation at what was going on. Mike was attracted towards them at sight; and as he too was in the situation that is deemed most favourable to mischief, it struck him that it was a good opportunity to have a little sport at the Indians, expense. Without ceremony, he gave a terrific war whoop; and then mixing the language of the aborigines and his own together, he went on in savage fashion and bragged of his triumphs and victories on the war-path, with all the seeming earnestness of a real "brave." Nor were taunting words spared to exasperate the poor creatures, who, perfectly helpless, listened to the tales of their own greatness, and their own shame, until wound up to the highest pitch of impotent exasperation. Mike's companions joined in; thoughtless boys caught the spirit of the affair; and the Indians were goaded until they in turn made battle with their tongues. Then commenced a system of running against them, pulling off their blankets, together with a thousand other indignities; finally they made a precipitate retreat ashore, amid the hooting and jeering of an unfeeling crowd, who considered them poor devils destitute of feeling and humanity. Among this crowd of outcasts was a Cherokee, who bore the name of Proud Joe; what his real cognomen was, no one knew, for he was taciturn, haughty—and, in spite of his poverty and his manner of life won the name we have mentioned. His face was expressive of talent, but it was furrowed by the most terrible habits of drunkenness. That he was a superior Indian was admitted; and it was also understood that he was banished from his mountain home, his tribe being then numerous

and powerful, for some great crime. He was always looked up to by his companions, and managed, however intoxicated he might be, to sustain a singularly proud bearing, which did not even depart from him while prostrated on the ground. Joe was filthy in his person and habits—in this respect he was behind his fellows; but one ornament of his person was attended to with a care which would have done honour to him if surrounded by his people, and in his native woods. Joe still wore with Indian dignity his scalp-lock; he ornamented it with taste, and cherished it, as report said, that some Indian messenger of vengeance might tear it from his head, as expiatory of his numerous crimes. Mike noticed this peculiarity, and reaching out his hand, plucked from it a hawk's feather, which was attached to the scalp-lock. The Indian glared horribly on Mike as he consummated the insult, snatched the feather from his hand, then shaking his clenched fist in the air, as if calling on Heaven for revenge, retreated with his friends. Mike saw that he had roused the savage's soul, and he marvelled wonderfully that so much resentment should be exhibited; and as an earnest to Proud Joe that the wrong he had done him should not rest unrevenge, he swore he would cut the scalp-lock off close to his head the first convenient opportunity he got, and then he thought no more about it.

The morning following the arrival of the boat at Louisville was occupied in making preparations to pursue the voyage down the river. Nearly every thing was completed, and Mike had taken his favourite place at the sweep, when looking up the river bank he beheld at some distance Joe and his companions, and perceived from their gesticulations that they were making him the subject of conversation.

Mike thought instantly of several ways in which he could show them altogether a fair fight, and then whip them with ease: he also reflected with what extreme satisfaction he would enter into the spirit of the arrangement, and other matters to him equally pleasing, when all the Indians disappeared, save Joe himself, who stood at times reviewing him in moody silence, and then staring round at passing objects. From the peculiarity of Joe's position to Mike, who was below him, his head and upper part of his body relieved boldly against the sky, and in one of his movements he brought his profile face to view. The prominent scalp-lock and its adornments seemed to be more striking than ever, and it again roused the pugnacity of Mike Fink: in an instant he raised his rifle, always loaded at his command, brought it to his eye, and, before he could be prevented, drew sight upon Proud Joe and fired. The ball whistled loud and shrill, and Joe, springing his whole length into the air, fell upon the ground. The cold-blooded murder was noticed by fifty persons at least, and there arose from the crowd an universal cry of horror and indignation at the bloody deed. Mike himself seemed to be much astonished, and in an instant reloaded his rifle, and as a number of white persons rushed towards the boat, Mike threw aside his coat, and, taking his powder horn between his teeth, leaped, rifle in hand, into the Ohio, and commenced swimming for the opposite shore. Some bold spirits determined Mike should not so easily escape, and jumping into the only skiff at command, pulled swiftly after him. Mike watched their movements until they came within a hundred yards of him, then turning in the water, he supported himself by his feet alone, and raised

his deadly rifle to his eye. Its muzzle, if it spoke hostilely, was as certain to send a messenger of death through one or more of his pursuers, as if it were lightning, and they knew it; dropping their oars and turning pale, they bid Mike not to fire. Mike waved his hand towards the little village of Louisville, and again pursued his way to the opposite shore.

The time consumed by the firing of Mike's rifle, the pursuit, and the abandonment of it, required less time than we have taken to give the details; and in that time, to the astonishment of the gaping crowd around Joe, they saw him rising with a bewildered air; a moment more and he recovered his senses and stood up—at his feet lay his *scalp-lock*! The ball had cut it clear from his head: the cord around the root of it, in which were placed feathers and other ornaments, held it together; the concussion had merely stunned its owner; farther, he had escaped all bodily harm! A cry of exultation rose at the last evidence of the skill of Mike Fink—the exhibition of a shot that established his claim, indisputable, to the eminence he ever afterwards held—the unrivaled marksman of all the flatboatmen of the western waters. Proud Joe had received many insults. He looked upon himself as a degraded, worthless being; and the ignominy heaped upon him he never, except by reply, resented: but this last insult was like seizing the lion by the mane, or a Roman senator by the beard—it roused the slumbering demon within, and made him again thirst to resent his wrongs with an intensity of emotion that can only be felt by an Indian. His eye glared upon the jeering crowd around like a fiend; his chest swelled and heaved until it seemed that he must suffocate. No one noticed this emotion. All were intent upon the exploit that had so singularly deprived Joe of his war-lock: and, smothering his wrath, he retreated to his associates with a consuming fire at his vitals. He was a different man from an hour before; and with that desperate resolution on which a man stakes his all, he swore by the Great Spirit of his forefathers that he would be revenged.

An hour after the disappearance of Joe, both he and Mike Fink were forgotten. The flatboat, which the latter had deserted, was got under way, and dashing through the rapids in the river opposite Louisville, wended on its course. As is customary when nights set in, the boat was securely fastened in some little bend or bay in the shore, where it remained until early morn.

Long before the sun had fairly risen, the boat was again pushed into the stream, and it passed through a valley presenting the greatest possible beauty and freshness of landscape the mind can conceive.

Mexican Ladies.

Management of their Dresses, &c.—The following clever sketch is from one of the letters of the correspondent of the London Times in the city of Mexico. The same thing which strikes this writer—the way the Mexican ladies manage their dresses in threading a cord—has often surprised us, and the manner which the women of the middle and lower classes of Mexico can dispose of themselves upon the floor at a fandango, or other merry-makings, is even more singular. We have seen a dozen of them seat themselves upon a space on the floor that would hardly afford standing-room for that number of females of any other land, and how they did it was a mystery. But this has nothing to do with the ex-

tract from the London Times, which is as follows.—N. O. Pic.

I have never gone to the theatre without being surprised at the talent with which a Mexican belle pilots her way through the avenues of chairs in her box to that particular seat which is reserved for her nightly use. Fashion having ordained that every body shall not wear less than from seven to eleven petticoats, all starched to the highest degree, and rendered more balloon-like by mainstays of canvass equally stiffened, it is impossible for her safely to pass through any space less than five yards wide. But as young ladies must slide between half a dozen chairs, not two feet apart, each is compelled to reduce that quart bottle of her dress to a pint decanter, and that without deranging the general symmetry or disturbing the flowing outline. She, therefore, leaving the upper part of her dress to swell to its greatest extent, attaches firmly both hands to that part below the knee, and thus clasping it fore and aft, she glides through the projecting rocks of the chairs in question like a cutter working its way through the narrow passage of a reef; with canvass ten times its bulk swelling in the breeze, with the graceful craft itself is scarcely seen until it reaches the desired point in safety. When the Mexican belle has secured her place, the volume of dress rises at each side to an immense extent. She sits in the midst of fleecy hosiery, covered with gauze, in clouds of vapory muslin, or many-coloured silks, like Mr. Green's Vauxhall balloon. We see only a face, shoulders and waist.

Bartlett's Commercial College.

Newspaper recommendations are fast becoming mere inscriptions on tomb-stones, so indiscriminate and so flattering are their notices. It is therefore probable that their testimony will soon be regarded of as little value. The subject and the writer of this notice will, however, I hope, be alike exempt from that system of puffing which recommends with equal energy every thing, from the shooting star of the theatre to the last patent itch ointment.

R. M. BARTLETT, who has not only reduced book-keeping to a scientific study, but has varied and adapted its details to every practical purpose in life, has been engaged in this pursuit for the last thirteen years, during which period he has qualified as many hundred individuals, by the rigid and efficient discipline of his college, not only to open and keep a set of books for the most extensive mercantile houses in our country, but to take charge, without embarrassment, of any set of books already in existence, and carry them out upon whatever principles they may be kept. All business men will understand the value and rarity of the last qualification. So general is the complaint that book-keeping, as taught in schools, does not fit the pupil for applying his knowledge to the set of books placed in his hands, and the business which he is called to register on their pages, that I must confess my own convictions as an accountant have hitherto been,

that such preparation is of little value in qualifying an individual for a counting-room in our business regions. I have been induced to change my views on this subject, however, not more from a rigid examination of the system and practice in his college rooms, than by the uniform and explicit testimony of a large share of the book-keepers in our principal houses, who have been trained to their business by Mr. Bartlett himself, and who, of course, are conclusive witnesses on the subject. The testimony of such persons is explicit to the value for practical purposes of Mr. Bartlett's system of instruction.

The system of Mr. B. is both analytical and synthetical. It is the taking to pieces, as a study, a complicated but exact machine, to contemplate and learn the relation of the several parts to each other and to the machine, and the putting it together to make it operate accurately, and without embarrassment. With this view the student is required to give a reason for every thing he does, to take up an every day transaction and put it through the books to its final close, to shew why one given entry is accurate or any other one incorrect, in short under the severest drilling to render it apparent that he has mastered the theory of book-keeping, as well as reduced it to practice.

The *Diploma* which Mr. Bartlett furnishes his pupils, who have finished a regular course, is one of the finest specimens of design and engraving that has ever fallen under my notice. It was executed at the establishment of *Rawdon, Wright & Hatch*, in our city, and is a credit to Cincinnati.

I regard this establishment, which numbers in its pupils young men from every district of country in the west, and which has supplied book-keepers not only to this region, as well as the south and southwest, but even prepared them for Boston, New York, and Philadelphia counting-rooms, as one of a number of public institutions, giving a high reputation abroad to Cincinnati.

Yankee Financiering.—A True Story.

A farmer "Down East," (a possessor of a voracious appetite) took with him to a neighbouring town, to market, a fine fat turkey. A tavern-keeper espying it, inquired of him *his price*. "Wall," said the Yankee farmer, "if you would like to *buy*, I will let you have it for one dollar in *cash*,—with the understanding that I am to have a dinner from the turkey besides."

The tavern-keeper, unconscious of the farmer's *devouring abilities*, finally accepted the proposition.

When the dinner-hour arrived, in walked the farmer, and seated himself at the table, upon which was *steaming* the turkey, cooked in fine style, and all the *et ceteras*.

All preliminaries having been *dispensed with*, the Yankee immediately commenced operations. Down went one leg of the turkey, succeeded by a wing, another leg and wing, and so on, until

all (*minus bones*) followed in their course. The company present looked first at the farmer and turkey, and then at each other, wondering *where* would be the limits of his appetite,—when up jumped the Yankee, having finished his dinner *and the turkey*, leaving his astonished companions to reconcile themselves as they best could to their deprivation.

Off went the Yankee farmer with his *one dollar in cash, turkey, dressing, and all*, doubtless feeling assured that he had *satisfactorily disposed* of a portion of his marketing.

Rail-Road Anecdote.

One day last week while a train of cars on the Little Miami Rail-Road, stopped at the depot at Waynesville, a fellow, who had never seen the like before, stepped on the locomotive, which for the time being had been dislocated from the cars, and being curious to know and see every thing about it, happened to place his hands on a screw, which he turned, and in an instant the locomotive started off in full speed, with the fellow upon it, hallooing and bellowing at the pitch of his voice to stop the *turnation thing*, while at the same time he would pray to God to have mercy upon him. The locomotive ran about seven miles, when, by accident, it left the track and stopped, without any material injury, either to the unfortunate passenger or locomotive.—*Germantown Gazette*.

Chronological Table.

March 11th.—Birth of Tasso, 1544. Emperor Napoleon married the Archduchess of Austria, 1810.

12th.—British garrison, at Mobile, surrendered to the Spaniards, 1780.

13th.—Sir John Herschel discovered a new planet, which he named Georgium Sidus, 1781. Dr. Priestly, born, 1738.

14th.—Klopstock, died, 1803.

15th.—Andrew Jackson, born, 1767.

16th.—Gustavus III., King of Sweden, assassinated, 1792. Battle of Culloden, 1746.

17th.—St. Patrick, Tutelary Saint of Ireland, died at Ulster, 493. Gen. Washington marched into Boston after it had been evacuated by the British, 1776.

The Cantatrice and the Empress.

The arrival of the, for a time, "great attraction," Gabrielli the *cantatrice*, at the Russian capital, made a sensation of course, at the Court of Catharine.

"What are we to do for this young beauty?" said the Empress, who comes from Naples expressly for us; or rather my child, speak—what terms do you expect for your engagement at our court?

"Madame," Gabrielli replied, "I perceive that I shall be at a considerable expense for furs this winter, and I am poor. Shall I ask too much if I ask of your majesty 20,000 rubles?"

At this demand the brow of the Empress lowered, a slight flash was visible on her cheek, and her eyes glittered—but it was only for a moment. Nevertheless, (continues Gabrielli,) I was afraid,

and I regretted my words; but, woman like, I would not for the world have withdrawn them in the presence of the young officer, who was then gazing on me with such interest.

"Twenty thousand rubles!" exclaimed Catharine. "Do you know what you ask, child? For twenty thousand rubles I can have two field-marshals!"

"In that case, perhaps, your majesty will engage two field-marshals that can sing," I replied, in the most deliberate manner imaginable. I do not know what possessed me—it must have been some evil spirit, for as I uttered the words I saw my fate balancing between Siberia and the Hermitage. But my good fortune saved me.

"You are bold, young woman," said the Empress; and then quickly resuming the pleasant smile with which she first greeted me; "but go," she said, "go, and consider yourself as *two field-marshals*."

Married Life.

Most young men associate the idea of great expense and the necessary income to meet it, with married life. But it might easily be shewn, that a young man, a clerk on a salary, for example, could support a wife on what it cost him to live. I know of cases where men recently married have actually paid out less than while they were single. As a family enlarges, other expenses doubtless increase, but the industry and economy which a judicious, prudent wife would stimulate will always provide on that score.

The March of Science.

What next?—The Miners' Journal, printed at Pottsville, Pa., says—"We have written on paper manufactured from iron, and seen a book whose leaves and binding are both of the same material."

Truly the mechanical and chemical transformations of the present age throw into the shade all the magic of the east—ancient and modern.

Thunder and Lightning.

A fellow was lately swigging at the bung-hole of a gallon jug, with all the ardour of one who really loved its contents. The jug, in reply to his drafts, went *clug, clug, clug*,—on which an anxious expectant, standing by, remarked:—"Jim, you'd better stop; don't you hear the thunder?" "No," replied Jim; "but I perceive the jug begins to *lighten*."

Good Credit.

The members of a certain society having become somewhat remiss in their attendance, it was proposed to pay their debts, and dissolve the concern. "Pay our debts, indeed!" said a wag, "let us adjourn now, while we can do so with *credit*."

Buildings for 1843—Cincinnati.

I have now completed the enumeration of the buildings in this city—by wards, during 1845, as follows:—

	Bricks.	Frames.	Total.
First,	35	75	110
Second,	86	11	97
Third,	50	65	115
Fourth,	56	35	91
Fifth,	45	10	55
Sixth,	118	22	140
Seventh,	101	76	177
Eighth,	88	100	188
Ninth,	86	31	117
Tenth,	122	40	162
	<hr/> 789	<hr/> 463	<hr/> 1252

The buildings for 1844, were 1225. Those for 1843, were 1003. The advance of 1845 over 1844 in the number of buildings has not progressed at the same rate as that of the previous year; but is much greater, if we refer to the character of the buildings. I have no doubt that 10,000,000 more bricks have been used in this year's erections. The public buildings alone, put up this year, have consumed as many bricks as would have sufficed to put up one hundred and fifty private dwellings of the usual size.

The total number of buildings in this city, exclusive of frame stables and out-buildings of every description, is 11,560.

I propose to furnish a comparative table of buildings of such of the various cities as have put their improvements on record—and commence with—

	Population	Buildings in 1845	Improvement—per cent.
Cincinnati,	85,000	1252	15
Washington, D. C.,	33,000	336	10
Columbus (Ohio),	10,016	202	20

Capture of John Andre.

One of them ost remarkable episodes of the American revolution, and threatening if successful, most disastrous consequences to the issue of that great event, was the treasonable plot of *Benedict Arnold* to deliver West Point, together with the person of the commander-in-chief, if possible, into the hands of the British forces. That incident teaches a valuable lesson in morals and politics, and has consigned the name of the great traitor to a signal and unenviable pinnacle of infamy.

Connected with the treason and defection to

the enemy, of Gen. Arnold, is recorded the romantic history of the brave and unfortunate *Andre*, whose life paid the penalty of the enterprise, on its failure.

It is not with the view of furnishing a general history of what is already on record as facts, that the following narrative is prepared for the press, but for the correction of various important errors in the statement of *Andre's* apprehension, by the three militiamen, *Paulding*, *Williams* and *Van Wert*. I derive the information from Mr. John Hudson, whose narrative of the capture of Cornwallis, has lately appeared in the "Advertiser." Mr. H. was for many years of his life a resident in the immediate neighbourhood where the events occurred, and was personally acquainted with all three of the captors, from whose lips he had the statements he makes. I shall give the narrative in his own language.

"I have conversed with these men, being a resident of the neighbourhood where they dwelt, and was well acquainted with *Paulding* and *Van Wert*. *Williams* was a small man, in middle life, and I did not know so much of him as of the rest. *Van Wert* was a shoemaker by trade, and a large athletic man. *Paulding* was tall, well built, of a commanding figure; and at the period of these events, in the twenty-second year of his age. He had been left an orphan; and was brought up by his grandfather, an independent farmer, who resided within four miles of *Tarrytown*.

"*Col. Delaney*, at the head of the refugees and Tories, had been engaged scouring that part of the State, seizing the persons of those who were considered well affected to the cause of liberty, and taking them on to New York City, where they were consigned to the custody of the provost marshal, *Cunningham*—an absolute antechamber to the grave. Hundreds fell victims to the barbarities of the enemy, and numbers, to escape that treatment, enlisted in their service; generally with the design of deserting at the first favourable opportunity. *Paulding* fell into these men's hands, and like others, enlisted, as the only means offering an escape with life. He soon afterwards, in the dress, and with the arms and accoutrements of a British soldier; deserted accordingly and returned home, where he was appointed a corporal of militia; and having *Van Wert* and *Williams* assigned him as a patrol, was occupied scouting over the neutral ground—so called because between the lines of both armies; although occupied by neither. Within this territory, parties of militia on the one side, and Tories on the other, were constantly on the alert and look-out for the benefit of their respective sides. The neutral ground comprehended the country between *Spikenduyvel* creek and *Croton* river.

"On the hill just above Tarrytown, is level, table land, to a considerable extent. The post-road from New York to Albany, crossed the elevation, and the *White Plains* road entered it here, nearly at right angles; a few rods south stood a poplar or tulip tree, the most remarkable one I have ever seen, although I have since seen thousands in the west, and many of great magnitude. The trunk was smooth and round, as generally is the case with that description of tree. It was at least six feet through, and extended forty to fifty feet without a limb; and what is unusual with the poplar, the branches spread out to a great length, forming the greatest extent of shade which I have ever seen to any tree. This I suppose was owing to its standing alone; no other tree being within a considerable distance of it.

"Under the shade of this tree, these three men—Paulding, Williams and Van Wert—were playing cards, their guns resting against its trunk. Andre, as soon as his return by water by the *Vulture* had been cut off, it seems had been directed by Arnold, a circuitous route which took him into the *White Plains* road, and thence into the post-road to N. York, as I have already stated, a few rods north of this tree. As he approached the party, observing Paulding in the dress and with the accoutrements of a British soldier, he very naturally concluded he belonged to his own side. He rode up accordingly and accosted the party—'My lads, am I past all the rebel guards.' From the fact of his being Adjutant General to the troops, the person of Andre was perfectly known to every soldier in the British lines, and Paulding, of course, recognised him at once. He rose up therefore, approached Andre as if to address him, and seizing the horse by the bridle, ordered the rider to dismount. Andre promptly produced his pass signed by General Arnold, as bearer of a flag of truce. Paulding's judgment led him to think it highly improbable that a man of Andre's rank would be employed in that capacity, and appearing to hesitate as to what he ought to do, Major Andre proposed to him that he should dispatch one of his men with a letter to Arnold, which being assented to, he sat down and wrote, sending it off by Williams, on Andre's own horse. As soon as he was gone, Andre began to tamper with the others, offering his watch and purse of gold, and rising in his offers to them as they refused them; and finally making such promises if they would escort him into the British lines as convinced Paulding that there was something wrong in the case, and probably of great importance to the American interests to detect. He accordingly proceeded to search his prisoner, and drawing off his boots, found a variety of papers,

which disclosed the whole transaction, as well as Arnold's connection with it. Among these were a plan of West Point, minute returns of the forces, ordnance and defences of that post, with critical remarks on the works. His captors then took him to *Sing Sing*, where there was a ferry kept by one *Jerry Stuyvers*. There they crossed to the west side of the Hudson and proceeded down to *Tappan*, where the main body of the American troops were encamped. *Gen. Washington* was absent at the time, but arrived in a few minutes. The rest is on the page of history.

"So near had Andre effected his return to the British lines, that the *Vulture* sloop of war, was in sight of Paulding's party at the time of Andre's capture, waiting only the proper signal to send off a boat to the shore. He suffered as a spy on the 2d October, 1780.

"The poplar tree I have alluded to was in the centre of the road, and from these circumstances became an object of such notoriety that stage passengers made it a constant practice to chip or cut off pieces of it as mementos. Many years afterwards it was struck by lightning so severely as not only to split it open, but to tear it absolutely out of root."

It will be readily comprehended by the foregoing narrative, that it was the British uniform of Paulding which led Andre into the mistake which cost him his life; and a reason is now furnished for his conduct on that occasion, which serves to explain what was heretofore unaccounted for—his neglect to produce his pass from Arnold, at once.

The main Chance.

The Pennsylvania Germans are a people, who by keeping their eye on the main chance, between earning and saving, have generally become rich, because always independent of pressure for money. It is curious to observe the operation of the money saving principle in these people.

A wealthy German from Eastern Pennsylvania, named Z—, purchased the village of *Harmonie*, on the road from Pittsburgh to Erie, after Rapp and his associates who had built it, left for the *Wabash*. Although a keen, sagacious business man, he could hardly read, and his writing extended no farther than to sign his name; but having had one of his sons qualified in these accomplishments so far as to keep his accounts by single entry, he devolved that business on him.

One day the old man being absent from home, a man named *Musselman* in his employ and family, while engaged in raising a barn, fell with a heavy piece of timber across him, which broke his leg, as well as inflicted other injuries. As soon as the poor fellow was brought home on a litter it was suggested to Mrs. Z., that a physician

should be sent for. "Dat's drue," remarked the provident lady—"Ape"—her son Abraham—"you look off the pook unt see if dere's any ting gumtin to *Musselman*." Ape accordingly examined the account and found it unposted, and after hunting up all the charges and credits for six months, out of a day-book which contained the original entries of accounts with three hundred persons, at least, it was ascertained finally, that there were some three dollars due the sufferer, who was lying unattended to all this time. "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Z, addressing a younger son, "Sam, you run for the toctor unt dell him to gum to Musselman, unt tont forket to dell him we wont bay more dan is on de pooks."

I have been reminded of the above incident by the article in another column—"The Lost Boy"—taken from a correspondent to the *Morning Herald* of our city.

Patrick Henry.

Many years ago, I was at the trial, in one of our district courts, of a man charged with murder. The case was briefly this:—the prisoner had gone, in execution of his office as a constable, to arrest a slave who had been guilty of some misconduct and bring him to justice. Expecting opposition in the business, the constable took several men with him; some of them armed. They found the slave on the plantation of his master, within view of the house, and proceeded to seize and bind him. His mistress seeing his arrest, came down and remonstrated vehemently against it. Finding her efforts unavailing, she went off to a barn where her husband was, who was presently perceived running briskly to the house. It was known he had always kept a loaded rifle over his door. The constable now desired his company to remain where they were, taking care to keep the slave in custody, while he himself would go to the house to prevent mischief. He accordingly ran toward the house. When he arrived within a short distance of it, the master appeared coming out of his door with his rifle in his hand. Some witnesses said as he came to the door he drew the cock of the piece, and was seen in the act of raising it in the position of firing. But upon these points there was not an entire agreement of evidence. The constable, standing near a small building in the yard at this instant, fired, and the fire had a fatal effect. No previous malice was proved against him, and his plea upon trial was that he had taken the life of his assailant in necessary self-defence.

A great mass of testimony was delivered. This was commented upon with considerable ability by the lawyer for the commonwealth, and by another lawyer engaged by the friends of the deceased for the prosecution. The prisoner was also defended in elaborate speeches by two respectable advocates. These proceedings brought the day to a close. The general whisper through a crowded house was that the man was guilty, and could not be saved.

About dark, candles were brought in, and Henry arose. His manner was exactly that which the *British Spy* described with so much felicity: plain, simple and unassuming. "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "I dare say we have all been very much fatigued with this tedious trial. The

prisoner at the bar has been well defended already, but it is my duty to offer you some further observations in behalf of this unfortunate man. I shall aim at brevity. But should I take up more of your time than you expect, I hope you will hear me with patience, when you consider that BLOOD is CONCERNED."

I cannot admit the possibility that any one who never heard Henry speak should be made fully to conceive the force of the impression which he gave these few words, "*blood is concerned*." I had been on my feet through the day, pushed about in the crowd, and was excessively weary. I was strongly of opinion, too, notwithstanding all the previous defensive pleadings, that the prisoner was guilty of murder; and I felt anxious to know how the matter would terminate. Yet when Henry had uttered these words, my feelings underwent an instantaneous change; I found every thing within me answering at once, yes, since blood is concerned, in the name of all that is righteous, go on—we will hear you with patience till morning's sun. This bowing of the soul must have been universal; for the profoundest silence reigned, as if every breath had been suspended. The spell of the magician was upon us, and we stood like statues around him. Under the touch of his genius every particular of the story assumed a new aspect, and his cause became continually more bright and promising. At length he arrived at the fatal act itself. "You have been told, gentlemen, that the prisoner was bound by every obligation to avoid the supposed necessity of firing by leaping behind a house, near which he stood that moment. Had he been attacked with a club, or with stones, the argument would have been unanswerable, and I should feel myself compelled to give up the defence in despair. But surely I need not tell you, gentlemen, how wide is the difference between sticks or stones, and a double triggered loaded rifle cocked at your breast?" The effect of this terrific image, exhibited in this great orator's peerless manner, cannot be described. I dare not attempt to delineate the paroxysm of emotion which it excited in every heart. The result was, that the prisoner was acquitted; with the perfect approbation, I believe, of the numerous assembly who attended the trial. What was it that gave such transcendent force to the eloquence of Henry? His reasoning powers were good; but they have been equalled, more than equalled, by those of other men. His imagination was exceedingly quick, and commanded all the stores of nature as materials for illustrating his subject. His voice and delivery were inexpressibly happy. But his most irresistible charm was the vivid feeling of his cause with which he spoke. Such feeling infallibly communicates itself to the breast of the hearer.—*Howe's Virginia*.

The Lost Boy.

Mr. Editor:—Under the head of "The Lost Child," in your paper of the 28th ult., you relate a story which brought to my recollection a circumstance which occurred many years ago in Orange county, New York; and I do not think the affair was ever made a matter of newspaper notoriety. If you think it is worth its room in your paper, I will give you the story as it was related to me, more than thirty years ago, by the friends and neighbours of the parties. Philip D. in early life was poor, but robust and industrious; consequently he was thrifty. His motto

was, "to make every thing count." He used to say, (by the bye he was a Dutchman,) "When I can kit a tollar a tay, I takes it, and when I can kit put a shilling a tay, I takes tat. I lose no time." After he had accumulated some property, he cast about for a help-mate. He ultimately married Elizabeth W., an Irish girl, of a very respectable family; though not rich in this world's goods—Elizabeth had, however, obtained (there was reason to believe) a "better inheritance." Through their united efforts, they became wealthy, and raised a family. The number of daughters I do not now remember, but they raised three sons, viz: Jacob, Joseph and Philip. I would here premise, that Mr. D. was rather singular in his composition—as an instance or two will go to establish. He thought his wife, whom he used to called "Lish," was one of the best women in the world—and I believe other people thought so too. Well, on a certain occasion Mrs. D. was taken violently ill. Dr. M. of M——, was sent for, and after administering to, and prescribing for Mrs. D., when he was about to leave, Mr. D. accosted him with, "Well doctor, I wants you to too the pest you can for Lish, for I would rather lose the best horse I've got, as to lose her." On another occasion, he was taken very ill himself. Dr. M. was sent for in the evening—administered to, and prescribed for him, and left. In the morning the Dr. called again, and found Mr. D. lying on his back, with his eyes closed; and stepping up softly, and taking him by the hand, enquires—"How do you feel this morning Mr. D?" The patient was speechless. The Dr. repeats the enquiry, in an elevated tone,—"Mr. D. how do you feel this morning?" The patient felt his risibles, and in a peevish tone, cries out to his wife—"Lish, wy tont you schpeke, and tell te toctor? You know I can't schpeke?"

Well, in the fulness of time, when young Philip was full ten years old, he came up missing one evening. An enquiry was set on foot. No body had seen him since early in the evening. A search was made through the house, the barn, the out-houses, and even the farm—no Philip. The neighbours were alarmed, and the news spread far and wide, "Young Philip is lost." The consternation became general. He is certainly destroyed by the wolves, (for at that time, wolves often made incursions into the settlement from the "Shawaugunk" mountains, and destroyed the sheep, calves, &c.) The neighbours—some fifty or sixty of them were out—and kept up the hunt with dogs and horns, until all hope was at an end, and it was given up, that Philip was lost. The neighbours, between midnight and day, sorrowfully returned to their homes, and the family sat down in the family room, to mourn over their loss; the almost broken hearted mother seated in one corner of the room, giving vent to her grief for the loss of her youngest child. Mr. D. stood petrified—he could not shed tears, nor could he bear the sight of his "Lish taking on so." He at length took his seat beside her, for the purpose of consoling her, and laying his hand on her knee, exclaimed "vell my tear Lish, ve has got one more farm as ve has got sons now!" That you know was consoling.

Well, at long and last, the family made preparation for bed, when, on pulling out the trundle bed from under the old family concern, lo, and behold! young Philip safe and snug, sound asleep in his usual place of repose, and totally uncon-

scious of the affliction he had brought on his family and friends.

I was acquainted with him when he was a young man, and I never met with Philip D., but I thought of the "Lost Boy."

Yours, &c.,
R. S.
Frankfort, Ross Co., Feb. 6th, 1846.

Anecdotes.

The following naive lover's promise was offered as an irresistible temptation to a filially given innamorata:—"I like you," sighed the girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling; no husband can ever equal my parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer, "but be my wife, we will all live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

A Bristol bride, whose French was "something of the oddest," after listening to her intended's various schemes for the honey moon tour, said modestly, "I don't care where we go in reason, Mr. Hadams, honly let us avoid Hecla!"

A Yorkshire lad, who had lately gone to service, having had salad served up for dinner every day for a week, ran away; and when asked why he had left his place, he replied:

"They made me yeat grass i'th summer, and I wur afraid they'd make me eat hay i'th winter—and I could not stand that, so I wur off."

Our Markets.

Some idea of the extent and character of the delicacies we enjoy in Cincinnati, may be inferred from the following list of marketing, brought in by one person alone, who supplies the city from the counties of Jay and Randolph, Indiana.

- 74 Deer—entire carcasses.
- 270 Deer Saddles.
- 172 Oposuma.
- 4300 Rabbits.
- 483 Squirrels.
- 2290 Pheasants.
- 10100 Partridges, or Quails.
- 90 Wild Turkeys.
- 340 small Birds.
- 6 Coons.

These were all sold in our market within the first of December and twentieth of February last. They were brought in by Mr. Charles Comfort, from whose lips the statement is given.

I suggest to the Ohio Legislature, at its next session, to alter the name of *Comfort* to that of *Luxury*. He well deserves the change.

During the same period there have been sold 2500 cans Baltimore oysters—equal to 1800 bushels and 1500 bbls. oysters with the shell, brought up from New Orleans and across the mountains.

It is not only in the abundance and quality of our table enjoyments, but in their price—bringing them within the reach of all classes, that the subject may be referred to. The venison has not averaged higher per pound than four to five cts.; Rabbits, ten to twelve cents each; Squirrels, fifty to sixty cents per dozen; Wild Turkeys, seventy-

five cents each; Partridges, sixty to seventy-five cents; and Pheasants one dollar for ten to two dollars per dozen.

Oysters are of course higher for family use than in Philadelphia or Baltimore. But they can be purchased at eating houses for refreshment, as cheaply as at those places.

Hide your diminished heads, ye New York and Philadelphia epicures!

The Faculty.

It detracts greatly from the specimens of various good things in the shape of anecdotes, that we are often led to doubt whether they are "founded on facts." For the following, which is peculiarly rich, I hold myself responsible.

Professor Miller, in his valedictory to the late medical class graduating at the Louisville Medical College, advised the newly manufactured doctors to go and settle where they were not known! Was this simplicity or archness?

Our own Artists.

One of our Cincinnati Artists, under the direction of Mr. Charles A. Jewett, has lately furnished a fine *Mezzotint* of Bishop Hamline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. This is the first mezzotint ever engraved in Cincinnati, and will compare favourably with the efforts of practised engravers at the east. Specimens may be seen at Mr. Jewett's office, on Third street, opposite the Mayor's office.

Those who want work of this kind hereafter, will find competent artists at home to execute it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The late Gen. Harrison.

Mr. C. Cist, —Sir:

In the summer of 1791, William H. Harrison was in the City of Philadelphia, pursuing the study of medicine under the direction of Doctor Rush; where he formed a determination to abandon the study of his profession, and join the army. To accomplish his purpose, he made known his determination to his friends, Robert Morris and Thomas Willing, one of whom was his guardian, he being then a minor; and requested them to apply to the President for a commission. They attempted to dissuade him from his purpose; but finding that to be impossible, they waited on the President, who told them that there was no appointment at his disposal, worthy of the acceptance of Mr. Harrison—that he could not offer him any thing above an ensigncy.

They reported the result of their application, under a hope that he would decline it, and they advised him to do so. His reply was:—Gentlemen, it is all I want.

The result was made known to the President,

who immediately gave him the commission of an ensign, and he started forthwith for Cincinnati. The date of the commission is not known to me, but on the 31st of October, the President reported to the Senate, that he had appointed Wm. H. Harrison an ensign in the army, vice Thompson promoted. Of course his mind was decided, and he had entered the service before the unfortunate battle of General St. Clair was fought, which was on the 4th of November, after his appointment.

General Wayne was appointed to command the army in April, 1792. He spent the principal part of the next summer at Pittsburgh. The following winter—1792–3—he was at Legionville, and did not proceed to Cincinnati till late in the summer of 1793. J. BURNET.

Cincinnati, March 13th, 1846.

Chronological Table.

March 18th.—James Madison, born, 1751. Horne Tooke, died, 1812.

19th.—The first eclipse of the moon of which we have any record was observed on this day, 720 B. C.

20th.—Sir Isaac Newton, died, 1727.

21st.—Duc D' Enghien, shot, 1804.

22d.—Goethe, died, 1832.

25th.—Queen Elizabeth, died, 1603.

A Mistake.

It was thought a few years since that Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was the last of the signers to the Declaration of Independence. This must be a mistake. A late Vicksburgh Intelligencer, says—"The signers to the Declaration of Independence are on board a flatboat at the foot of Jackson street. Visit them—they are worth seeing."

A Hard Witness.

Ordinarily, a lawyer has the advantage of a witness in the "colloquies at court." Sometimes, as in the following case, the lawyer fares second best:

Everybody in Philadelphia and out of Philadelphia, we believe, knows or has heard of Gottlieb Scherer, a tall, robust, well-formed German, with a small twinkling eye, and a look that tells you quite as distinctly as language, that he "knows a thing or two." Being called upon the stand as a witness on one occasion, he was catechised rather severely by (so the story goes) Mr. Dallas, who expected to make out a strong point by eliciting something from the following questions:—

"Were you at Harrisburg, Mr. Scherer, in December?"

"At Harrisburg in December, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in December."

Putting his head down thoughtfully for a moment, he replied, "No, sir, I was not."

"Were you at Harrisburg in January, Mr. Scherer?"

"At Harrisburg in January, did you say, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, sir, I said at Harrisburg in January. Relapsing into a thoughtful mood for a moment—"No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in January."

"Well, Mr. Scherer, were you at Harrisburg in February?"

"Did you say at Harrisburg in February, Mr. Dallas?"

"Yes, sir,—answer me if you please—I said at Harrisburg in February."

Studying for a moment or two, as before—"No, sir, I was not at Harrisburg in February."

Getting somewhat out of patience with him, Mr. D., elevating his tone, demanded—"At what time, then, sir, were you at Harrisburg?"

"At Harrisburg? at Harrisburg, Mr. Dallas?—I never was at Harrisburg in my life, sir?"

Of course the Court adjourned instantler.

The Flatboatman of the West.—No 2.

BY T. B. THORPE.

It was spring, and a thousand tints of green developed themselves in the half-formed foliage and bursting buds. The beautiful mallard skimmed across the water, ignorant of the danger of the white man's approach; the splendid spoon-bill decked the shallow places near the shore, while myriads of singing birds filled the air with their unwritten songs. In the far reaches down the river, there occasionally might be seen a bear stepping along the ground as if dainty of its feet, and, snuffing the intruder on his wild home, he would retreat into the woods. To enliven all this, and give the picture the look of humanity, there might also be seen, struggling with the floating mists, a column of blue smoke, that came from a fire built on a projecting point of land, around which the current swept rapidly, and carried every thing that floated on the river. The eye of the boatman saw the advantage of the situation which the place rendered to those on shore, to annoy and attack, and as wandering Indians, in those days, did not hesitate to rob, there was much speculation as to what reception the boat would receive from the builders of the fire.

The rifles were all loaded, to be prepared for the worst, and the loss of Mike Fink lamented, as a prospect of a fight presented itself, where he could use his terrible rifle. The boat in the mean time swept round the point; but instead of an enemy, there lay, in profound sleep, Mike Fink, with his feet toasting at the fire; his pillow was a huge bear, that had been shot on the day previous, while at his sides, and scattered in profusion around him, were several deer and wild turkeys. Mike had not been idle. After picking out a place most eligible to notice the passing boat, he had spent his time in hunting, and he was surrounded by trophies of his prowess. The scene that he presented was worthy of the time and the man, and would have thrown Landseer into a delirium of joy, could he have witnessed it. The boat, owing to the swiftness of the current, passed Mike's resting place, although it was pulled strongly to the shore. As Mike's companions came opposite to him, they raised such a shout, half exultation of meeting him, and half to alarm him with the idea that Joe's friends were upon him. Mike, at the sound, sprang to his feet, rifle in hand, and as he looked around, he raised it to his eyes, and by the time he discovered the boat, he was ready to fire. "Down with

your shooting iron, you wild critter," shouted one of the boatmen. Mike dropped the piece, and gave a loud halloo, that echoed among the solitudes like a piece of artillery. The meeting between Mike and his fellows was characteristic. They joked, and jibed him with their rough wit, and he parried it off with a most creditable ingenuity. Mike soon learned the extent of his rifle-shot—he seemed perfectly indifferent to the fact that Proud Joe was not dead. The only sentiment he uttered, was regret that he did not fire at the vagabond's head, and if he hadn't hit it, why, he made the first bad shot in twenty years. The dead game was carried on board of the boat, the adventure was forgotten, and every thing resumed the monotony of floating in a flatboat down the Ohio.

A month or more elapsed, and Mike had progressed several hundred miles down the Mississippi; his journey had been remarkably free from incident; morning, noon, and night, presented the same banks, and the same muddy water, and he sighed to see some broken land, some high hills, and he railed and swore, that he should have been such a fool as to have deserted his favourite Ohio for a river that produced nothing but alligators, and was never at best half finished.

Occasionally, the plentifulness of game put him in spirits, but it did not last long; he wanted more lasting excitement, and declared himself as perfectly miserable and helpless as a wild-cat without teeth or claws.

In the vicinity of Natchez rises a few abrupt hills, which tower above the surrounding lowlands of the Mississippi like mountains; they are not high, but from their loneliness and rarity they create sensations of pleasure and awe.

Under the shadow of one of these bluffs, Mike and his associates made the customary preparations to pass the night. Mike's enthusiasm knew no bounds at the sight of land again; he said it was as pleasant as "cold water to a fresh wound;" and, as his spirits rose, he went on making the regions round about, according to his notions, an agreeable residence.

"The Choctaws live in these diggings," said Mike, "and a cursed time they must have of it. Now if I lived in these parts I'd declare war on 'em just to have something to keep me from growing dull; without some such business I'd be as musty as an old swamp moecasin. I could build a cabin on that ar hill yonder that could, from its location, with my rifle, repulse a whole tribe if they came after me. What a beautiful time I'd have of it! I never was particular about what's called a fair fight; I just ask half a chance, and the odds against me, and if I then don't keep clear of snags and sawyers, let me spring a leak and go to the bottom. Its natur that the big fish should eat the little ones. I've seen trout swallow perch, and a cat would come along and swallow the trout, and perhaps, on the Mississippi, the alligators use up the cat, and so on to the end of the row. Well, I will walk tall into varmint and Indian; it's a way I've got, and it comes as natural as grinning to a hyena. I'm a regular tornado, tough as a hickory, and long-winded as a nor'-wester. I can strike a blow like a falling tree, and every lick makes a gap in the crowd that lets in an acre of sunshine. 'Whew, boys!' shouted Mike, twirling his rifle like a walking-stick around his head, at the ideas suggested in his mind. "Whew, boys! if the Choctaw divils in them ar woods there would give us a brush, just as I feel now, I'd call them gentlemen. I

must fight something, or I'll catch the dry rot—burnt brandy won't save me." Such were some of the expressions which Mike gave utterance to, and in which his companions heartily joined; but they never presumed to be quite equal to Mike, for his bodily prowess, as well as his rifle, were acknowledged to be unsurpassed. These displays of animal spirits generally ended in boxing and wrestling-matches, in which falls were received, and blows were struck without being noticed, that would have destroyed common men. Occasionally angry words and blows were exchanged, but, like the summer storm, the cloud that emitted the lightning purified the air; and when the commotion ceased, the combatants immediately made friends and became more attached to each other than before the cause that interrupted the good feelings occurred. Such were the conversation and amusements of the evening when the boat was moored under the bluffs we have alluded to. As night wore on, one by one of the hardy boatmen fell asleep, some in its confined interior, and others protected by a light covering in the open air. The moon rose in beautiful majesty; her silver light, behind the highlands, gave them a power and theatrical effect as it ascended; and as its silver rays grew perpendicular, they finally kissed gently the summit of the hills, and poured down their full light upon the boat, with almost noonday brilliancy. The silence with which the beautiful changes of darkness and light were produced made it mysterious. It seemed as if some creative power was at work, bringing form and life out of darkness. In the midst of the witchery of this quiet scene, there sounded forth the terrible rifle, and the more terrible war-whoop of the Indian. One of the flatboatmen, asleep on deck, gave a stifled groan, turned upon his face, and with a quivering motion, ceased to live. Not so with his companions—they in an instant, as men accustomed to danger and sudden attacks, sprang ready-armed to their feet; but before they could discover their foes, seven sleek and horribly painted savages leaped from the hill into the boat. The firing of the rifle was useless, and each man singled out a foe and met him with a drawn knife.

The struggle was quick and fearful; and deadly blows were given amid screams and imprecations that rent the air. Yet the voice of Mike Fink could be heard in encouraging shouts above the clamour. "Give it to them, boys!" he cried, "cut their hearts out! choke the dogs! Here's hell a-fire and the river rising!" then clenching with the most powerful of the assailants, he rolled with him upon the deck of the boat. Powerful as Mike was, the Indian seemed nearly a match for him. The two twisted and writhed like serpents,—now one seeming to have the advantage, and then the other.

In all this confusion there might occasionally be seen glancing in the moonlight the blade of a knife; but at whom the thrusts were made, or who wielded it, could not be discovered.

The general fight lasted less time than we have taken to describe it. The white men gained the advantage; two of the Indians lay dead upon the boat, and the living, escaping from their antagonists leaped ashore, and before the rifle could be brought to bear they were out of its reach. While Mike was yet struggling with his antagonist, one of his companions cut the boat loose from the shore, and, with powerful exertion, managed to get its bows so far into the current, that it swung round and floated; but before this was accom-

plished, and before any one interfered with Mike, he was on his feet, covered with blood, and blowing like a porpoise: by the time he could get his breath, he commenced talking. "Ain't been so busy in a long time," said he, turning over his victim with his foot; "that fellow sou't beautiful; if he's a specimen of the Choctaws that live in these parts, they are screamers; the infernal sarpents! the d—d possums!" Talking in this way, he with others, took a general survey of the killed and wounded. Mike himself was a good deal cut up with the Indian's knife; but he called his wounds blackberry scratches. One of Mike's associates was severely hurt; the rest escaped comparatively harmless. The sacrifice was made at the first fire; for beside the dead Indians, there lay one of the boat's crew, cold and dead, his body perforated with four different balls. That he was the chief object of attack seemed evident, yet no one of his associates knew of his having a single fight with the Indians. The soul of Mike was affected, and, taking the hand of his deceased friend between his own, he raised his bloody knife towards the bright moon, and swore that he would desolate "the nation" that claimed the Indians who made war upon them that night, and turned to his stiffened victim, that, dead as it was, retained the expression of implacable hatred and defiance, he gave a smile of grim satisfaction, and then joined in the general conversation, which the occurrences of the night would naturally suggest. The master of the "broad horn" was a business man, and had often been down the Mississippi. This was the first attack he had received, or knew to have been made from the shores inhabited by the Choctaws, except by the white men, and he, among other things, suggested the keeping of the dead Indians until daylight, that they might have an opportunity to examine their dress and features, and see with certainty who were to blame for the occurrences of the night. The dead boatman was removed with care to a respectable distance; and the living, except the person at the sweep of the boat, were soon buried in profound slumber.

Not until after the rude breakfast was partaken of, and the funeral rites of the dead boatmen were solemnly performed, did Mike and his companions disturb the corpses of the red men.

When both these things had been leisurely and gently got through with, there was a different spirit among the men.

Mike was astir, and went about his business with alacrity. He stripped the bloody blanket from the Indian he had killed, as if it enveloped something disgusting, and required no respect. He examined carefully the moccasins on the Indian's feet, pronouncing them at one time Chickasas, at another time, the Shawanese. He stared at the livid face, but could not recognise the style of paint that covered it.

That the Indians were not strictly national in their adornments, was certain, for they were examined by practised eyes, that could have told the nation of the dead, if such had been the case, as readily as a sailor could distinguish a ship by its flag. Mike was evidently puzzled; and as he was about giving up his task as hopeless, the dead body he was examining, from some cause, turned on its side. Mike's eyes distended, as some of his companions observed, "like a choked cat," and became riveted. He drew himself up in a half serious, and half comic expression, and pointing at the back of the dead Indian's head, there was exhibited a dead warrior in his paint, desti-

his scalp-lock, the small stump which was left, being stiffened with red paint. Those who could read Indian symbols learned a volume of deadly resolve in what they saw. The body of Proud Joe was stiff and cold before them.

The last and best shot of Mike Fink cost a brave man his life. The corpse so lately interred, was evidently taken in the moonlight by Proud Joe and his party, as that of Mike's, and they had risked their lives, one and all, that he might with certainty be sacrificed. Nearly a thousand miles of swamp had been threaded, large and swift running rivers had been crossed, hostile tribes passed through by Joe and his friends, that they might revenge the fearful insult, of destroying *without the life*, the sacred scalp-lock.

A Good One.

We understand that a petition was presented to the House of Representatives, praying the passage of an act to legalize a lottery for the purpose of completing the Catholic Cathedral, at Natchez. Mr. McCaughan opposed the petition, saying "he had no objection to the erection of a church to worship our Saviour in, but was opposed to calling on the devil to build it."—*Vicksburg Intell.*

The Guest.

The first number of this periodical, which is a semi-monthly quarto, made its appearance last Friday. The editor, *Mrs. R. S. Nichols*, is well and favourably known to the literary world—east and west—of our country, and she seems sustained by several spirited contributors, some of them of great ability. The paper, typography, and mechanical arrangement are unexceptionable, and the *Guest*, for the extent and character of its original matter, is one of the cheapest family papers of the day.

Of a writer like *Mrs. Nichols*, whose fugitive pieces have been so highly appreciated by the reading public, it is hardly necessary to speak, and it may suffice to say, that if she can keep up in this new enterprise an array of correspondents and contributors equal to those who have sent in their pieces to the first number, a literary sheet will be furnished for the west, of a higher order of merit than most of the eastern periodicals, either weekly or monthly.

I recommend the "*Guest*" to all who desire a good paper for the family circle.

Pleasant Hill Academy.

The semi-annual examination of this institution commences this day and continues until this day week, the 25th inst. This establishment is the germ out of which is about to be formed "The Farmers' College," a novel enterprise, although justified, and indeed, demanded not only by our republican institutions, but by the commanding influence which the "*sons of the soil*," as the great mass of the voters of our country, are

destined to exert in the community of which they form a part. To what extent the educational privileges of this institution will diffuse themselves through our farming community, may be judged from the fact that more than five hundred youth have already passed through a course of study at this Academy.

I recommend a general attendance of those whose avocations permit a visit on the occasion from this city.

A Curiosity.

The following is a verbatim copy of a quit claim Mormon bill of divorce, found on the bank of the river opposite Nauvoo, a few days since:

Noo no all men buy this presence that I Margaret Wilcox have settled all my affairs and difficulties with Silas Wilcox my former husband and hold no more claim on him for any covenant that has been made hear to fore and air willing that we both do part in friend ship hoping that the blessings of God may rest upon as and we be prospered both in time and eternity and live as brother and sister in the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day saints.

the City of Joseph Oct. 9th 1845.

or so long as we both continue in the faith or in the fellowship of the church.

MARGRIT WILCOX,

J. P. Harmon, Witness.

her

Sarah Harmon, Witness.

The party interested can have the above by "proving property and paying charges."

Does any body want Twins?

We copy the following *unique* advertisement from the Detroit Free Press:

"TWINS.—The undersigned, having recently lost his wife, and leaving a pair of daughters, which he would give to some good family that would like to adopt them as their own. The infants can be seen at the house of Mr. H. E. Perry, Woodward Avenue, Detroit.

ISAAC DIEFFENDERFER."

Religion and Oysters.

They do such strange things out west that they no longer surprise us. The St. Louis Gazette of the 5th says: "This evening, in the Tobacco warehouse, our Baptist brethren make their first call—we should rather say, *offer*, of a fine entertainment—an Oyster Supper—good cheer, musical airs, &c.—and all for one dollar. We hope, we expect, we know, there will be a rush for the Oysters."

Kindness.

"What! Mr. Brown a brute! why he writes to his wife every packet!" "Yes, he writes a parcel of flummery about the agony of absence, but he has never remitted her a shilling. Do you call that kindness?" "Decidedly, *unremitting* kindness."

Juvenile Precocity.

"Boy what is your name?" "Robert, sir."
"Yes, that is your christian name, but what is your other name?" "Bob, sir."

Nomenclature.

A survey of the last British Tariff, which I have lately made, suggests some curious statistics, as respects names.

Among the articles imported into Great Britain, are,—Acorns, Aristolochia, Asses, Bastropes, Glass Bugles, Singing Birds, Clinkers, Bullrushes, Caviare, Chillias, Civet, Culm, Codilla, Coir, Coker, Cutch, Divi divi, Flocks, Granilla, Inkle, Jet, Latten, Lentiles, Medlars, Orchal, Orsidew, Safflower, Salep, Stavesacre, Tale, Tarras, Tincal, Tornsal, Truffles, Vallonia, Weld, Woad, and Zaffre. All these are subject to duty. Most of these things are as much known to the general reader as if their names were in Arabic; and it must be matter of surprise that many of those which are known should be subjects of duty, or even importation.

How far the cheap luxuries of our country are denied to the mass in Great Britain, may be inferred from the duty on mead—5s. 6d. per gallon—about *one dollar and forty cents*; and cider £10 10s., or fifty-two dollars per *tun*. It may be said these duties are designed as prohibitory, but if even so, they indicate the price at home of these articles, since it is never necessary that a prohibitory duty should exceed, or even equal, the value of the domestic article.

Sugar Refinery.

Before twenty years shall have elapsed, a manufacturing interest will have sprung into existence in and around Cincinnati, of which we have no example in the U. States. In but the growth of our infancy we have already the great amount of \$20,000,000 as an annual product of our mechanical and manufacturing industry. What we shall become when the manufactures of cotton, woolen, and iron, which are either not now in existence here or which have been in operation only upon a limited scale, shall have reached their utmost capacity of profitable establishment, may be inferred from our progress in this line of the last twenty years, at the commencement of which period our manufacturing products reached barely three millions of dollars in value. When capital shall be directed to this point from abroad to such an extent as to enable us to manufacture the bar and sheet iron of the west, and to make cotton sheetings and printed goods for the United States and foreign markets, which will be done here within twenty years, we shall then behold a concentration of business and population at Cincinnati which will surpass the most sanguine expectations of its citizens at this time.

I am aware of the ridicule which men of petty minds and narrow views may cast upon such predictions, but I entrench myself on the fact that the most liberal estimate for the future of the pro-

gress of Cincinnati, made by myself or any other person hitherto, through the medium of the press, has always fallen far short of the reality, when the period to which it referred arrived, and the views I entertain of our ultimate destiny are now being shared by a much larger portion of our inhabitants than had sustained my former anticipations of the progress of Cincinnati.

I shall, therefore, allude now to a branch of productive industry which the lapse of a few years will establish here, and to an extent of which few persons are now aware. I refer to the refining of New Orleans sugar.

It is matter of surprise to me, that in a city now approaching a population of one hundred thousand souls, no sugar refinery exists, while in St. Louis, destitute of our advantages for their establishment, there are four or five. A mere glance at the subject must satisfy almost every one that the demand upon Cincinnati for the articles of refined sugar and molasses, must be equal to that of St. Louis, at least.

During the past year the whole region east and west of the Lakes has been added to the already extensive markets which our manufactures and the foreign goods business have supplied to Ohio, Indiana, and parts of Kentucky, Virginia, and Illinois.

The Miami Extension Canal opens at once what our Sandusky Rail-Road will more extensively effect; since by transporting produce at lower rates, a market to Western New York, Northern Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Southern and Eastern Michigan, for groceries, will be created which must shortly close the supplies from the Empire City, in that line.

When our rail-road shall extend to the Lake, forty thousand additional hogsheds New Orleans sugar, and molasses in proportion, will be needed for the region alluded to. The basis of this estimate is found in the fact that Louisiana sugar can be put down at the terminus of the canal and rail-road, for at least one cent per pound less than it can be supplied via New York. The figures which establish this are few and easily comprehended. The freight from plantation to Cincinnati is $\frac{1}{4}$ cent per pound; from Cincinnati to the Lake $\frac{1}{4}$ cent. Contracts for any amount of freight can be made at this price now, the toll being but $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hundred, or \$1.25 per thousand. Now the average of freight from plantation to New York is all of fifty cents per hundred, or five dollars per hoghead. Freight, including tolls, from New York to Buffalo, $\frac{1}{4}$ cent additional; and the insurance requisite to pass it by way of New York, equal to 3-8 cent. Here are then $1\frac{1}{4}$ cent per pound charges via N. York, against $\frac{1}{4}$ cent via Cincinnati. And the market for the article is principally west of Buf-

tale, which will make a further difference in favour of the Ohio route of at least $\frac{1}{2}$ cent per lb. to take it as far west as the terminus of our canal or rail road. All these calculations serve to show that sugar, molasses, &c., can be sent as far as Utica, N. Y., before New York City can fairly compete with us in prices, and the consumption of sugar in the region west of Utica is known to exceed fifty thousand hogsheads annually.

In these estimates the expenses of transhipment by both routes are assumed to be equal, but it might easily be shown that the charges here are always lighter than at New York, where the expense in every shape of carrying on business is greater than in Cincinnati.

All that has been thus exhibited of superior access with crude sugar to western and northern markets, applies with still greater force to refined sugar, as an article in which less bulk and weight to higher value has an important bearing in charges of transportation.

When we recollect that every item of expense in manufacturing is less costly here than at St. Louis, it becomes evident that sugar and molasses, refined from crude sugar, with which we are now extensively supplied from that place, will be manufactured in this city in the course of a year or two.

Alligator Killing.

In the dark recesses of the loneliest swamps, in those dismal abodes where decay and production seem to run riot; where the serpent crawls from his den among the tangled ferns and luxuriant grass, and hisses forth its propensities to destroy unmolested; where the toad and lizard spend the live-long day in their melancholy chirpings; where the stagnant pool festers and ferments, and bubbles up its foul miasma; where the fungi seems to grow beneath your gaze; where the unclean birds retire after their repast, and sit and stare with dull eyes in vacancy for hours and days together; there originates the alligator; there, if happy in his history, he lives and dies. The pioneer of the forest invades his home; the axe lets in the sunshine upon his hiding places: he frequently finds himself, like the Indian, surrounded by the encroachments of civilization, a mere intruder in his original domain, and under such circumstances only does he become an object of rough sport, the incidents of which deserve a passing notice.

The extreme southern portions of the United States are exceedingly favourable to the growth of the alligator: in the swamps that stretch over a vast extent of country, inaccessible almost to man, they increase in numbers and size, live undisputed monarchs of their abodes, exhibiting but little more intelligence, or exerting but little more volition than the decayed trunk of the tree, for which they are not unfrequently taken. In these swamp regions, however, are frequently found high ridges of land, inviting cultivation. The log cabin takes the place of the rank vegetation; the evidences of thrift appear; and as the running streams display themselves, and are cleared for navigation, the old settler, the alligator, becomes

exposed, and daily falls a victim to the rapacity of man. Thus hunted, like creatures of higher organization, he grows more intelligent, from the dangers of his situation; his taste grows more delicate, and he wars in turn upon his only enemy; soon acquires a civilized taste for pork and poultry, and acquires also a very uncivilized one for dogs.

An alligator in the truly savage state is a very happy reptile: encased in an armour as impenetrable as that of Ajax, he moves about unharmed by surrounding circumstances. The fangs of the rattlesnake grate over his scales as they would over a file; the constrictor finds nothing about him to crush; the poisonous moccasin bites at him in vain; and the greatest pest of all, the mosquito, that fills the air of his abode with a million stings, that burn the flesh like sparks of fire, buzz out their fury upon his carcass in vain. To say that he enjoys not these advantages, that he crawls not forth as a proud knight in his armour, that he treads not upon the land as a master, and moves in the water the same, would be doing injustice to his actions, and his habits, and the philosophical example of independence which he sets to the trembling victims that are daily sacrificed to his wants.

The character of an alligator's face is far from being a flattering, letter of recommendation. It suggests a rude shovel; the mouth extends from the extreme tip of the nose backwards until it passes the ears; indeed, about one-third of the whole animal is mouth, with the exact expression of a tailor's shears; and this mouth being ornamented with a superabundance of rows of white teeth, gives the same hope of getting out of it, sound in body and mind, if once in, as does the hopper of a bark-mill. Its body is short and round not unlike that of a horse; its tail is very long and flattened at the end like an oar. It has the most dexterous use of this appendage, propelling along, swiftly, and on land it answers the purpose of a weapon of defence.

The traveler through the lonely swamp at nightfall often finds himself surrounded by these singular creatures, and if he is unaccustomed to their presence and habits, they cause great alarm. Scattered about in every direction, yet hidden by the darkness, he hears their huge jaws open and shut with a force that makes a noise, when numbers are congregated, like echoing thunder. Again, in the glare of the camp-fire, will sometimes be seen the huge alligator crawling within the lighted circle, attracted by the smell of food—perchance you have squatted upon a nest of eggs, encased with great judgment in the centre of some high ground you yourself have chosen to pass the night upon. Many there are, who go unconcernedly to sleep with such intruders in their immediate vicinity; but a rifle-ball, effectively fired, will most certainly leave you unmolested, and the dying alligator, no doubt comforts itself that the sun will not neglect its maternal charge, but raise up its numerous young as hideous and destructive as itself.

The alligator is a luxurious animal, fond of all the comforts of life, which are, according to its habits, plentifully scattered around it. We have watched them, enjoying their evening nap in the shades of tangled vines, and in the hollow trunk of the cypress, or floating like a log on the top of some sluggish pool. We have seen them sporting in the green slime, and catching, like a dainty gourmand, the fattest frogs and longest snakes;

but they are in the height of their glory, stretched out upon the sand-bar, in the meridian sun, when the summer heats pour down and radiate back from the parched sand, as tangibly as they would from red hot iron. In such places will they bask and blow off, with a loud noise, the inflated air and water, that would seem to expand within them as if confined in an iron pipe, occasionally rolling about their swinish eyes with a slowness of motion, that, while it expresses the most perfect satisfaction, is in no way calculated to agitate their nerves, or discompose them by too suddenly taking the impression of outward objects. While thus disposed of, and after the first nap is taken, they amuse themselves with opening their huge jaws to their widest extent, upon the inside of which, instinctively settle, thousands of musquitoes and other noxious insects that infest the abode of the alligator. When the inside of the mouth is thus covered, the reptile brings his jaws together with inconceivable velocity, gives a gulp or two, and again sets his formidable trap for this small game.

Some years since, a gentleman in the southern part of Louisiana, "opening a plantation," found, after most of the forest had been cleared off, that in the centre of his land was a boggy piece of low soil, covering nearly twenty acres. This place was singularly infested with alligators. Among the first victims that fell a prey to their rapacity, were a number of hogs and fine poultry; next followed most of a pack of fine deer hounds. It may be easily imagined that the last outrage was not passed over with indifference. The leisure time of every day was devoted to their extermination, until the cold of winter rendered them torpid, and buried them up in the mud. The following summer, as is naturally the case, the swamp, from the heat of the sun, contracted in its dimensions; a number of artificial ditches drained off the water, and left the alligators little else to live in than mud, about the consistency of good mortar: still the alligators clung, with singular tenacity, to their native homesteads as if perfectly conscious that the coming fall would bring them rain. While thus exposed, a general attack was planned, carried into execution, and nearly every alligator of any size was destroyed. It was a fearful and disgusting sight to see them rolling about in the thick mud, striking their immense jaws together in the agony of death. Dreadful to relate, the stench of these decaying bodies in the hot sun produced an unthought-of evil. Teams of oxen were used in vain to haul them away; the progress of corruption under the sun of a tropical climate made the attempt fruitless. On the very edge of the swamp, with nothing exposed but the head, lay a huge monster, evidently sixteen or eighteen feet long; he had been wounded in the melee, and made incapable of moving, and the heat had actually baked the earth around his body as firmly as if imbedded in cement. It was a cruel and singular exhibition, to see so much power for destruction so helpless. We amused ourselves in throwing things into his great cavernous mouth, which he would grind up between his teeth. Seizing a large oak rail, we attempted to run it down his throat, but it was impossible; for he held it for a moment as firmly as if it had been the bow of a ship, then with his jaws crushed and ground it to fine splinters. The odd fellow, however, had his revenge; the dead alligators were found more destructive than the living ones, and the plantation for a season had to be abandoned.

In shooting the alligator, the bullet must hit just in front of the fore legs, where the skin is most vulnerable; it seldom penetrates in other parts of the body. Certainty of aim, therefore, tells, in alligator shooting, as it does in every thing else connected with sporting. Generally, the alligator, when wounded, retreats to some obscure place; but if wounded in a *bayou*, where the banks are steep, and not affording any hiding-places, he makes considerable amusement in his convolutions in the water, and in his efforts to avoid the pain of his smarting wounds. In shooting, the instant you fire, the reptile disappears, and you are for a few moments unable to learn the extent of injury you have inflicted. An excellent shot, that sent the load with almost unerring certainty through the eye, was made at a huge alligator, and, as usual, he disappeared, but almost instantly rose again, spouting water from his nose, not unlike a whale. A second ball, shot in his tail, sent him down again, but he instantly rose and spouted: this singular conduct prompted a bit of provocation, in the way of a plentiful sprinkling of bits of wood, rattled against his hide. The alligator lashed himself into a fury; the blood started from his mouth; he beat the water with his tail until he covered himself with spray, but never sunk without instantly rising again. In the course of the day he died and floated ashore; and on examination, it was found that the little valve nature has provided the reptile with, to close over its nostrils when under water, had been cut off by the first shot, and thus compelled him to stay on the top of the water to keep from being drowned. We have heard of many since who have tried thus to wound them, and although they have been hit in the nose, yet they have been so crippled as to sink and die.

The alligator is particularly destructive on pigs and dogs, when they inhabit places near plantations; and if you wish to shoot them, you can never fail to draw them on the surface of the water, if you will make a dog yell, or pig squeal; and that too, in places where you may have been fishing all day, without suspecting their presence. Herodotus mentions the catching of crocodiles in the Nile, by baiting a hook with flesh, and then attracting the reptile towards it by making a hog squeal. The ancient Egyptian manner of killing the crocodile is different from that of the present day, as powder and ball have changed the manner of destruction; but the fondness for pigs in the crocodile and alligator, after more than two thousand years, remains the same.

Manufactures of Cincinnati.

The productive industry of Cincinnati is employed in manufacturing articles requiring manual labour, more than those made by machinery. In this respect it differs greatly from Pittsburgh. The manufactures in wood, iron and other metals, leather, cotton, wool, linen and hemp, etc., of Cincinnati, amounted in the year 1841, to nearly \$17,500,000, and employed 10,840 hands. Of these manufactures there were five steamboat yards producing \$592,500 per annum, and employing 306 hands; thirteen foundries and engine shops, employing 563 hands, and producing \$668,657; four machinists employing 42 hands, and producing \$77,000; two rolling mills employing 148 hands, and producing \$394,000; five sheet iron works employing 33 hands, and producing \$58,000; eight brass foundries employing 62 hands, and producing \$81,000; thirty-two copper, brass, sheet iron, and tin plate shops em-

ploying 208 hands, and producing \$311,300; in the manufactures of leather, making boots, shoes, saddlery, and the material itself, there were 988 hands employed, producing \$1,768,000; the manufactures of cotton, wool, linen and hemp—consisting of awning and sail making, coach lace, fringe and military equipments, cotton-yarn factories, oil cloth factories, cordage and rope factories, etc.—employed 352 hands, and produced \$411,190.

Besides these, there are manufactures of white lead, oil for machinery etc., paper, flour, clothing, (the clothing stores alone employ 813 hands, and produce \$1,223,800 per annum,) hats, soap, candles, powder, etc., etc.

From the above statement we are struck with the great extent to which the productive industry of Cincinnati has arrived. Many other articles might have been added to it, but we have only selected those which are most required for military and naval forces.

The manufactures of Cincinnati are noted throughout the west for their superiority of workmanship, and their excellence of material; hence they command better prices than those from the east. This city is also famed for its steamboat building; some of the finest and largest boats on the western waters have been constructed there. In 1840 there were thirty-three steamboats of 5631 tons built, at a cost of \$592,000.

Albert and Victoria.

The present Royal Family of England consists of six persons; Alexandria Victoria, twenty-six years of age; and Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel—we delight, like the good Vicar of Wakefield, in giving the full name—her royal husband, who is three months younger than the lady; his wife and Queen. The eldest child, will be five years old in November, and rejoices in the mellifluous appellation of Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa. The next child is a boy, and will be four years old the 9th of November. He will be the king hereafter, if he outlives his mother, and the Kingdom endures; the boy taking precedence of the sister, although younger. His name is Albert Edward, and his style the Prince of Wales. The second Princess Royal—two years old—is Alice Maud Mary. The Royal Prince born the 6th of August last, is named Alfred Ernst Albert.

Advantage of Advertising.

A lady in Providence, R. I., having ordered an advertisement of "money lost," in one of the papers, returned home and found it in the drawer of her work-table.

To Readers.

There is an admirable publication of T. B. THORPE, called "*The Mysteries of the Backwoods*," which affords a more accurate idea of the manners, habits and sports of the west than any thing else I recollect seeing. The chapter on Alligator killing in the southwest is a specimen of the sort, and I shall publish one or two more on other subjects. The book is for sale at *Robinson & Jones*, on Main street.

The March number of "The Commercial Re-

view of the South and West," published at New Orleans by J. D. B. DeBow, is to hand. The article in to-day's Advertiser—"Manufactures in Cincinnati"—is from this publication, and affords a striking picture—far short of the reality however—of our business and industry.

Chronological Table.

March 27th.—Embargo, 1794. Peace of Amiens, 1802.

28th.—Gen. Abercrombie, died, 1801. Raphael, born, 1483.

29th.—The planet Vesta, discovered by Dr. Olbers of Bremen, 1807. Swedenborg, died, 1772. Siege of Acre, 1799.

30th.—Dr. Hunter, died, 1783. The Allied Sovereigns entered Paris, 1814.

31st.—Beethoven, died, 1827.

Western Literature.

It is not often that western talent is recognised in our Atlantic Cities, and western literature finds a market there. *Geo. W. Cutter*, of our neighbouring city of Covington, however, has found a publisher in New York for his poems, in one of the first houses there, and the handsome compensation of one thousand dollars as the price of the copy right. The volume is in course of preparation for the press, and will make its appearance in the course of a few months.

Vicissitudes.

The following is a picture of human life. *Mr. William A. Welles*, a journeyman printer, at a late typographical celebration in Rochester, New York, gave a synopsis of his ups and downs through life, to this effect:

He commenced active life in the office of *Alderman Seymour*, of New York. His associates were *Commissary Gen. Chandler*, *Mr. Mayor Harper*, and *Gen. Geo. P. Morris*. Here he pulled the first sheet of the *New York American*; set the early numbers of *Salamagundi* and the *Sketch Book of Washington Irving*. He went thence to Boston, where he set from manuscript, *Gibbs' Hebrew Lexicon*, which included nineteen different languages, living and dead. Tired of such employment, and obtaining a midshipman's warrant, he then went to sea on board the *Brandywine*, *Com. Morris*, in which *Gen. Lafayette* returned to France, from his visit to America, in 1825. After leaving Lafayette at home, on board the *Brandywine*, he makes the circumnavigation of the Globe, almost.

As a printer he had worked in almost every city in the United States; besides building a saw mill, and mill dam across Bear Lake, Western Michigan. He has acted in every capacity in a

printing office, from devil to editor and publisher of a city daily press.

Among other vicissitudes, he was incarcerated at *Buenos Ayres*, in the same dungeon of the *Carcel* with *Don Manuel Rosas*, now President of the Argentine Republic, although for different offences. Rosas was confined for treason—in all ages a gentlemanly crime—at least in despotic governments; Welles for slipping a dirk between the ribs of a *Gaucha*, who attempted his life.

How much of human life is made up of such vicissitudes; and what varied adventure is within the recollection of hundreds of our citizens here.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO CHARLES CIST,—Sir:

Your correspondent D. has corrected your error in relation to the derivation of the name of Bucyrus, which is, as he states, a corrupt orthography of the fabled Egyptian King, Busirus, who sacrificed all foreigners to Jupiter, whence it means *the tomb of Osiris*. But my object is to correct D. in relation to the village of Mansfield, which was not so named in honour of the Chief Justice of that name, at whom Junius hurled his violent attacks, but in memory of Col. J. Mansfield, a citizen of our state, then Surveyor General and a distinguished mathematician.

Whilst I have my pen in hand allow me to copy the following, which may throw some light on the subject of your controversy with *Phil*.

“Esquire (from the French *Escu*, Latin *Scutum*, in Greek *Skutos*,) signifies a hide, of which shields were anciently made, for in the times of the Saxons, the shields were covered with leather; so that an Esquire was he who attended a knight in war, and carried his shield, whence he was called Escuier in French, and Scutifer or Armiger in Latin. Those which the French call Esquires, were a military kind of vassals, having *jus scuti*, viz: liberty to bear a shield, and in it the ensigns of their family, in token of their dignity.”

In conclusion, you will not wish to make the acquaintance of
XANTIPPE.

What becomes of our Coffee Bags?

A few days since, during that delightful blending of cold air and bright sunshine which characterized the atmosphere of week before last, and which forms weather which no other country than America can boast of, in walking up Fourth street to my office, it was my fortune to overtake a couple of charming girls, whom I knew but a few years since as Sabbath scholars. In the interval they had ripened into womanhood, and are now among the most graceful of that large class of beings which toil not nor spin, and yet are not

surpassed in attractiveness by the fairest and finest of the lilies and roses of our gardens. After the usual salutations and inquiries had been exchanged, in walking a few paces, I happened to cast my eyes on one of the young ladies' skirts, and discovered what I supposed a stray dark coloured thread, and stretched out a friendly hand to remove it. Mistaking its character, as well as its degree of resistance, I failed to effect my design, and making a second effort, I discovered it to be a thread of Manila sea grass. “What is this, my dear?” I exclaimed. The young lady blushed scarlet and made no reply; and regretting the embarrassment I had created, I turned off as soon as the next corner was near enough to furnish an excuse to leave my company.

Eureka! I exclaimed, as I extended my solitary walk; the secret is discovered—the problem what becomes of the coffee bags, is solved at length. No wonder Mr. C. A. Schumann—doubtless as commission merchant to the fashionable dress makers—was compelled to advertise for three hundred Havana coffee bags. What a pity that the coffee of Rio Janeiro has superseded so extensively that of Havana in the American markets.

A long Street.

Front street is not only the longest continuous street in Cincinnati, but with the exception of one or two streets in London, the longest in the world. It extends from the three mile post on the *Little Miami Rail-Road*, through *Fulton* and Cincinnati as far west as *Storrs* township, an extent of seven miles. In all this range there are not ten dwellings which are three feet distant from the adjacent ones, and two-thirds of the entire route is as densely built as is desirable for business purposes and dwelling house convenience.

The Battle of the 8th January.—No. 1.

BY A HUNTER OF KENTUCKY.

It is the confidence we place in a narrative in which the narrator is relating facts within his own knowledge, and the conviction of reality thus inspired, which gives autobiography—the charm it possesses over history compiled from other sources. The following, which I condense from a late *Louisville Democrat*, will commend itself to the perusal of my readers.

It was in the fall of 1814, that word came, that the British had landed in Louisiana, or were about to land; and pretty soon, there was a draft of Kentucky militia, to go down and help old Jackson dress their jackets. I drew clear, but somehow or other I wasn't much rejoiced, when the blank ticket came out, for I felt a sort of hankering to go. I had a notion that Old Hickory would shew us something worth seeing, and be-

sides, I felt as if I wanted to help our brave fellows thrash the British ragmuffins, for coming on our soil where they had no business. Well, it wasn't long, before I met one of my neighbours, who had been drafted and didn't want to go. He was a wealthy man, and had so much business at home, he said, he did not see how in the world he could get off. He offered forty dollars for a substitute, and asked me if I knew where he could get one. "Well," said I, "that's easily done. I have got all my crops well housed and the old woman and children are pretty well fixed to live through the winter, so if you'll give me the forty dollars, and let me have credit for the tour of service, I'll go myself!" He agreed to that, and we soon clinched the bargain. When I told my wife what I had done, she did look a little blank, but she was good game and didn't make any fuss. She soon rigged me out with a yellowish green hunting shirt of homemade jean, a couple of pairs of trowsers of the same, with a blanket and some other nick-nacks for camp use. Then I bought a stout wool hat with a low crown and broad brim, and shouldering my rifle I set off from Nelson county to join the army at Louisville.

We rendezvoused at Shippingsport on the 10th of November, and next day marched to Louisville and drew provisions. I belonged to Captain John Farmer's Company, 15th Regiment, Kentucky militia, commanded by Colonel Slaughter. The day after we had drawn provisions we went into an election for company officers, all except Captain and Orderly Sergeant. When we had mustered for that purpose Captain Farmer told us, that it was his right to choose our officers, but he didn't want to do so; he wanted us to choose for ourselves, so that we should be better satisfied. Every man in the company, he said, must be a candidate, and whoever had the most votes should be elected. Then we began to look round to see who should be our lieutenant, and several were spoken of, but finally we pitched upon Wiloughby Ashby. He was a perfect stranger, and was neither a drafted man nor a substitute. He had joined the company at Louisville, purely of his own free will, and when we were about to choose a lieutenant he stepped out in front of the line, and spoke up in this way:—"Boys," said he, "I served in Canada, and was taken prisoner at the river Raisin, where I was a good deal mistreated by the British. Now I am going down with you to get satisfaction out of them for it, and if you choose to elect me an officer, I'll do my best to do what's right. I'm willing to go as a private or as an officer, or any how you please—so we give the British a good drubbing it's all one to me." This kind of talk took our fancy, and as he was a good looking fellow and seemed the right kind of stuff, we thought we couldn't do better—so we all stepped out to him and elected him unanimously. Then we elected John Figg, a fine young man, from Nelson county, Ensign; and after that we appointed our Sergeants and Corporals.

We remained at Shippingsport some fifteen or twenty days, while preparations were making for stores and boats to convey us down the river. About the 30th of November, the 13th and 15th regiments embarked in about twenty flatboats—each company occupying one. Our men were all dressed according to their fancy. Some had hunting shirts, some long tailed coats, and some roundabouts. The only thing that made them look like being in uniform, was the materials out

of which their clothes were made, which were either homemade jeans, or tanned buckskin. The only regular uniform coat in our company, was Lieutenant Ashby's. He had one of blue cloth, turned up with red; and I am not sure but his having an officer's coat was one reason why we elected him. He had also epaulettes, but he wore a common hat, trowsers, and jacket. Our captain was dressed in common clothes like the rest of us, and, indeed, the lieutenant only appeared in his fine coat on parade days and very important occasions. If we didn't look much like regular soldiers, however, we were all full of spirits and devilment. Most of us had a tolerable good idea of the use of the rifle, and we felt a reasonable confidence that if we drew sight on a red-jacket within anything like shooting distance, we should be pretty certain to make a hole in it.

When we got down to the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee, we fell in with the 14th regiment, parts of which had come down both those rivers. We lay at Cumberland Island three days, collecting the different detachments, and then proceeded on down the river, the three regiments in company.

At New Orleans, as soon as we were disembarked, we were formed into a line, a little below the city. The main part of the army was then about seven miles below, at the breastworks, where the battle afterwards took place. Our line had scarcely been formed before a drum came round, beating for volunteers to go down to the lines, and assist the Tennesseans, who had been on fatigue duty for several days. I stepped out after the drum, and in a few minutes, about four or five hundred of us were on the march. We got down to the breast works a little after dark, and there we laid under arms till morning. Some were laying or sitting on the ground, but the greater part of us stood up all night, ready for an attack. None took place, and the next morning we were marched back to join our companies. It was about one o'clock in the day when we arrived, and immediately there was another call for volunteers to go down and spend the next night. A good many of us were so wiry-edged and so keen to see and know every thing that was going on, that though we had no time to get any thing to eat, we volunteered again; and thus we had no sooner marched up to the city than we had the pleasure of marching back to the lines. This night passed as did the one before. There was no alarm and nothing took place worthy of note. Next morning we were marched up to the city as before, but when we arrived we found our regiment paraded, and that orders had been given for the whole army to proceed down to the breastworks. A third expedition, on such short notice, was one more than we had bargained for in our own minds, but there was no help for it. We had but just time to tumble into the ranks, before the word was given to march.

We got down a little before sundown on the evening of the 7th, and formed about a couple of hundred yards from the breastwork. Directly after our line had been formed, there were three rockets discharged from the British camp. The first struck the ground just behind the breastwork; the second passed high above our heads, but the third came waving over the breastwork, and passed right through our line. Our company parted to the right and left to let it pass. It went through between William Grubb and Geo. Phil-

lips, so close that the sparks flew upon both of them. It struck the ground a few rods behind us, near a grey horse that was feeding on the commons. The horse was terribly frightened. He snorted, jumped and made off as fast as his legs could carry him.

After these rockets had been discharged we were hastily marched up to the breastwork, where we remained until after dark, but nothing farther occurring, we were marched back to our former position and dismissed; with orders for every man to keep up his arms and to be ready at a moment's notice. By this time some of us were so hungry that we felt rather savage. We had had nothing to eat since the morning we landed at New Orleans. Each time in marching from the lines up to the city, we had come back without having time to procure or cook our rations; the first time our own eagerness to be on the second volunteering party, had prevented us from getting our allowance; and the second time we had no chance, as we found the whole army paraded and ready to march. As good luck would have it, one of our mess had a little flour, which he made into dough with some water, and another having hunted up an old skillet, we baked it over a few coals. I had for my share a piece about half as big as the palm of my hand. We passed the night sitting, standing, or lying, as we could find opportunity, but with our rifles ready for use at a moment's warning. Most of the men were sulky with fatigue and hunger, and there was not much conversation. It was a very dark night, there being no moon until twelve o'clock, and a considerable fog rendered it still more gloomy.

Just at dawn of day—it was a foggy, hazy morning—we heard the firing of our picket guard. For an instant or two, there was a confused noise all along the front of our line, as if a high wind was rushing over a field of ripe corn. Then there were a few dropping shots, and directly volleys of musketry, as our guard retreated. Our troops instantly ran up to the breastwork, and we heard the British troops coming on, like a confused mass and yelling like devils.

Our regiment—the 15th—was about the centre of the line. The 14th regiment was on our left, between us and the swamp, and the regulars were on our right towards the river. The Tennesseans were scattered about amongst us, I don't exactly know how. At any rate, a good many of them got mixed up with us before the battle was over. Our company was exactly under the leaning oak, which stood about half way between the river and the swamp. We were formed into sections five deep, with orders for the sections to advance and fire alternately. The section I was in, was composed of Henry Spillman, John Anderson, Barnet Bridwell, and I think, Matthew Kane and James Glass. The other individuals around me, as near as I can recollect, were Lieut. Ashby, Ensign Weller, Orderly Sergeant Isaac Chambers, Isaac Wilcox, Alex. Robinson, Thomas Anderson, and Abram Springston. These were my acquaintances whom I remember seeing about me at the commencement of the battle. It was so dark, however, that one could see but little.

Captain Farmer was that morning commander of the picket guard, and, of course, did not join us until after the battle had commenced. During the night, one of our regular soldiers had deserted to the enemy, and had given them the

countersign and watchword. While on guard, Captain Farmer, being dressed in dark clothes, had let the guard fire, and passing through his own line of sentinels, approached so near that of the British that he could hear them talking. He heard them speak of the deserter, and the advantage they would have from knowing our passwords. It didn't turn out any advantage, though, for as soon as Capt. Farmer returned they were changed.

The Dress of Authors.

Anthony Magliabechi, who passed his time among his books, had an old cloak, which served him for a gown in the day, and for bed-clothes at night; he had one straw chair for his table, and another for his bed, on which he generally remained fixed, in the midst of a heap of volumes and papers, until he was overpowered with sleep. Emerson, the mathematician, made one hat last him the greater part of his lifetime, the rim generally lessening bit by bit, till little remained except the crown. Another "shocking bad hat," which belonged to a celebrated geologist of the present day, is honoured with a place among the curious relics of costumes in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, to which valuable collection it was presented by some waggish university youths. In the "History of Holy Ghost Chapel, Basingstoke" (1819), it is stated that the Rev. Samuel Loggon, a great student of antiquities, "used to wear two old shirts at once, saying that they were warmer than new ones." Dr. Paris, in his "Life of Sir Humphrey Davy," tells us that this great philosopher was, in the busiest period of his career, so sparing of time, that he would not afford a moment to divesting himself of his dirty linen, but would slip clean linen over it. This practice he would continue, until as many as even six shirts were on his back at a time. When at length he had found leisure to extricate himself from all except the one that was clean, his bulk was so visibly and suddenly reduced, that his friends, not knowing the cause, would remark that he was getting thinner with alarming rapidity. But their fears of his being in a consumption would shortly be removed, when shirt over shirt began to accumulate again. He was then like a plump caterpillar, existing under several skins. In later days, Davy became more attentive to the toilet; in fact the thinking and busy philosopher merged into a frivolous fop, cultivating curls, and wearing piebald waistcoats of patchwork pattern. Shenstone was somewhat of an exquisite. He loved showy colours in dress, delighted in trinkets and perfumes, designed patterns for snuff-boxes, played music, sung, and painted flowers. He had, however, great antipathy to card playing and dancing; yet he says that ecstatic, rough, unsophisticated dancing, is one of the most natural expressions of delight, for it coincides with jumping for joy; but when it is done according to rule, it is, in his opinion, merely *cum ratione insauire*. Benjamin Stillingfleet generally wore a full dress suit of cloth of the same uniform colour, with blue worsted stockings. In this dress he used frequently to attend Mrs. Montague's literary evening parties, and as his conversation was very interesting, the ladies used to say,—"We can do nothing without the blue stockings;" hence arose the appellation of *bas bleu*, or "blue stockings" to literary ladies. Mezerai, the French historian, was so extremely susceptible of cold, that immediately

on the setting in of winter, he provided himself with twelve pairs of stockings, all of which he sometimes wore at once. In the morning he always consulted his barometer, and, according to the greater or less degree of cold put on so many more or fewer pairs of stockings. In reference to the general seediness of literary costume, a recent writer has justly remarked, that to laugh—as has been the custom since the days of Juvenal—at the loutish manners, threadbare cloak, and clouted shoe of the mere man of letters, is a stale and heartless joke, for the poorest, threadbare, ungainly scholar (if he be indeed a scholar) is a gentleman in his feelings.

Building for 1846.

Early as is the season for building operations, preparations for that purpose are to be seen on every side. Not less than one hundred and fifty cellars are in various stages of progress already, and the prospect is that the erections of 1846 will be as numerous as those of the past year, while the private buildings will doubtless exceed their predecessors in elegance, convenience, and value.

As regards public edifices, a new Disciples' Church, fifty by seventy-four feet, for the congregation lately worshipping on Sycamore street, is now building at the southwest corner of Walnut and Eighth streets, the basement of which will be laid off for business purposes. A new Jewish Synagogue—*Kal a Kodesh Beni Jeshurun*—fifty-five by seventy-five feet, will also be put up this year, under the direction of Mr. Henry Walters, Architect. The Synagogue will be erected on Lodge, between Fifth and Sixth streets.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er valley and sea,
The cord is now broken that bound thee to me:

As the Hoosier belle apostrophized her corset,
on learning that the article had gone out of fashion.

Error of the Press.

An exchange mentions the appointment, by and with the consent of the Senate, of Mr. John Smith, as "Master of *Chicanery*." In the opinion of the uninitiated, the printer was not far wrong, as the difference between *chicanery* and *chancery* is not very great.

Oysters and the Mails.

In my last week's article—"Our Markets"—I adverted to the abundant supply of oysters to this market. One circumstance was, however, omitted, of some statistical importance, of not less consequence to the *gastro nome* as an index to the state of supplies in this article, in respect to freshness and quality, than is the thermometer to the brewer, or any other manufacturer, as a criterion of atmospheric temperature. It is this, that in the exact degree of punctuality with which the

Eastern mail arrives, the can oysters are left behind; and to the extent in which the oysters are received, the Eastern letters and papers are missing. This is a very singular and curious coincidence.

It follows, therefore, that the annunciation of mail failures, which are so frequently made by our editors, is equivalent to an advertisement by our friends, *Selves* and *Ringgold*, "*that they have this day received a fresh lot of oysters*," with which they are ready to supply customers.

The Great Lakes.

The Boston Journal observes that but few persons are really aware of the magnitude of the great Lakes of the West. They are truly inland seas, and navigation there is as dangerous, and subjected to all the vicissitudes which are connected with the navigation of the Baltic, the Black Sea, or the Mediterranean. The following is an authentic tabular statement of the extent of those fresh water seas, embraced in a report of the State Geologist of Michigan:

Lakes.	Mean length.	Mean breadth.	Area sq. miles.
Superior,	400	80	32,000
Michigan,	320	70	22,000
Huron,	240	80	20,000
Green Bay,	100	20	2,000
Erie,	240	40	7,400
Ontario,	180	35	6,300
St. Clair,	20	14	360
			90,060

The same tabular statement exhibits also the depth and the elevation of each above tide-water:

Lakes.	Mean depth.	Elevation.
Superior,	900 feet.	696 feet.
Michigan,	1000	578
Huron,	1000	578
St. Clair,	20	570
Erie,	84	565
Ontario,	500	232

It is computed that the Lakes contain above fourteen thousand miles of fresh water; a quantity *more than half of all the fresh water on earth*. The extent of country drained by the lakes, from Niagara to the northwestern angle of Superior, including also that of the lakes themselves, is estimated at 335,515 square miles.

A paper in the west abuses a professional gentleman as a "*briefless lawyer*." The Louisville Journal takes his cotemporary to task and admonishes him never to abuse a man *without a cause*.

"Out for Five Minutes."

A lawyer who was in the habit of leaving such a *mem.* as the above, on his office door, when ever business or pleasure called him out, was rebuked by an *addenda* to his card, in the following words—"for one minute in."

He never hung out that shingle again.

Legislative Statistics.

I have compiled in tabular form the component ingredients of such of our State Legislatures as my statistical information on the subject provided me with the necessary data. These are those of Mississippi, Ohio, Kentucky, and Maryland.

<i>Occupations.</i>	<i>Md.</i>	<i>Ky.</i>	<i>Ohio.</i>	<i>Miss.</i>
Farmers,	50	75	62	89
Lawyers,	17	40	22	26
Physicians,	4	5	5	11
Mechanics,	5	6	11	3
Teachers,	1		2	
Merchants,	4	9	6	1
Innkeepers,	1	2	1	
<i>Ages—Youngest,</i>		26	29	23
Oldest,		68	76	63
Married,			101	
Single,			7	
<i>Birthplace.</i>	<i>Ky.</i>	<i>Ohio.</i>	<i>Miss.</i>	
Ohio,	8	28		
Pennsylvania,	6	24	1	
New York,		14	4	
Virginia,	34	8	21	
Kentucky,	81	5	10	
Maryland,		5	5	
Connecticut,	1	8		
Illinois,			1	
Maine,		2	1	
New Hampshire,	2	2	2	
New Jersey,		2	1	
Alabama,			3	
District Columbia,	1	1		
North Carolina,	3		18	
South Carolina,	1		30	
Tennessee,	6		14	
Vermont,	1		1	
Georgia,			11	
Mississippi,			10	

Native Americans,	126	104	129
Ireland,		2	
Wales,		1	
Germany,		1	
France,			1

It were desirable that fuller statistics on this interesting topic should be furnished by the several State Legislatures. It would serve to shed light upon the formation of our national character. Imperfect as these are they supply many valuable inductions, to the cause of knowledge.

Farmers and planters constitute the largest portion in the legislatures, as they do of the people. All classes have probably a fair representation—lawyers excepted. These always exist in the legislatures, both state and national, in a proportion which forms a great and crying evil. It will be found, I apprehend, that they are the great cause why so much time is wasted in mere

talking, to the great disadvantage of getting through business. I say not this out of disrespect to the profession, in whose ranks are to be found a full share of business tact and talent. But as the very nature of that profession cannot permit its members to become legislators but at the absolute sacrifice of their business, the effect of sending lawyers to the seat of government is, as a general rule, to take them from men of fourth and fifth rate calibre. It appears to me, too, that the tendency itself of the lawyer's employment, to try what can be said on both sides, begets an undue distrust of one's own judgment, and a desire to protract coming to a decision, which is the common failing in deliberative bodies.

Not the least striking feature in these statistics is, that the proportion of natives of other countries does not form much more than one out of one hundred members. I had no idea that the proportion was so small.

Value of Property.

Our public sales are the true average of the value of real estate. On Thursday last, Wright & Graff sold at auction, a lot on the southwest corner of Walnut and Third streets, and the adjacent lots on both Walnut and Third streets. The corner twenty-five feet by seventy-five feet, brought \$2,200, or \$328 per front foot. The adjacent one on Walnut, same front and depth, was sold for \$5,150, or \$23 per front foot; and the Third street front, twenty-five feet by but fifty feet deep, was disposed of at \$2,250, being \$90 per foot front. These prices indicate a steady advance in the value of property; and although there are brick buildings on the premises, every one knows that these lots would have brought as much if they had been destitute of improvement; in fact the business wants of Cincinnati will compel the erection of buildings adapted for stores and offices, at not only this corner, but at the opposite one.

These prices seem high, but I am warranted in pronouncing the purchase safe and prudent. I can state on the best authority, that the Masonic Lodge, in whom is vested the title to the property, extending from the opposite corner to the alley next the Lafayette Bank, have a day or two since *refused four hundred dollars* per front foot, for twenty-five feet west of Watson's barbering establishment.

What would an individual unacquainted with Cincinnati think of the progress of our city to be told the indubitable fact, that this twenty-five feet for which \$10,000 have been refused form one eighth, and the least valuable eighth part of a lot, bequeathed by William McMillan, in 1804, to the Masonic fraternity, and deemed of so little value at that period that the legatees suffered it

to be sold for taxes, and did not deem it worth redemption until 1810. The naked lot would now command at sheriff's sale one hundred thousand dollars.

Cincinnati Grocery Trade.

That Cincinnati is the largest interior market, not only in the West, but in the United States, is a fact no longer disputed. The extent of its operations, however, is, we believe, very inadequately appreciated. To give some idea of its business, we show below, the receipts of Coffee, Molasses, and Sugar, the three great staples in the Grocery trade, during the last two years. The aggregates are as follows:

	1845.	1844.
Coffee, sacks, - - -	55,490	46,809
Molasses, barrels, - - -	22,928	18,099
Sugar, hhds., - - -	12,287	11,404
Do. brls., - - -	6,832	4,118
Do. boxes, - - -	649	1,421

I copy the above from the ATLAS. It suggests a powerful contrast to the past, while it furnishes one among many evidences of our rapid growth in every department of business. What that progress is may be inferred from the following incident.

In 1816, Adam Moore and Nathaniel Reeder brought up seventy bags coffee from New Orleans, and offered it for sale to a firm, at that time one of the principal grocers in the place. Before taking the responsibility of making so heavy a purchase, one of the partners went round town, and having ascertained that the whole stock on hand in Cincinnati—their own included—did not equal that quantity, they purchased it, under considerable hesitation that the price of the article might fall before they were able to dispose of their whole supply—less than one hundred bags.

In the business season, it is no uncommon circumstance now for one of our largest houses to have two thousand bags on hand at once. And this too when the daily arrival of steamboats from New Orleans in short passages affords a constant opportunity of replenishing a lighter supply.

Steel Bells.

Much mischief is occasionally done by the press, not only in stating facts which are untrue, but in extending their circulation by copying extracts which a moment's reflection would exclude from their columns.

An article has gone the rounds, stating that "*Steel Bells* are now manufactured by an ingenious mechanic in Cincinnati. A bell of steel weighing fifty pounds, will cost only thirty dollars, and can be heard two miles, or more. They are so cheap and good, therefore, that every church may have a bell of a clear, brilliant, and musical tone, while the lightness of this species of bells requires no strength of belfry to support

it. It is rung with a crank which can be moved by a mere boy. For about two hundred dollars a chime of steel bells can be bought."

It is needless for me to say to residents here that this is an entire fabrication, without the least foundation in fact.

Dr. Bailey of the Herald and myself, have been put to trouble and expense by repeated applications through letter and otherwise, from this silly paragraph. Probably other publishers also. I hope this explanation will put inquiries at rest.

The manufacture of steel bells was attempted in New England some years since, and proved an absolute failure.

In 1815, after Napoleon's return from Elba, a violent royalist exclaimed to his confessor, who happened to dine with him at Ghent—"What, Henry III. and IV. were assassinated, and nobody can be found to rid us of the usurper Bonaparte!" The priest fetched a deep sigh—"Ah, my dear sir," said he, "there is no longer any religion in the world in these days!" Napoleon is said to have been much amused with this anecdote.

The Battle of the 8th January.—No. 2.

BY A HUNTER OF KENTUCKY.

The British made their attack in three divisions. That next the river, after forcing the picket guard, followed it right into the works. I did not see this part of the attack, of course, but I heard from Capt. Farmer, Joseph Smithy (Drum Major of our regiment,) and William Reasoner, all of whom were on the guard, that the British were completely mixed up with them, when they came to the gate which led through the breast-work. A British soldier kept hanching Reasoner with his elbow, telling him to "form—form—form." Finding after a while that Reasoner was an American—in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe—he fired his musket at him and knocked the cock off Reasoner's gun. At this the latter turned and finding the lock spoiled, he clubbed the rifle and broke it over the Englishman's head. Captain Farmer was one of the last of the picket guard that passed through the gateway, and just at that moment he noticed the matchman of the thirty-two pounder that was placed at that point, brightening his match. The Captain turned to look—the old thirty-two went off, cutting a wide lane through the dense mass of red coats, that had by this time crowded up to its very muzzle. In a minute it was loaded again with grape and canister shot, and the Captain had an opportunity to see the effect of a second fire, just as he had turned to pass up the line and join his company. It seemed to cut another lane through the British, taking down every man within several feet of its range on either side. Still they came rushing on. A British officer jumped on the works and began spiking a canon. I heard say it was Colonel Gibbs. He exclaimed to his men, "come on boys, the day's our own!" but just as he had got the words out of his mouth, Joe Smithy stepped up to him, saying, "you're not so sure of that," and fired a pistol right in his face. Down went the officer. Several shots must have been fired at him at the same time, for I was told that seven bullets had passed through him before he fell.

When we first ran up to the breastwork, at our part of the lines, some of our men began firing, and orders were passed along rapidly, "cease that firing—cease that firing." Some said the men we heard coming were the picket guards coming in. Col. Smily, from Bardstown, was the first one who gave us orders to fire from our part of the line; and then, I reckon, there was a pretty considerable noise. There were also brass pieces just on our right, the noisiest kind of varmints, that began blazing away as hard as they could, while the heavy iron cannon, towards the river, and some thousands of small arms, joined in the chorus and made the ground shake under our feet. Directly after the firing began, Capt. Patterson—I think he was from Knox county, Kentucky, but an Irishman born—came running along. He jumped up on the breastwork, and stooping a moment to look through the darkness as well as he could, he shouted with a broad North of Ireland brogue, "shoot low, boys! shoot low! rak them—rak them! D— them!—they're a comin' on their all fours!"

The official report said the action lasted two hours and five minutes, but it did not seem half that length of time to me. It was so dark that little could be seen, until just about the time the battle ceased. The morning had dawned to be sure, but the smoke was so thick that every thing seemed covered up in it. Our men did not seem to apprehend any danger, but would load and fire as fast as they could, talking, swearing, and joking, all the time. All ranks and sections were soon broken up. After the first shot, every one loaded and banged away on his own hook. Henry Spillman did not load and fire quite so often as some of the rest, but every time he did fire he would go up to the breastwork, look over till he could see something to shoot at, and then take deliberate aim and crack away. Lieut. Ashby was as busy as a tailor, and it was evident that the River Raisin was uppermost in his mind all the time. He kept dashing about, and every now and then he would call out, "we'll pay you now for the River Raisin, d— you! We'll give you something to remember the River Raisin!" When the British had come up to the opposite side of the breastwork, having no gun he picked up an empty barrel and flung it at them. Then finding an iron bar he jumped up on the works and hove that at them.

At one time I noticed, a little on our right, a curious kind of a chap named Ambrose Odd, one of Captain Higdon's company, and known among the men by the nickname of "Sukey," standing coolly on the top of the breastwork and peering into the darkness for something to shoot at. The balls were whistling around him and over our heads, as thick as hail, and Col. Slaughter coming along, ordered him to come down. The Colonel told him there was policy in war, and that he was exposing himself too much. Sukey turned round, holding up the flap of his old broad brimmed hat with one hand, to see who was speaking to him, and replied: "Oh! never mind Colonel—here's Sukey—I don't want to waste my powder and I'd like to know how I can shoot till I see something?" Pretty soon after, Sukey got his eye on a red coat and no doubt made a hole through it, for he took deliberate aim, fired and then coolly came down to load again.

During the action a number of Tennessee men got mixed with ours. One of them was killed about five or six yards from where I stood. I did

not know his name. A ball passed through his head and he fell against Ensign Weller. I always thought, as did many others who were standing near, that he must have been accidentally shot by some of our own men. From the range of the British balls, they could hardly have passed over the breastwork without passing over our heads, unless we were standing very close to the works, which were a little over breast high, and five or six feet wide on the top. This man was standing a little back and rather behind Weller. After the battle, I could not see that any balls had struck the oak tree lower than ten or twelve feet from the ground. Above that height it was thickly peppered. This was the only man killed near where I was stationed. It was near the close of the firing. About the time that I observed three or four men carrying his body away, or directly after, there was a white flag raised on the opposite side of the breastwork and the firing ceased.

The white flag, before mentioned, was raised about ten or twelve feet from where I stood, close to the breastwork and a little to the right. It was a white handkerchief, or something of the kind, on a sword or stick. It was waved several times and as soon as it was perceived we ceased firing. Just then the wind got up a little and blew the smoke off, so that we could see the field. It then appeared that the flag had been raised by a British officer wearing epaulets. I was told he was a Major. He stepped over the breastwork and came into our lines. Amongst the Tennesseans who had got mixed with us during the fight, there was a little fellow whose name I do not know; but he was a cadaverous looking chap and went by that of Paleface. As the British officer came in, Paleface demanded his sword. He hesitated about giving it to him, probably thinking it was derogatory to his dignity, to surrender to a private all over begrimed with dust and powder and that some officer should shew him the courtesy to receive it. Just at that moment, Colonel Smily came up and cried, "G— you! give it up—give it up to him in a minute!" The British officer quickly handed his weapon to Paleface, holding it in both hands and making a very polite bow.

A good many others came in just about the same time. Amongst them I noticed a very neatly dressed young man, standing on the edge of the breastwork, and offering his hand, as if for some one to assist him down. He appeared to be about nineteen or twenty years old, and, as I should judge, from his appearance, was an Irishman. He held his musket in one hand while he was offering the other. I took hold of his musket and set it down, and then giving him my hand, he jumped down quite lightly. As soon as he got down, he began trying to take off his cartouch box, and then I noticed a red spot of blood on his clean white under jacket. I asked him if he was wounded and he said that he was, and he feared pretty badly. While he was trying to disengage his accoutrements, Capt. Farmer came up, and said to him, "let me help you my man!" The Captain and myself then assisted him to take them off. He begged us not to take his canteen, which contained his water. We told him, we did not wish to take any thing but what was in his way and cumbersome to him. Just then one of the Tennesseans, who had ran down to the river, as soon as the firing ceased, for water, came along with some in a tin coffee-

pet. The wounded man observing him, asked if he would please to give him a drop. "O! yes," said the Tennessean, "I'll treat you to anything I've got." The young man took the coffee-pot, and swallowed two or three mouthfuls out of the spout. He then handed back the pot and in an instant we observed him sinking backwards. We eased him down against the side of a tent, when he gave two or three gasps and was dead. He had been shot through the breast.

On the opposite side of the breastwork, there was a ditch about ten feet wide, made by the excavation of the earth of which the work was formed. In it, was about a foot or eighteen inches of water, and to make it the more difficult of passage, a quantity of thornbush had been cut and thrown into it. In this ditch, a number of British soldiers were found at the close of the action; some dead, and many who had sought to get close under the breastwork, as a shelter from our fire. These, of course, came in and surrendered.

When the smoke had cleared away and we could obtain a fair view of the field, it looked, at the first glance, like a sea of blood. It was not blood itself which gave it this appearance, but the red coats in which the British soldiers were dressed. Straight out before our position, for about the width of space which we supposed had been occupied by the British column, the field was entirely covered with prostrate bodies. In some places they were laying in piles of several, one on the top of the other. On either side, there was an interval more thinly sprinkled with the slain; and then two other dense rows, one near the levee and the other towards the swamp. About two hundred yards off, directly in front of our position, lay a large dapple grey horse, which we understood to have been Packenham's. Something like half way between the body of the horse and our breastwork, there was a very large pile of dead, and at this spot, as I was afterwards told, Packenham had been killed; his horse having staggered off to a considerable distance before he fell. I have no doubt that I could have walked on the bodies, from the edge of the ditch to where the horse was lying, without touching the ground. I did not notice any other horse on the field.

When we first got a fair view of the field in our front, individuals could be seen in every possible attitude. Some laying quite dead, others, mortally wounded, pitching and tumbling about in the agonies of death. Some had their heads shot off, some their legs, some their arms. Some were laughing, some crying, some groaning and some screaming. There was every variety of sight and sound. Amongst those that were on the ground, however, there were some that were neither dead nor wounded. A great many had thrown themselves down behind piles of slain, for protection. As the firing ceased, these men were every now and then, jumping up and either running off or coming in and giving themselves up.

Amongst those that were running off we observed one stout looking fellow, in a red coat, who would every now and then stop and display some gestures towards us, that were rather the opposite of complimentary. Perhaps fifty guns were fired at him, but as he was a good way off, without effect. Just then, it was noticed, that Paleface was loading his rifle, and some one called out to him, "hurra, Paleface! load quick and give him a shot. The d— rascal is patting his butt at us!" Sure enough, Paleface rammed home

his bullet, and, taking a long sight, he let drive. The fellow, by this time, was from two to three hundred yards off, and somewhat to the left of Packenham's horse. Paleface said he drew sight on him and then run it along up his back till the sight was lost over his head, to allow for the sinking of the ball in so great a distance, and then let go. As soon as the gun cracked the fellow was seen to stagger. He ran forward a few steps, then pitched down on his head and moved no more. As soon as he fell, George Huffman, a big stout Dutchman belonging to our company, asked the Captain if he might go and see where Paleface hit him. The Captain said he didn't care, and George, jumping from the breastwork over the ditch, ran out over the dead and wounded till he came to the place where the fellow was lying. George rolled the body over till he could see the face, and then turning round to us, shouted at the top of his voice, "mine got! he ish a nager!" He was a mulatto, and he was quite dead. Paleface's ball had entered between the shoulders and passed out through his breast. George, as he came back, brought three or four muskets which he had picked up. By this time our men were running out in all directions, picking up muskets, and sometimes watches and other plunder. One man who had got a little too far out on the field was fired at from the British breastwork, and wounded in the arm. He came running back a good deal faster than he had gone out. He was not much hurt but pretty well scared.

Tales of the Hospital.

Under this title Mrs. Nichols of the "GUEST," is publishing a series of articles of deep interest. The second number affords an example of the power of presence of mind, united to moral courage, to allay the fury of maniacal violence. The story is that of a madman who had escaped from his cell, and to the exceeding terror of the *Matron*, is found by her on lifting up hereyes from work, confronting her presence. Dreadfully alarmed, she springs off and makes her escape, although pursued by the maniac. Her husband, the *Steward* of the Hospital, having made his appearance at this juncture, arrested his movement by stepping forward and observing in a pleasant tone,— "Ah Grant, where are you going?" The madman glared at him a moment, and then replied in a similar tone—"to take a walk." "Take my arm," said the Steward, with a good natured smile, "and we will walk together." The man complied immediately, and drawing his arm within his own, the Steward conducted him very slowly back to his cell, talking pleasantly to him till they reached it, when being joined by the keeper, they refastened the chains and secured the door more firmly than before.

I too can tell a tale of the Hospital, which the narrative, of which I have extracted merely one of the incidents, brings to my recollection.

In taking the census of 1840, it became my duty to enumerate the wretched inmates of our city Hospital, and acquainting its officers with my

business, William Crossman, one of the township trustees, accompanied me through its wards to afford me the information which the tenants themselves could not impart. It was my first visit to such abodes of horror and wretchedness, and it is hardly necessary to add, that the spectacle made a deep impression on me. After visiting the wards in which were lodged those whose derangement was of a mild type, I was pointed to a wretched object crawling like a brute on all fours. Having been told his history, Mr. Crossman led me to a chamber opposite, and unlocking the door, its inmate, a half naked woman, who had succeeded by some means in divesting herself of the strait jacket, sprang forward, and having a stout piece of cord wood in her hand, brandished it over his head and saluted him with,—“There, d— you, I have got you now and will kill you.” Crossman, with a degree of self-possession I thought wonderful, simply smiled and said in his blandest tones—“Why, Elizabeth, who has been ill-treating thee so?” She paused a moment, let fall the stick, and whimpering said they would not let her have her cup of tea any longer. “Well,” said our friend, “I must see that thee gets it, and find out who is keeping thee out of it. But let me fix thy dress a little.” So saying he adjusted and secured the strait jacket as quietly and unresistedly as though he had been fitting an apron to a child, and bidding her good bye, withdrew and relocked the door. During this scene, I trembled for a valuable life, which I could make no attempt to save, for when first accosted and threatened, the door was not more widely opened than sufficed for him to fill the space. He was left to depend upon himself, and the least faltering would no doubt have brought the blow down upon his uncovered head. I never before so fully appreciated the value of self-possession and presence of mind.

Modern Relics.

When we hear or read of “Relics,” we naturally associate with the subject the church of Rome. But the protestant churches, and even the no-church—the world at large—have *relics*; as highly prized, as if we should judge by the prices paid for them, as those held by the Papal church.

A few years since a chair which had been the property of “*the Dairyman’s daughter*,” was produced at one of the New York anniversaries. It was, as might have been expected, a rough article, which but for its associated ideas, would not have brought a dime at public sale. As it was, an individual offered one hundred dollars on the spot for it. This relic and rarity mania is, however, more prevalent in Europe than in this country. Prince Albert has presented to *Greenwich Hospital* the coat worn by *Nelson*, in which he

received his death wound, at *Trafalgar*. The ivory chair of *Gustavus Vasa* was sold in 1823, for fifty-eight thousand florins—nearly \$30,000. The coat worn by *Charles XII.* at the battle of *Pultowa*, brought, at *Edinburg*, in 1825, the enormous sum of twenty-two thousand pounds sterling—over \$100,000. A tooth belonging to *Sir Isaac Newton*, was sold to the celebrated *Shaftsbury* for seven hundred and thirty pounds—\$3,500. As far as we may judge by another relic of this sort, this was far below the value.

Lenoir, the founder of the French museum, while engaged transporting the remains of *Abelard* and *Heloise* to the *Petits Augustins*, was offered by a wealthy Englishman one hundred thousand francs—nearly \$20,000—for one of the teeth of *Heloise*. At *Stockholm*, on the contrary, the whole head—teeth included—of *Descartes*, was sold for barely ninety francs—\$18—what a sacrifice!

Voltaire’s cane brought five hundred francs; *Rousseau’s* waistcoat nine hundred and sixty-nine, and his copper watch five hundred francs. The wig of *Kant*, the founder of transcendentalism, brought only two hundred francs, while that of *Sterne* was sold in London for two hundred guineas—almost \$1000. A hat wore by *Napoleon*, was purchased by *M. Lacroix* for nineteen hundred francs. To do this, he had to out bid thirty-two competitors. *Sir Francis Burdett* paid five hundred pounds sterling for the two pens used to the signature of the treaty of *Amiens*.

Our City Business.

The sales of Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., this Spring, although not fairly opened as yet, surpass all previous example, and indicate that our city will soon supply the surrounding country to the west, north and northwest, as extensively as she now does in her own manufactures. *Pearl street*, and the business parts of *Front*, *Second*, and *Main streets*, are putting up and sending off by drays and wagons, goods of every description, to an extent which blocks up the side walks, while it impedes the passage even of the streets. I know of one firm whose *March* sales will reach to one hundred thousand dollars, while there are others very little behind this in extent. And the prospect is, that the *April* sales will equal those of *March*. What kind of stocks we have on hand for the supply of country customers, may be inferred from a single statistic. I saw in one large dry goods house *twenty-two thousand* pieces spring and summer prints. Every thing else was proportionately abundant.

The western and northern merchants are now finding out that they can lay in their goods to better advantage here than at the east, by buying as low in Cincinnati, carriage added, as at New

York or Philadelphia, while they save time and expense in traveling, by the change. If they go east, it involves a loss of nearly a month, while here they can buy oftener, at a loss of a day or two, and just as much as they want from month to month. In this way they can avoid the accumulation of goods which injure by keeping or going out of fashion.

Growth of our Cities.

Population.	1840.	1846.
Cincinnati,	46,382	83,450
Columbus,	6,048	10,016
Cleveland,	6,071	10,135
Dayton,	6,067	10,192

It is remarkable what a neck and neck race the three last places have been running, both in 1840 and at present. Thirty-three hundred and fifty-four individuals—probably one half of the adult population of Cleveland—are not natives of the United States. We have obviously then less foreigners in proportion in Cincinnati, although I was not previously made aware of the fact.

Boot-Making—Quick Work.

The Dover, Mass., Gazette, says:—Mr. Chas. Mulloy, a journeyman boot and shoe-maker, in the employ of Mr. D. M. Clark, South Berwick, made throughout (after they were cut) twenty-four pair of thick boots in one week; the work being done in a substantial manner, and to the entire satisfaction of his employer. This is considered to be the work of four journeymen.

A correspondent at Clintonville, N. Y., calls our attention to the above, and says:—Mr. Martin Clark, a journeyman boot and shoe-maker, in the employ of L. W. Paige, of this place, made throughout (after they were cut) *twenty-five pair* of thick boots in one week, in a good workman-like manner, to the entire satisfaction of his employer, and he calls upon his friend, the "Down Easter," to go it again, while he pledges to do the work of five men in one week, if twenty-four pair is the work of four men.

Confident by what I have seen in other industrial departments, that our Cincinnati workmen are equal to any in the world, both for skill and activity, I handed the above statement to L. Chapin of the firm of *L. Chapin & Co.*, who are largely engaged in the manufacture here of boots and shoes. He authorizes me to say, that he has a journeyman in his employ, *Mr. Thomas Starkey*, whose regular day's work, and of eight hours to the day only, is six pairs of boots of the description here alluded to—equal to thirty-six pair per week, and that he has as many as three times, made twelve pairs of these boots at sittings of fifteen hours in each instance; and what is more, he will do it again, in the presence of any individual Messrs. Clark or Paige may commission at this place to see it done.

As the eastern working hours are at least ten

to the day, Mr. Starkey's work is equal to *forty-five pairs* in a week of six days of ten hours each.

A pair of these boots are left at my office for a few days to satisfy those who take an interest in this subject, of the quality of the article. They are equal to the No. 1 coarse boots, which are warranted, being stamped *L. Chapin & Co.*

Messrs. Chapin & Co., authorize me further to say to Messrs. Clark, Paige, or any other individual east, that if they desire to see the performance of Mr. Starkey and take a lesson in the science of boot-making, that if Mr. S. does not in their presence make a pair of boots in workman-like style in sixty minutes, which shall be warranted to wear six months at least, that their expenses to Cincinnati and home, will be reimbursed by the proprietors of this establishment.

A new Seal Device.

I have to acknowledge the receipt of public documents from our Representative in Congress, James J. Farn. The envelope bears the impression on its seal of 54 deg. 40 sec., which is, of course, the flag under which Mr. F. ranges himself on the Oregon question.

Brick Manufacture.

The Albany papers state the manufacture of building bricks in that city for the past year, at fifteen millions. We have made at least six times that quantity, during the same period, at the brick yards in Cincinnati.

Iron Safes.

Although the public attention has been called to the Iron Safes of Mr. Charles Urban, in the columns of the Advertiser and in other quarters, there are individuals here who appear to be ignorant that as good an article as Wilder's or Rich's Salamander Safes can be bought here at a price as low as at New York—ten cents per pound—while the expense of carriage is saved and a guarantee secured on the spot, which if offered in New York is worth nothing to the purchaser when he ascertains at the distance of Cincinnati from that place, that his safe is defective in any respect.

As to the quality of the article it is not necessary to refer to the recommendations of those who have bought. For those who need a safe, by calling at the store of Messrs. Thompson & Campbell, on Second street, between Main and Sycamore, may see one of Urban's Salamander Safes, and by comparing it with other Safes of New York, Philadelphia or Pittsburgh manufacture, they can discover where the superiority of manufacture lies.

One of these Safes was submitted to the action

of a fire for twenty-four hours, during which nineteen and a half cords of hickory and sugar tree wood were burned beneath and around it.

On opening it several hundred dollars in bank notes deposited within, were found to be uninjured by this test, severe as it was.

When may a Person be called Drunk?

"Well, Doctor, pray give us a definition of what you consider being *fou*, that we may know in future, when a cannie Scot may, with propriety, be termed drunk."

"Well gentlemen," said the Doctor, "that is rather a kittle question to answer, for you must know there is a great diversity of opinion on the subject. Some say that a man is sober as long as he can stand upon his legs. An Irish friend of mine, a fire-eating, hard drinking captain of dragoons, once declared to me on his honour as a soldier and a gentleman, that he would never allow any friend of his to be called drunk, till he saw him trying to light his pipe at the pump. And others there be, men of learning and respectability too, who are of opinion that a man has a right to consider himself sober as long as he can lie flat on his back without holding on by the ground. For my own part I am a man of moderate opinions, and would allow that a man was *fou* without being just so far gone as any of these. But with your leave, gentlemen, I'll tell you a story about the Laird of Bonniemoon, that will be a good illustration of what I call being *fou*."

"The Laird of Bonniemoon was gae fond of his bottle—in short just a poor drunken body, as I said afore. On one occasion he was asked to dine with Lord B——, a neighbour of his, and his lordship being well acquainted with the Laird's dislike to small drinks, ordered a bottle of cherry brandy to be set before him after dinner, instead of port, which he always drank in preference to claret, when nothing better was to be got. The Laird thought this fine heartsome stuff, and on he went, filling his glass like the rest, and telling his cracks, and ever the more he drank, the more he praised his lordship's port. It was a fine, full bodied wine, and lay well on the stomach, not like that poisonous stuff, claret, that makes a body feel as if he had swallowed a nest of puddocks. Well, gentleman, the Laird had finished one bottle of cherry brandy, or as his Lordship called it, 'his particular port,' and had just tossed of a glass of the second bottle, which he declared to be even better than the first, when his old confidential servant, Watty, came stalking into the room, and making his best bow, announced that the Laird's horse was at the door. 'Get o' that, ye fause loon,' cried the Laird, pulling off his wig, and flinging it at Watty's head. 'Don't ye see, ye blethering brute, that I'm just beginning my second bottle?'"

"But Maister," says Watty, scratching his head, "amaist twall o'clock." "Weel what though it be?" said the Laird, turning up his glass with drunken gravity, while the rest of the company were like to split their sides with laughing at him and Watty. "It cannot be any later my man, so just reach me my wig and let the naig bide a wee." Well gentlemen, it was a cold frosty night, and Watty soon tired of kicking his heels at the door; so in a little while, back he comes, and says he, Maister, Maister, it's amaist aze o'clock! "Well, Watty," says the Laird,

with a hiccup—for he was far gone by this time—"it will never be any earlier, Watty, my man, and that's a comfort, so ye may just rest yourself a wee while langer till I finish my bottle. A full belly makes a stiff back, you know, Watty." Watty was by this time dancing mad; so after waiting another half hour, back he comes, in an awful hurry, and says he, "Laird, Laird, as true as death the sun's rising." "Weel Watty," says the Laird, looking awful wise, and trying with both hands to fill his glass, "let him rise my man, let him rise, he has further to gang the day than either you or me, Watty."

This answer fairly dumfounded poor Watty, and he gave it up in despair. But at last the bottle was finished; the Laird was lifted into the saddle, and off he rode in high glee, thinking all the time the moon was the sun, and that he had fine daylight for his journey. "Hech Watty, my man," said the Laird, patting his stomach; and speaking awful thick, "we were nane the worse for that second bottle this frosty morning."—"Faith," said Watty, blowing his fingers and looking as blue as a bilberry, "your honour may be nane the worse for it, but I'm nane the better; I wish I was." Well, on they rode *fou* cannily, the Laird gripping hard at the horse's mane, rolling about like a sack of meal; for the cold air was beginning to make the spirits tell on him. At last they came to a bit of a brook that crossed the road; and the Laird's horse, being pretty well used to have his own way, stopped short to take a drink. This had the effect to make the poor Laird lose his balance, and away he went over the horse's ears, into the very middle of the brook. The Laird, honest man, had just sense enough to hear the splash, and to know that something was wrong, but he was that drunk, that he did not the least suspect that it was himself. "Watty!" said he, sitting up in the middle of the stream, and stammering out the words with great difficulty, "Watty, my man, Watty." Faith you may say that, replied Watty, like to roll off his horse with laughing, for its just yourself, Laird! "Hout fie, Watty," cried the Laird, with a hiccup between every word, "it surely canna be me, Watty, for I'm here!"

Now gentlemen, continued the Doctor, here is the case in which I would allow a man to be drunk, although he had neither lost his speech nor the use of his limbs.

A Razor Strop Trade.

"I calculate, sir, I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day," said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar, as he stood at the door of a merchant of St. Louis.

"I calculate you calculate about right, for you cannot," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half—you may have 'em for two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going."

"Wal, now, I declare! I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them ere strops we'll have a trade yet."

"Done," replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander.

The Yankee deposited the like sum—when the merchant offered him a picayune for the strops. "They're your'n," as he quietly fobbed the stakes. "But," he added with great apparent

honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke, and if you don't want them strops, I'll trade back!"

The merchant's countenance brightened.

"You're not so bad a chap after all; here are your strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops and passed over the picayune. A trade's a trade—and now you're wide awake in earnest; I guess the next time you trade with that are pic, you'll do better than to buy razor strops."

And away walked the pedlar with his strops and the wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

Second Municipality.

John Archangel, charged with stealing some silver spoons from Mrs. Dewees, was sent to the Criminal Court yesterday.—*N. O. Tropic.*

This was, as Milton says, "Not less than Archangel, ruined."

A Cincinnati Convention.

Arrangements are about taking place in Kentucky, to hold a convention of delegates in Cincinnati, from every point on the Ohio interested in removing the obstructions in that river and improving its navigation. The meeting of the convention is proposed for the 11th May ensuing. It will, without doubt, embody a large attendance. As respects Cincinnati, I trust that her delegation will be select and able rather than large in numbers, and that mere talkers will not form any portion of their ranks.

Chronological Table.

April 1.—Napoleon married to Maria Louisa, 1810.

2.—Florida discovered, 1512. Nelson victory at Copenhagen. 1801. Mirabeau, died, 1791.

3.—Crucifixion of Christ. Napier, died, 1617.

4.—Oliver Goldsmith, died 1774.

5.—Resurrection of Christ. Robert Raikes, the introducer of Sunday Schools, died, 1821.

6.—Richard *Cour de Lion*, died, 1199. Laura, the beloved of Petrarch, died, 1388. Lande, the astronomer, died, 1804.

An American Yankee.

Before Prince Metternich attained the exalted station he now holds, he was particularly fond of practical jokes, and equally anxious to perpetrate *entre* revenge for annoyances suffered, as he is at the present moment. A Jew banker, at Vienna, was so desirous to become possessor of an Arabian horse, a great favourite of the Prince's, that he constantly called on him to sell it—his highness as constantly refusing. At last, the Prince, being worn out with the banker's importunities, said to him, "I will not sell the horse; but I will part with it only on one condition." "Name it—name it," exclaimed the banker. "It is this," replied the Prince, "I will give you two sound whippings at times proposed by yourself, and a third on a day appointed by me: after

the last beating the horse shall be yours." The Jew asked for the first whipping then, which was administered with right good will; after which rubbing his sore shoulders, he exclaimed, "Well, Prince, give me the second," which was done, and then, scarcely able to stand, he prayed the Prince to appoint a day for the third: "Certainly, sir," said his highness, chuckling; "this day seven years, when, you know, according to our agreement, the horse becomes your property; good morning, sir," continued the Prince, and politely bowed the suffering banker out of the room.—*Morris' Nat. Press.*

Anecdote.

A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers at a port in the Emerald Isle, to bring to this country. On approaching our coast, he as usual, sounded, but found no bottom.

"And did you strike ground, Captain," inquired one of the Irishmen.

"No," was the reply.

"And will you be so good as to tell us," rejoined Pat, "*how near ye came to it.*"

Faith, Hope and Charity.

A student at a University, being called upon for a definition of these Christian virtues, made his reply as follows:

Quid est Fides? Quod non vides.

Quid Spes? Van res.

Quid Charitas? Magna raritas.

TRANSLATION.

What is Faith? What you cannot see.

What Hope? A thing too vain to be.

What Charity? A great rarity.

Erratum.

My compositor made me say in last week's "Advertiser," while stating the length of Front street, that there were not ten houses in the entire length of the street which were *three feet* apart. It should have been three *hundred*, the last word escaping by oversight. An error like this is a great annoyance, for the correction in many cases never follows the error through its various travels.

"Shepherd," said a sentimental young lady (who fancied herself a heroine in the golden groves of Arcadia,) to a rustic who was tending some sheep, "why have you not got your pipe with you?" "Bekase, ma'am, I ha'n't got no 'backer."

"Make way, here," said a member of a political deputation, "we are the representatives of the people," "Make way yourself," shouted a sturdy fellow from the throng, "we are the people themselves."

Said an old man, "When I was young, I was poor; when old I became rich. But in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties of enjoyment were bright, I had not the means, when the means came, the faculties were gone."

The Battle of the 8th January.—No. 3.

By A HUNTER OF KENTUCKY.

I had not much opportunity to see what passed on the field after the battle, for we had scarcely time to give a hasty glance on what I have just attempted to describe, when orders came for our company and five others, to cross the river and reinforce our troops that had been beaten on the west bank. We were hastily mustered, and leaving one man from each mess to take care of the baggage, the rest of us moved off up the river at a sharp trot. We soon got up to the city, where we were to cross, running a good part of the way. As we passed along the levee to the upper faubourg, crowds of men, women, and children ran down to see us. They were singing, dancing, shouting, and cutting all manner of antics. The whole city seemed crazy with joy. Some rolled out barrels of bread and biscuit, and there were hundreds of baskets of cakes, cold meat and nick-nacks held out to us as we ran along. We had no time to stop and eat, and we were so full of excitement, that though we had been on foot and fasting nearly the whole time, for three days and nights, we got little or nothing of the abundance that was offered us. Some of us snatched a biscuit or two and thrust them into the bosoms of our hunting-shirts. Some nibbled a little as they went, but there wasn't many that felt either hungry or tired. When we came to the barge there were three marked boards prepared for us to run in on, and in a few minutes we were pushing over.

As soon as we landed on the other side, cartridges were served out to those men who had not a full supply. Some of these were worth nothing. They contained raw cotton, cotton seed, and some of them a few small shot; or a ball, with scarcely powder enough to drive it out of the gun. A good many men got supplies of these false cartridges. The cheat was not discovered until the next day, when it created considerable excitement, but I never heard who was to blame.

We took our position behind a little breastwork that had been thrown up. At dark the picket guard was detailed. When the Orderly came round, I took the place of one of our men, who was sick, though I had then half a dozen tours ahead. We were marched out about half way between our post and that of the British, who occupied a small fort from which they had driven our troops in the morning. The sentinels were placed about thirty or forty feet apart, along a small ditch that had been cut through a sugar-field to the swamp. George Phillips was on my right hand and Robert Brown on my left. Next to Brown was Wm. Grubb. We four were within speaking distance of each other. We were posted on the bank thrown up from the ditch; but thinking this was rather a conspicuous position, I placed my blanket against the side of the bank and sitting down on it, rested my feet on the opposite edge of the ditch, so that the water ran trickling under me. Two hours was our regular tour of duty, when we ought to have been relieved, but it seems that Sergeant Houston, who was but a very young man and had been, like the rest of us, on constant fatigue duty for three days and nights, fell asleep by the watch fire and did not wake until we had been nearly four hours on our posts. This was rather severe, but we stood it out. Browa, my next neighbour on the left, soon laid down on the ground and went to sleep. Phillips and Grubb were constantly trying to

wake him. He was a son of one of their neighbours. They had promised his parents to take care of him, and were fearful that he would be discovered asleep on his post and punished or disgraced. I told them to let him alone—the poor fellow was perfectly worn out with fatigue, and as there could be no danger unperceived by us, there would be no harm done and we could wake him before the relief came round. In fact, just before this conversation occurred, I was satisfied that the British had abandoned the fort and gone off.

During the evening they had set fire to a sugar-house, and some other out buildings, just in the rear of the fort. By the light of this fire, from the place where I sat, I could very plainly see the fort and the British soldiers passing to and fro about it. Sometime towards eleven or twelve o'clock, I observed three men start out from the fort and come in a straight line towards the spot where I was stationed. The moon by this time had got pretty well up, and though the night was rather hazy, by the light of the moon and fire together, I could see all their motions very distinctly. They were, apparently, ignorant of our position, and seemed to be coming right on to us. For a few moments I was thinking of the chances of a rencounter. I examined my rifle to see that every thing was right, brought my tomahawk and knife round so that I could readily grasp them, and then waited to see what would come of this manœuvre. When they had advanced to within about a hundred yards, they suddenly halted. A moment after, they wheeled short round to the right and marched some three or four hundred yards towards the river; then, wheeling to the right again, they returned to the fort. Immediately after this I saw the British troops parading; and in a few minutes they disappeared in the darkness towards the river. I felt certain that they had evacuated the fort and gone down the river.

Sometime after this the relief came round. I then went to the guard fire, and sat down on a bunch of sugar cane till morning. About daylight I was on post again, and when the sun was about an hour high, old Lookesharp brought me something like a pound of sugar and a loaf of bread. This was the first good meal I had had for four days, and I made a capital breakfast.

About eight o'clock, we were called off post, and the troops paraded to make an attack upon the fort. While the line was forming, I observed Major Harrison coming along the line on horse back, and not liking to address him directly, I spoke up pretty loudly to Grubb, "what the deuce are they making all this fuss for? There's no use in going to attack the British. They're all gone." "I know that," says Grubb. The Major rode along, but in a few minutes he came back and asked who it was that said the British were all gone. "It was me, sir," said I. "How do you know?" said he. "I saw them go last night when I was on guard," said I. "Very good news if it is true!" said he. We then marched up to within a short distance of the fort and formed in line. Major Harrison and several other officers rode up close to the fort and soon returned. The Major rode up near where was I standing, and said, "right, old man, the British are all gone!" It was found that the fort had been evacuated, as I had supposed, and we had nothing more to do but march back to New Orleans, which we did to the tune of Yankee Doodle, every one full of joy and gladness. We re-crossed the

river and got down to our lines, near the battle ground, about two o'clock that day.

When we got back to the camp, on the battle ground, the British were lying about two miles below. By this time the field was cleared of the dead. There were, scattered about, a few caps and fragments of clothing, generally shot to pieces; and stains of blood, with many other marks of the dreadful carnage that had been there. Packerham's horse was still lying in the same place, now the only occupant of the bed where his master and so many hundreds of others laid with him the day before.

The second day after the battle, the drums beat up for volunteers to attack the British redoubt. Plenty of men turned out, all eager for the attempt. I don't know who were the projectors of this attack, but so it was, that just after the men had paraded and taken leave of their comrades, and while they were as wolfish and full of fight as it was possible for that number of animals to be, here came an order from Old Hickory for every man to face to the right-about and go to cooking and eating. This was quite a damper. The men could not exactly tell what to make of it, but they knew if Jackson said so it had to be done. They didn't fully understand the long and short of it, but so it was.

A few days after this, I was walking about the levee at New Orleans, when I saw three officers passing on horseback. As they came up I turned to give them the usual salute, when who should I see but Col. Andrew Hines, then one of Jackson's aids, and who I had been well acquainted with when he kept store at Bardstown. "Why, halloo! old man," said he, "are you here?" "Yes, Colonel," said I, "I'm knocking about with the rest." With that we shook hands and he asked me about my family. After a few words had passed, I told him I'd like to ask a question, if he didn't think it improper—that I didn't want to ask him any thing that was improper to be told; but there was one thing I had some curiosity to know. "Well, what is it," said he, "I'll tell you any thing I can consistently." "Then," said I, "I'd just like to know what was the reason that old Jackson ordered us all out of the field the other day, when we had got ready to go and fight the British." "O!" said he, "I'll tell you with freedom. General Jackson has got more wisdom than all of us put together. He knew that we had gained one of the greatest victories that ever was heard of, and he was determined to keep it. He said, if we attacked the redoubt there would be a great many good men killed, and that it was better to drive off the enemy without the loss of our own men."

About a week or ten days after the battle—I don't recollect the exact time now—the British broke up their camp and went over to Lake Pontchartrain. The night they left, I was out on picket guard, about half way between the camps. I did not notice any thing remarkable during the night, except the old bluetailed bomb shells that were discharged at them from our lines, every half hour. They would go whizzing over our heads, leaving a long streak of bluish light with a sprinkling of sparks in their rear. We heard a great screaming at the moment one of them fell. As I afterwards heard, it smashed through the roof of a little negro house, where a lieutenant and fourteen men were sleeping, every one of whom were killed or wounded.

Just at daylight, an Irishman who had deserted came to the sentinels, with whom he remained

until the relief came round. He told us the British had all gone, and said, that as they were marching off, he pretended to have left something behind, and handing his gun to a comrade to hold, he ran back as if to look for it; but instead of doing so he ran as fast as he could towards the American camp. He soon heard a party in pursuit of him, and took refuge in a little negro hut, crawling up the chimney. His pursuers entered the house, and he said his heart beat so while they were hunting him, that he was afraid they would hear it thumping. They did not think of the chimney, however, and the poor fellow escaped. As soon as they had gone he made his way to our line and came in. I heard of the execution done by the bomb shell, at the time we heard the screaming. This man afterwards came to Kentucky and is, or was a few years ago, living in Nelson county, where he became a very respectable citizen.

After the British moved down to the Lake, they remained for some time near the mouth of Villery's Canal, embarking in flats. Whilst they were there, a certain number of men were detailed from our camp, every three days, to serve as swamp guards. The Lake was skirted by a cypress swamp, which, as is the usual character of that kind of swamp, was very miry and full of water. Along the Lake edge of this swamp, the British had sentinels, posted on logs of timber cut for them to stand or lie upon; and in like manner our sentinels were stationed in the same way, along the other edge of the swamp on the land side. At some places where the swamp was narrow and the timber thin, we could see the British sentinels on their posts very plainly. Amongst the rest, there was one that attracted particular attention. He had a plank laid upon some logs along which he walked backwards and forwards. His red coat, with the steel about his accoutrements, and particularly, the plate upon his cap, glistened very conspicuously in the sun. Whether it was because the men had nothing else to do but look at him, or because he was the most conspicuous object, or for what precise reason, I do not know, but he became a sort of an eye-sore. So about ten o'clock in the morning, Col. Ben Harrison, of Bardstown, spoke up to some men, who were lounging about the guard fire. "Boys," said he, "I'll give five dollars to any one of you that will go and shoot that darned red-coat, and a suit of clothes to boot, as soon as we get home." With that, a little, slender, palefaced fellow, belonging to Higdon's company, named Dick Pratt, jumped up and declared he'd try it any how. He wiped out his rifle, and having loaded it to his mind, he put into the swamp. Dick went crawling along among the roots, wading in the water and dodging about behind the trees and brush, pretty much as if he was trying to get a shot at a scurvy duck. The Englishman kept on walking up and down his plank, probably little thinking of being game for a Kentucky hunter. He might have been thinking of a wife and children or a sweetheart at home, poor fellow! But our men who knew what was on foot, watched the result with breathless interest, though, if the truth must be told, without much thinking of pity. The general impression was, that the British had come there to kill our men, if they could, and it was only serving them as they deserved, to shoot them whenever there was an opportunity. They soon lost sight of Dick who had disappeared in the swamp, but they kept their eyes on the sentinel. It was pretty near half an hour before any thing took

place. At last a little puff of smoke spouted up from behind a log in the middle of the swamp, which was quietly followed by a sharp crack of Dick's rifle. The poor Englishman instantly dropped his musket and threw his hands above his head. He then staggered backwards and forwards on his plank for a moment or two—the next, he tumbled head foremost into the water. A sharp fire of grape and canister shot was immediately opened from the British boats, which made the mud and water fly in good earnest; but Dick, the cunning varmint, as soon as he had fired ran off rapidly from his smoke to one side, instead of retreating in a direct line, and thus fooled them. He came off scot free, but the British kept up such a fire that our guards were compelled to retreat from their stations on the edge of the swamp. After this there were no more British sentinels in sight or within reach of our men. Dick got his five dollars, and after we got home, I saw him one day in a suit of clothes, which he said, was the reward of that exploit.

Next day after returning from swamp guard, I was detached to go to New Orleans, to attend some of my comrades who were sick in the hospital. Four of our company were sick, but they all got well except Barnett Bridwell. He, poor fellow! died of a complication of diseases. I saw nothing more of the army until we started home. We left New Orleans about the 20th of March, ninety of us in company, and arrived safely in Kentucky about the 1st of April.

A Grizzly Bear Hunt.

The every-day sports of the wild woods include many feats of daring that never find a pen of record. Constantly in the haunts of the savage, are enacting scenes of thrilling interest, the very details of which would make the denizen of enlightened life turn away with instinctive dread. Every Indian tribe has its heroes, celebrated respectively for their courage in different ways exhibited. Some for their acuteness in pursuing the enemy on the war-path, and others for the destruction they have accomplished among the wild beasts of the forest. A great hunter among the Indians is a marked personage. It is a title that distinguishes its possessor among his people as a prince; while the exploits in which he has been engaged hang about his person as brilliantly as the decorations of so many odors. The country in which the Osage finds a home possesses abundantly the grizzly bear, an animal formidable beyond any other inhabitant of the North American forests; an animal seemingly insensible to pain, uncertain in its habits, and by its mighty strength able to overcome any living obstacle that comes within its reach, as an enemy. The Indian warrior, of any tribe, among the haunts of the grizzly bear, finds no necklace so honourable to be worn as the claws of this gigantic animal, if he fell by his own prowess; and if he can add an eagle's plume to his scalp-lock, plucked from a bird shot while on the wing, he is honourable indeed. The Indian's "smoke," like the fire-side of the white man, is often the place where groups of people assemble to relate whatever may most pleasantly while away the hours of a long evening, or destroy the monotony of a dull and idle day. On such occasions, the old "brave" will sometimes relax from his natural gravity, and grow loquacious over his chequered life. But no recital commands such undivided attention as the adventures with the grizzly bear; and the death

of an enemy on the war-path hardly vies with it in interest.

We have listened to these soul-stirring adventures over the urn, or while lounging on the sofa; and the recital of the risks run, the hardships endured, have made us think them almost impossible, when compared with the conventional self-indulgence of enlightened life. But they were the tales of a truthful man: a hunter, who had strayed away from the scenes once necessary for his life, and who loved, like the worn-out soldier, to "fight his battles over," in which he was once engaged. It may be, and is the province of the sportsman to exaggerate; but the "hunter," surrounded by the magnificence and sublimity of an American forest, earning his bread by the hardy adventures of the chase, meets with too much reality to find room for colouring—too much of the sublime and terrible in the scenes with which he is associated to be boastful of himself. Apart from the favourable effects of civilization, he is also separated from its contaminations; and boasting and exaggeration are "settlements" weaknesses, and not the products of the wild woods.

The hunter, whether Indian or white, presents one of the most extraordinary exhibitions of the singular capacity of the human senses to be improved by cultivation. The unfortunate deaf, dumb, and blind girl, in one of our public institutions,* selects her food, her clothing, and her friends, by the touch alone—so delicate has it become from the mind's being directed to that sense alone. The forest hunter uses the sight most extraordinarily well, and experience at last renders it so keen, that the slightest touch of a passing object on the leaves, trees, or earth, seems to leave deep and visible impressions, that to the common eye are unseen as the path of the bird through the air. This knowledge governs the chase and the war-path; this knowledge is what, when excelled in, makes the master-spirit among the rude inhabitants of the woods: and that man is the greatest chief, who follows the coldest trail, and leaves none behind by his own footsteps. The hunter in pursuit of the grizzly bear is governed by this instinct of sight. It directs him with more certainty than the hound is directed by his nose. The impressions of the bear's footsteps upon the leaves, its marks on the trees, its resting-places, are all known long before the bear is really seen; and the hunter, while thus following "the trail," calculates the very sex, weight, and age with certainty. Thus it is that he will neglect or chase a trail: one because it is poor, and another because it is small, another because it is with cubs, and another because it is fat, identifying the very trail as the bear itself; and herein, perhaps, lies the distinction between the sportsman, and the huntaman. The hunter follows his object by his own knowledge and instinct, while the sportsman employs the instinct of domesticated animals to assist his pursuits.

The different methods to destroy the grizzly bear, by those who hunt them, are as numerous as the bears that are killed. They are not animals which permit of a system in hunting them; and it is for this reason they are so dangerous and difficult to destroy. The experience of one hunt may cost a limb or a life in the next one, if used as a criterion; and fatal, indeed, is the mistake, if it comes to grappling with an animal whose gigantic strength enables him to lift a horse in his

* Hartford Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

is one terrible exception to this rule; one habit of huge arms, and bear it away as a prize. There the animal may be certainly calculated on, but a daring heart only can take advantage of it.

The grizzly bear, like the tiger and lion, have their caves in which they live; but they use them principally as a safe lodging-place when the cold of winter renders them torpid and disposed to sleep. To these caves they retire late in the fall, and they seldom venture out until the warmth of spring. Sometimes two occupy one cave, but this is not often the case, as the unsociability of the animal is proverbial, they preferring to be solitary and alone. A knowledge of the forests, and an occasional trailing for bear inform the hunter of these caves, and the only habit of the grizzly bear that can with certainty be taken advantage of, is that of his being in his cave alive, if at a proper season. And the hunter has the terrible liberty of entering his cave single-handed, and there destroying him. Of this only method of hunting the grizzly bear we would attempt a description.

The thought of entering a cave, inhabited by one of the most powerful beasts of prey, is calculated to try the strength of the best nerves; and when it is considered that the least trepidation, the slightest mistake, may cause, and probably will result in the instant death of the hunter, it certainly exhibits the highest demonstration of physical courage to pursue such a method of hunting. Yet there are many persons in the forests of North America who engage in such perilous adventures with no other object in view than the "sport" or hearty meal. The hunter's preparations to "beard the lion in his den," commence with examining the mouth of the cave he is about to enter. Upon the signs there exhibited he decides whether the bear is alone; for if there are two, the cave is never entered. The size of the bear is also thus known, and the time since he was last in search of food. The way this knowledge is obtained, from indications so slight, or unseen to an ordinary eye, is one of the greatest mysteries of the woods. Placing ourselves at the mouth of the cave containing a grizzly bear, to our untutored senses there would be nothing to distinguish it from one that was empty; but if some Diana of the forest would touch our eyes, and give us the instinct of sight possessed by the hunter, we would argue thus: "From all the marks about the mouth of the cave, the occupant has not been out for a great length of time, for the grass and the earth have not been lately disturbed. The bear is in the cave, for the last tracks made are with the toe marks towards the cave. There is but one bear, because the tracks are regular and of the same size. He is a large bear; the length of the step and the size of the paw indicate this; and he is a fat one, because his *hind feet do not step in the impressions made by the fore ones*, as is always the case with a lean bear." Such are the signs and arguments that present themselves to the hunter; and mysterious as they seem, when not understood, when explained they strike the imagination at once as being founded on the unerring simplicity and the certainty of nature. It may be asked, how is it that the grizzly bear is so formidable to numbers, when met in the forest, and when in a cave can be assailed successfully by a single man? In answer to this, we must recollect that the bear is only attacked in his cave when he is in total darkness, and suf-

fering from surprise and the torpidity of the season. These three things are in this method of hunting taken advantage of; and but for these advantages, no quickness of eye, no steadiness of nerve or forest experience, would protect for an instant the intruder to the cave of the grizzly bear. The hunter, having satisfied himself about the cave, prepares a candle, which he makes out of the wax taken from the comb of wild bees, softened by the grease of the bear. This candle has a large wick, and emits a brilliant flame. Nothing else is needed but the rifle. The knife and the belt are useless; for if a struggle should ensue that would make it available, the foe is too powerful to mind its thrusts before the hand using it would be dead. Bearing the candle before him, with the rifle in a convenient position, the hunter fearlessly enters the cave. He is soon surrounded by darkness, and is totally unconscious where his enemy will reveal himself. Having fixed the candle in the ground in firm position, with an apparatus provided, he lights it, and its brilliant flame soon penetrates into the recesses of the cavern—its size of course rendering the illumination more or less complete. The hunter now places himself on his belly, having the candle between the back part of the cave where the bear is, and himself; in this position, with the muzzle of the rifle protruding out in front of him, he patiently waits for his victim. A short time only elapses before Bruin is aroused by the light. The noise made by his starting from sleep attracts the hunter, and he soon distinguishes the black mass, moving, stretching, and yawning like a person awaked from a deep sleep. The hunter moves not, but prepares his rifle; the bear, finally roused, turns his head towards the candle, and, with slow and wading steps, approaches it.

Now is the time that tries the nerves of the hunter. Too late to retreat, his life hangs upon his certain aim and the goodness of his powder. The slightest variation in the bullet, or a flashing pan, and he is a doomed man. 'So tenacious of life is the common black bear, that it is frequently wounded in its most vital parts, and will still escape or give terrible battle. But the grizzly bear seems to possess an infinitely greater tenacity of life. His skin, covered by matted hair, and the huge bones of his body, protect the heart, as if incased in a wall; while the brain is buried in a skull, compared to which adamant is not harder. A bullet, striking the bear's forehead, would flatten, if it struck squarely on the solid bone, as if fired against a rock; and dangerous indeed would it be to take the chance of reaching the animal's heart. With these fearful odds against the hunter, the bear approaches the candle, growing every moment more sensible of some uncommon intrusion. He reaches the blaze, and either raises his paw to strike it, or lifts his nose to scent it, either of which will extinguish it, and leave the hunter and the bear in total darkness. This dreadful moment is taken advantage of. The loud report of the rifle fills the cave with stunning noise, and as the light disappears, the ball, if successfully fired, penetrates the eye of the huge animal—the only place where it would find a passage to the brain; and this not only gives the wound, but instantly paralyzes, that no temporary resistance may be made. On such chances the American hunter perils his life, and often thoughtlessly courts the danger.

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